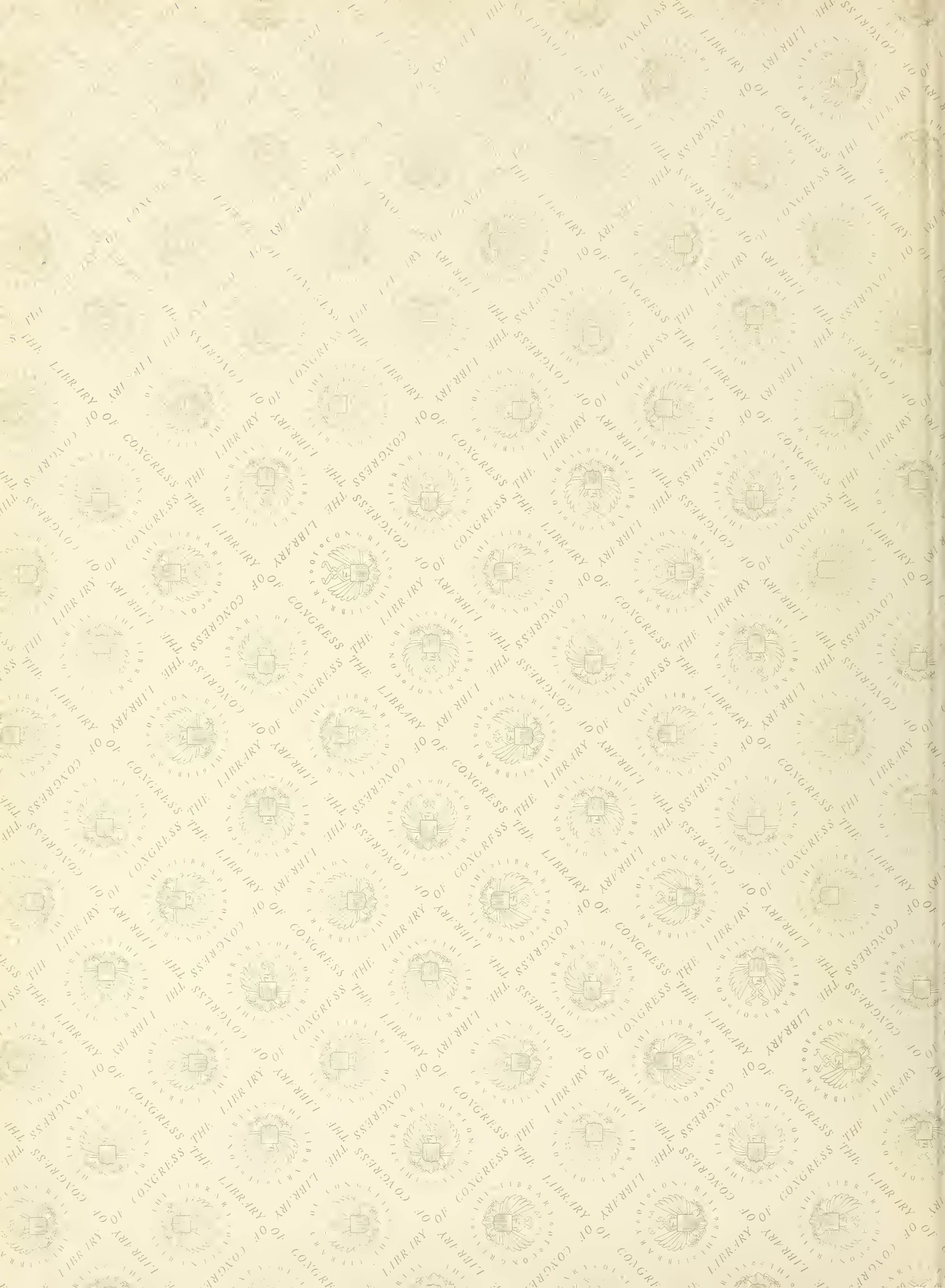

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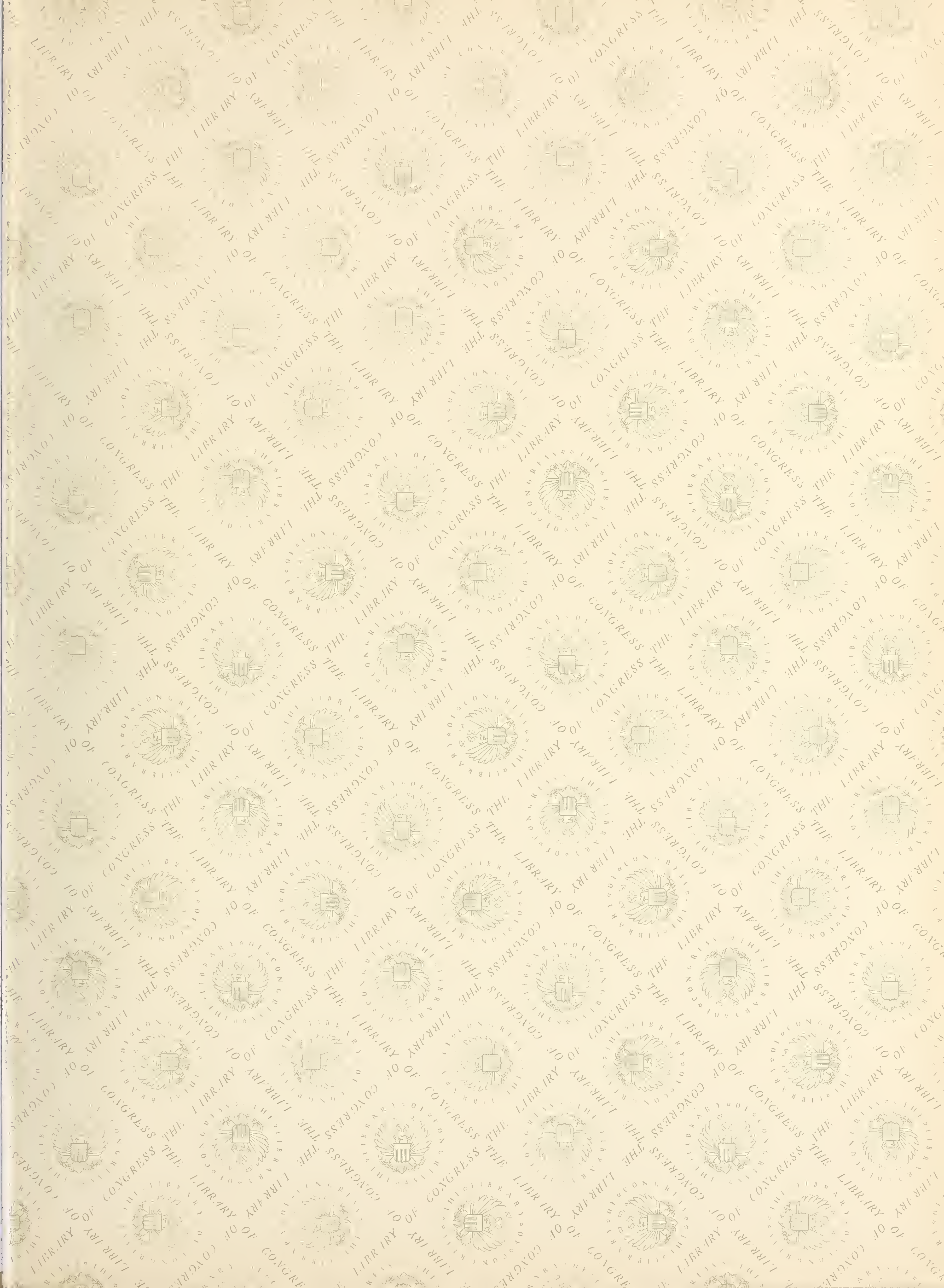
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Silver Screen

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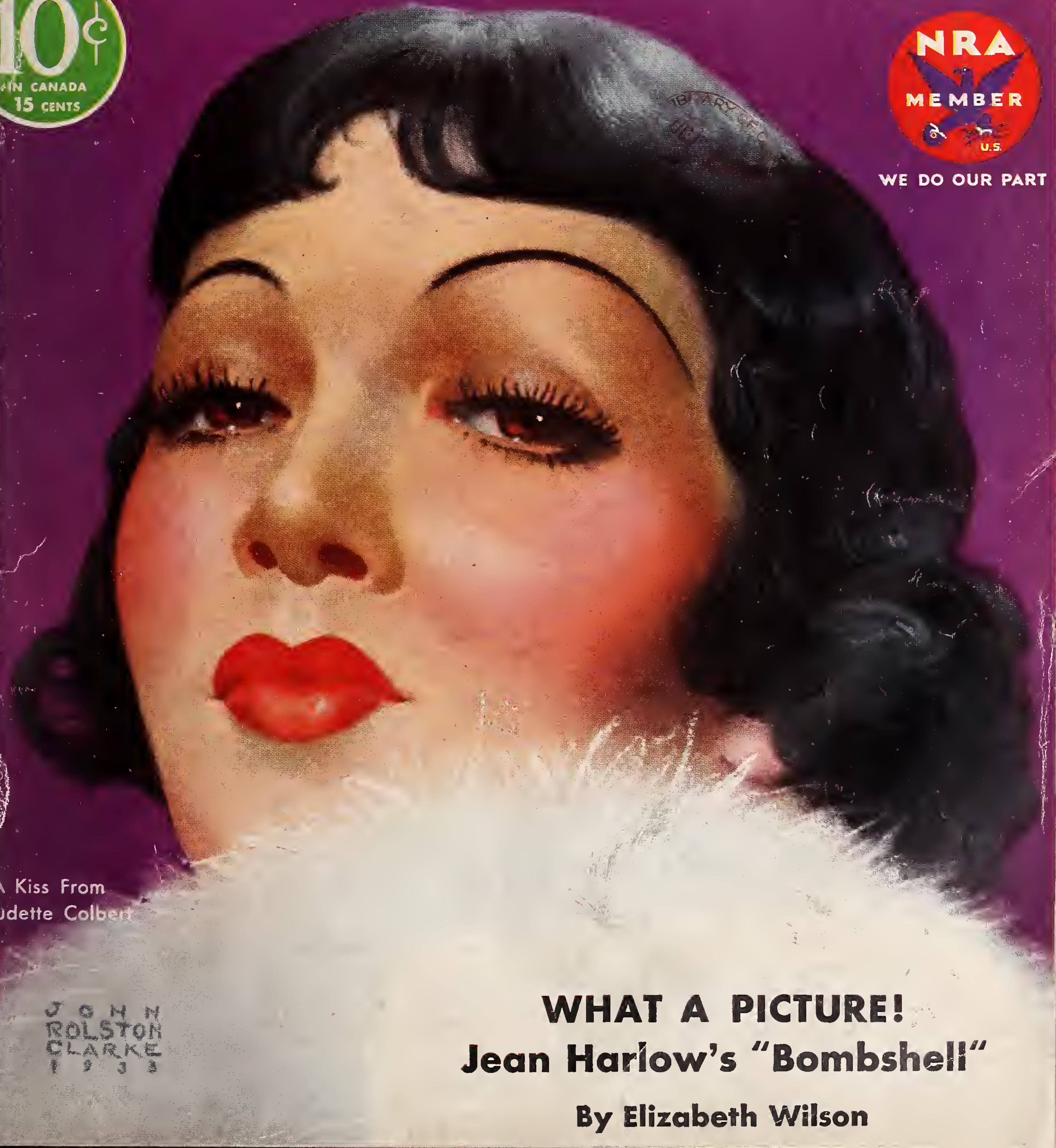
JOHN
ROLSTON
CLARKE
1933

A Kiss From
udette Colbert

WHAT A PICTURE!

Jean Harlow's "Bombshell"

By Elizabeth Wilson

PN 1993
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Prescription Tablets

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REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

NOVEMBER 1933

VOLUME FOUR
NUMBER ONE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
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CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

PAGE
CHARLES LAUGHTON AS HENRY VIII 10
EASY TO HURT .... RUTH BIERY 12
Incidents Which Reveal the Sensitive Soul of Joan Crawford
THE GIRLS THEY PICK .... HELEN LOUISE WALKER 14
A Certain Type of Girl is in Demand in Hollywood
THE GREAT GARBO .... ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 16
Hollywood's Six Greatest Women: Number Three
YOU'RE GOING TO TALK ABOUT "BOMBSHELL" .. ELIZABETH WILSON 18
The Story of Jean Harlow's New Picture
SEX IS BEAUTIFUL! .... PATRICIA KEATS 20
Mae West Sexplains It All
WHO WILL BE THE QUEEN OF HOLLYWOOD? ..... MURIEL BABCOCK 21
If Mary Pickford Abdicates—What Then, Little Man?
STUDIO NEWS .... S. R. MOOK 22
How They Act When They Are Acting
BOB MEETS THE CUSTOMERS .... LENORE SAMUELS 24
Robert Montgomery Makes a Successful "Personal Appearance"
"WATCH THESE STARS—" .... MAUDE CHEATHAM 26
Walter Wanger Talks About the Leading Players
TRACING THE TRAVELS OF LEE TRACY .... JACK JAMISON 29
He Hasn't Stopped Yet
"SH-H! I'M HAPPILY MARRIED!" .... BEN MADDOX 47
Fay Wray's Successful Marriage

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE OPENING CHORUS 5
REVIEWS—IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS 6
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?" 8
OVERTURES TO BEAUTY .... MARY LEE 9
Pretty Girls Are Taken At Their Face Value
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS 11
REVIEWS OF RECENT PICTURES 50
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE .... CHARLOTTE HERBERT 74
THE FINAL FLING .... THE EDITOR 74

ART SECTION—Rotogravure Portraits of Leading Stars

DOROTHY LEE RETURNS TO THE SCREEN 31
MR. & MRS. RICHARD BARTHELMESS, VACATION TIME 32
KATHARINE HEPBURN, ESTABLISHED SUCCESS 33
RICHARD ARLEN AND JULIE HAYDON 34
ANNA STEN, GERMAN BEAUTY 35
JACK LA RUE, MORE VILLAINY 36
LILIAN HARVEY AND LEW AYRES 37
GARBO AT WORK ON "QUEEN CHRISTINA" 38-39
SPENCER TRACY, VERSATILE 40
JEAN HARLOW'S NEW HOME 41
PICTURE LOVERS 42-43
CHARLES FARRELL, WELCOME BACK 44
RUSS COLOMBO, SARI MARITZA, MIMI LAWLOR, GEORGE BANCROFT 46

COVER PORTRAIT OF CLAUDETTE COLBERT
By JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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The OPENING CHORUS

Alice Brady

IT IS not enough to play a part as if the character were drawn after the player's own outline. Real acting comes only when a new personality seems to have taken possession of the player. Alice Brady is such an actress—and a great one. She's next in "Stage Mother."

◆

WHEN young Jackie Cooper moved over to the Paramount lot to play in "Lone Cowboy," he spent his first lunch time visiting Mae West in her dressing room. Just another West fan. His mother, however, visited Harpo Marx. . . . Bing Crosby, a most ardent angler, has been fishing for marlin for over two years, but didn't have any luck until, the day after he finished "Too Much Harmony," he dashed over to Catalina and, after a half-hour struggle, landed a 197-pound marlin swordfish. . . . Lionel Barrymore is crazy about playing acting games and will sit up all night—any night—to play "In the Manner of the Word." . . . Mae Clarke and Sidney Blackmer are Hollywood's newest lovers, and Mae is that thrilled she almost flutters. Not that we blame her in the least, for we could work up a good set of flutters over the fascinating Sidney any time. . . . Marie Dressler would have you believe that this bicycle fad is nothing at all. Why, Marie claims she was one of the first bicycle fans in America, and startled all New York in the Gay Nineties by riding her bike around the reservoir in Central Park with Lillian Russell. . . . Freddie March had to spend his birthday recently working from nine A.M. until midnight on the "Design for Living" set. His wife had planned a grand dinner party for him but it had to be called off. So even a movie star can't enjoy his birthday in peace. . . . King Vidor, who gave Miriam Hopkins such a rush, is now being seen around with Helen Vinson. . . . Lil Tashman was greatly upset over those rumors of a rift with Eddie Lowe. Why Eddie even gave up his personal appearance tour to rush back to Hollywood to be with Lil while she was so sick.

The camera crew setting up on the "The House on 56th Street" set.

IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS

This style type indicates recent pictures.

Italics indicate pictures previously released.

REVIEWS

ANOTHER LANGUAGE—Splendid. (*MGM*) The plight of an artist when introduced to her husband's prosaic family. (Helen Hayes–Robert Montgomery).

BERKELEY SQUARE—Grand (*Fox*) Leslie Howard superlative in illusive rôle of man whose mind leaps back & forth bewilderingly from the 18th to the 20th centuries. Give your imagination a break!

BEST OF ENEMIES—*Good.* (Fox) *Buddy Rogers does a swell comeback in this amusing comedy, with Frank Morgan, Marian Nixon & Joseph Hawthorn.*

BIG EXECUTIVE—Fair. (*Par*) Elizabeth Young makes her debut in this story which fails to make the grade even though Ricardo Cortez and Richard Bennett exert every effort to brighten it up.

BITTER SWEET—Fine. (*UA*) Noel Coward's enchanting operetta transferred to the screen with excellent results. Don't miss it if you like musical romances.

BLARNEY KISS, THE—Good. An English picture that is moderately entertaining. That grand old lady, Haidee Wright, is in the cast.

BLIND ADVENTURE—Good. (*RKO*) A mystery laid in London, with plenty of fog to thicken the atmosphere. (Roland Young, Laura Hope Crews.)

B'WAY TO HOLLYWOOD—Fine. (*MGM*) Three generations of a vaudevillian family provide as entertaining an evening as anyone might desire. Splendid cast includes Alice Brady, Frank Morgan, Madge Evans, Jackie Cooper.

CAPTURED—*Good.* (WB) *The serious side of war is shown here in a German prison camp, with Leslie Howard & Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as unhappy prisoners.*

DEVIL'S MATE—Fine. (*F.D.*) An engrossing mystery, the solution to which escapes detection until the last reel. (Preston Foster, Peggy Shannon.)

DINNER AT EIGHT—Superb. (MGM) Don't bother about the food. It's the impressive cast that counts! And what a story! If you miss this, you're crazy. (Dressler, Harlow, the Barrymores, Beery, Evans, Billie Burke.)

DISGRACED—*Good.* (Par) *Helen Twelvetrees as the wistful model led astray by Bruce Cabot, the society man engaged to Adrienne Ames. Poor Helen!*

FAITHFUL HEART—So-so. An English drama that leaves much to be desired. Herbert Marshall is always worth seeing, however. Also Edna Best.

FIDDLIN' BUCKAROO—*Good.* (U) *If horse operas entertain you, see this by all means. Ken Maynard as the hero, and Fred Kohler as the bad man.*

FIGHTING PARSON—Good. (*Allied*) Our western hero, Hoot Gibson, steps into the shoes of a revival minister by mistake.

FLYING DEVILS. *Fair.* (RKO) *Come to the carnival air circus and watch the daring performances of Bruce Cabot, Ralph Bellamy & Eric Linden.*

GOODBYE AGAIN—*Amusing.* (WB) *Satirical study of a vain author whose secretary keeps his feet on terra firma. (Warren William, Joan Blondell.)*

HEADLINE SHOOTER—Amusing. (*RKO*) Swift action and many laughs follow in the wake of a sob-sister's romance with a newspaper cameraman. (Frances Dee, William Gargan.)

HER BODYGUARD—*Fair.* (Col) *Eddie Lowe in the rôle of a wise-cracking sleuth hired to guard Wynne Gibson's virtue and her jewels.*

HER FIRST MATE—Amusing. (*U*) One of the best of the ZaSu Pitts-Slim Summerville comedies, with Una Merkel thrown in for good measure.

HOLD YOUR MAN—*Fine.* (MGM) *Here's a Gable-Harlow story that may make you weep a tear or two. Sex takes a back seat now and then. Different, eh?*

I HAVE LIVED—*Fair.* (Chest.) *Life is made exciting for Anita Page by Alan Dinehart and Allen Vincent. Of course she pays for her fun!*

KING OF THE ARENA—Good. (*U*) Ken Maynard as a Texas Ranger who leads an exciting chase after a famous criminal.

LADIES MUST LOVE—Good. (*U*) Four ladies of the evening make a unique contract, broken only when "true love" creeps in during an off-moment. There are some musical interludes and June Knight of the Broadway stage.

LADY FOR A DAY—Grand entertainment. (*Col*) All about the apple woman who temporarily goes "high society" to impress her daughter's titled in-laws. (May Robson, Warren William, Jean Parker.)

MAMA LOVES PAPA—*Very Amusing.* (Par) *Can you name a more delightful team than Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles? See them and laugh from sheer joy.*

MAN WHO DARED—*Good.* (Fox) *Fictionized life story of the late mayor of Chicago makes absorbing film. Preston Foster, Zita Johann in fine cast.*

MARY STEVENS, M.D.—*Good.* (WB) *Kay Francis as a baby specialist! Lyle Talbot as the man she should have married, but doesn't 'til the last reel.*

MASQUERADER, THE—*Charming.* (UA) *Ronald Colman plays a fascinating dual rôle against the background of England's Parliament. Elissa Landi is the feminine complication.*

MAYOR OF HELL—*Fine.* (WB) *It's a joy to see Jimmy Cagney figuratively smash a grapefruit in the face of an unscrupulous reform school superintendent. Madge Evans gladly lends a hand.*

MIDNIGHT CLUB—Good. (*Par*) It's fun watching a suave little group of English crooks trying to outwit an American detective. (Geo. Raft, Clive Brook, Helen Vinson.)

MR. BROADWAY—Good. Meet the celebrities during an entertaining tour of the N. Y. night clubs, conducted by Ed Sullivan of the Daily News.

MOONLIGHT AND PRETZELS—*Fine.* (U) *Tuneful melodies, colorful sets, youth, romance, laughter—they're all here in abundance. A swell cast too, including Mary Brian, Roger Pryor, Alexander Gray.*

MORNING GLORY—Fine. (*RKO*) Katharine Hepburn's captivating performance helps to make this story of a small town girl's bid for theatrical fame seem new and exciting. (Adolphe Menjou, Doug. Fairbanks, Jr.)

MYRT AND MARGE—Fair. (*U*) The popular radio team of Myrt and Marge heads a moderately entertaining back stage story.

NO MARRIAGE TIES—Good. (*RKO*) As an "ad" man, brimful of slogans and liquor, Richard Dix has pet theories about women, trying them out *successively* but not *successfully* on Ellzabeth Allan and Doris Kenyon.

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY—Fine. (*RKO*) As the idealistic country doctor, Lionel Barrymore lives up to his well-earned reputation. Dorothy Jordan and May Robson are in the cast.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Fine. (*Par*) The simpler, but not less dramatic side of the Gay Nineties is portrayed here. (Gary Cooper, Frances Fuller.)

ONE YEAR LATER—Fine. (*Hoffman*) A fast-moving train is the setting for this exceedingly entertaining comedy-drama, featuring Mary Brian, Donald Dilloway, Russell Hopton.

PENTHOUSE—Colorful. (*MGM*) An exciting picturization of Arthur Somers Roche's mystery novel which appeared serially in Cosmopolitan. (Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, Chas. Butterworth.)

POLICE CALL—Fair. (*Showmen's Pict.*) Thinking he killed a man Nick Stuart escapes to South America and finds romance and adventure.

POWER AND THE GLORY—Brilliant. (*Fox*) The engrossing drama of one man's life unfolded in most unusual fashion. Don't pass this one by. (Spencer Tracy, Colleen Moore.)

RAFTER ROMANCE—Good. (*RKO*) *He* occupied the garret by day—and *she* by night. An unconventional situation providing many laughs. (Norman Foster-Ginger Rogers.)

SAVAGE GOLD—*Fascinating. If you don't rate a vacation this year, get a vicarious thrill by exploring the wild mountain passes of Ecuador with Commander G. M. Dyott. Head hunters 'n' everything!*

SECRET OF THE BLUE ROOM—Fair. (*U*) A mystery melodrama with its full share of murders. (Gloria Stuart, Lionel Atwill, Paul Lukas.)

SECRETS OF HOLLYWOOD—Fine. (*Scott*) This 1933 talkie, with smoothly interwoven shots from popular silent pictures, provides a thrill for movie fans who are tremendously fascinated by the old days.

SING, SINNER, SING—Fair. (*Maj.*) The story of a torch singer inspires the cinema emotions of Paul Lukas, George Stone and Leila Hyams.

SONG OF SONGS—Excellent. (*Par*) Dietrich more glamorous than ever as an artist's model who slips gracefully down the primrose path.

SPHINX, THE—*Fair.* (Monogram) *Lionel Atwill cast once again in the rôle of a ruthless murderer. Sheila Terry is attractive as the heroine.*

STORM AT DAYBREAK—*Good.* (MGM) *The old reliable triangle whipped into story form again—this time with war-ridden Hungary as a background, and Walter Huston and Nils Asther being very serious about Kay Francis.*

STRANGE CASE OF TOM MOONEY—*Interesting.* (F. D.) *Pathetic film record of Tom Mooney's apparently hopeless fight for freedom during the past 17 years.*

STRANGER'S RETURN—*Fine.* (MGM) *Come back to the farm with Miriam Hopkins, and meet Grandpa Lionel Barrymore, Farmer Franchot Tone and Stuart Erwin.*

TARZAN, THE FEARLESS—Good. (Prin.) The kids will eat up this new Tarzan story, and cry for more. Buster Crabbe is the present jungle-galloper.

THIS DAY AND AGE—Excellent. (*Par*) Cecil De Mille can take the bows for this effective picture about a group of highschool youths who wage a spectacular war against gangsters during Boys' Week.

THIS IS AMERICA—*Fine. Entertaining anthology of our country's historical events, as well as our material and mental progress since 1917.*

THREE CORNERED MOON—Fine. (*Par*) Introducing the mad, mad Rimpelgars, as amusing a family as ever hailed from Brooklyn. (Claudette Colbert, Mary Boland, Richard Arlen, Hardie Albright.)

TUGBOAT ANNIE—Fine. (*MGM*) Marie Dressler gives another excellent characterization, aided and abetted by her sparring partner, Wally Beery.

VOLTAIRE—*Splendid.* (WB) *George Arliss superb as the sly old philosopher at the court of Louis 15th. Doris Kenyon lovely as Madame Pompadour.*

WRECKER, THE—Fair. (*Cal*) Jack Holt in the kind of melodrama we have come to expect of him. Genevieve Tobin and Sidney Blackmer in cast.

Making "Design for Living"

Miriam Hopkins

Fredric March

Gary Cooper

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Lona Andre and "Bing," her favorite blood hound.

First Prize

"RADIO stars mean big money to the movie business," writes Bessie E. Tyler of Newport, R. I., "but what about the radio fans? The wise ones will pass all pictures with their favorite star. Why? Because a radio star's charm lies in the imagination of the listener."

That's the most interesting observation I've heard lately. "The imagination of the listener." It is possible to continue the appeal on the screen if the material is imaginative. See "Morning Glory"—that's what I mean.

Second Prize

"WITH all due credit to Charlie Chaplin's mastery of the pantomimic art, I do wish he'd capitulate and make a talking picture. A silent film, instead of being a novelty, is a boresome entertainment," writes Betty Patterson of Monitor St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The trouble is that now he is a gallant little fellow, half-dream, half-real. Talk would bring him to earth.

Third Prize

"WHAT a joy to see the first still of Louisa M. Alcott's 'Little Women,' and to read: 'Beginning a cycle of wholesome pictures!' I am certain that many parents of children, especially in the adolescent age, join me in rejoicing over this news," writes Mrs. Estelle G. Perkins, of Main St., Fairhaven, Mass. "The party responsible for 'Little Women' has my deepest respect."

Mr. Merian C. Cooper of Radio please take a bow.

"I LIKE 'Rambling Over Hollywood with S. R. Mook.' I just shrieked at his description of the set of 'Three Cornered Moon,'" writes Betty Grace of N. Madison St., Marshall, Mich. "It determined me to see the rest of the movie."

O.K. Dick.

"TIMES are bad. Depression and Disaster have been stalking the land. When we go to see a picture, what unfolds on the screen? Problem plays, family disputes, erring daughters, etc. In short, we might as well stay home," writes Harry K. Cline of Cumberland, Me. "John Jones, who has his troubles, does not like to visit the Smiths, because they, too, have troubles. And so with the pictures. People want to be entertained with tales of derring do; with stories of fantasy; with pictures of adventure. So, what? Dig out some of the old masterpieces. Wild adventure, clashing of swords at dawn, a wild ride over cobbled streets to make the pulses jump and the heart race, while the grim twins mentioned above are forgotten."

The movies have advanced beyond that, Harry. We respond now-a-days to the clash of emotions, and thrill to the bravery of pretense. Giddap!

DOROTHY CASH of Sebring, Fla., writes "You would get more box office trade if you would make a couple of musical comedies, then change to some other kind of picture, for instance a murder case."

In this world there can be only one "WOW" at a time. Right now it's musicals.

"WHEREVER have the colored pictures been hiding themselves?" asks Algernon Lewis of Wellington Ave., Chicago, Ill. "Remember how thrilled we were with the brilliant natural coloring of the scenes. Why not insert a bit of color in the westerns? Surely, there is scenery enough to warrant it."

Walt Disney has made some wonderful color cartoons. See them.

"I MUST say I received quite a shock when Ricardo Cortez slapped Loretta Young down in 'Midnight Mary,'" writes Madonna Charrlin of Vermillion, S. D. "I hope that the slapping phase in pictures will be *passé* soon."

That's modernism, Madonna. Sex equality—bam! Ladies that lie—Zowie!

"MAE WEST is the answer to father's prayer," writes Roderick Dhu of Clifton Ave., Chicago, Ill. "She looks like they used to look when he was young. That's why father and thousands of his contemporaries now stand in long lines before theatres showing Mae West pictures. They hanker for a sight of curves."

No, son, that isn't it. Mae represents an end of the mealy mouthed hypocrisy that put over prohibition, etc.

"I'M THROUGH! After seeing Marlene Dietrich in 'Song of Songs.' I think any one of a hundred American girls could fill the rôle just as effectively as Marlene," writes Jasper B. Sinclair of 20th Ave., San Francisco, Calif. "Am I bigoted? Maybe . . . Hollywood proceeds on the theory that romance and glamour are found on the other side of the world . . . never in their own backyard."

Mention one from our backyard who has Marlene's classic beauty.

Irwin Pollack of W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., writes: "After seeing 'College Humor' with Mary Carlisle, I wonder why they pay for big stars? I would rather see starlets."

Lasky is making a picture with all beginners.

Girls, who want to be Alice in Wonderland, apply to Paramount's casting director.

OVERTURES TO BEAUTY

Pretty Girls Are Always Taken at Their Face Value.

By Mary Lee

MORE beauty means more time, and there's no kidding ourselves about that. Smart housewives and "business gals"—and that includes the Hollywood stars, too—know that in addition to their daily hour or half-hour at the dressing table, they must set aside several hours each week for a complete beauty overhauling . . . shampoo, facial, manicure and what not. Sunday morning seems to be the most opportune moment for most of us . . . so let's see how it can be used to the best advantage.

As soon as you wake up—get up. I know it's hard sometimes. But if you've waked up naturally, then you're at the end of your best sleep, and you should hop right up. Oh, you can stretch and yawn to your heart's delight. That's good for you. (Watch a cat wake up sometime and learn how it manages to keep so limber and flexible! It's the s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g that does it!)

Use a good mild soap and warm water on your face to remove every vestige of that night cream which I trust you put on before you tumbled in. (And if you were too tired, then I'm ashamed of you.)

After your tub, take a good hasty rub down with a brisk towel, and dash some cooling, fragrant astringent lotion over your face and neck. But no make-up for a while yet, please! Keep your face *au naturel* as long as you can. A little free breathing won't hurt it. And even if you have an observant husband sitting across the breakfast table—he won't mind. He'll quite probably appreciate the opportunity of seeing you as you are—in the flesh, as 't'were, for a change.

After breakfast, get "up and at" your beauty "chores." And if, in the back of your mind, you're harboring a forlorn wish for a personal maid of your own—forget it. Even the Hollywood stars, who have personal maids, often prefer to do these things for themselves. You just can't drag Joan Crawford away from her boudoir for the better part of her Sundays, because she's too busy trying first this coiffure, then that, and maybe brushing her finger tips with a new shade of polish—then wiping it off, and trying another. Joan wants to experiment with everything for herself—things must suit her as well as the fashion. And this is what is partly responsible for that grand self-assurance she possesses.

First, see that all your aids and accomplices are handy on the shelf. The shampoo comes first. If you use soap, always use it in emulsion form. Just shave tiny flakes of the soap into a jar of luke warm water, and let it dissolve; or cook this emulsion over a fire for a few minutes, and let it cool. After you've lathered it well into your hair and scalp, rinse just as carefully and as thoroughly. You may have a special rinse for your shade of hair, or you may want to use the old-fashioned stand-bys—lemon juice to keep your hair light, or vinegar to cut the grease.

Then out into the sun—if there is any, and you can get to it—with a hairbrush in one hand, and your manicure "props" in the other. First massage your head vigorously, moving your scalp along with your fingers. After ten minutes or so, when your fingers are a wee bit tired, plop them into a bowl of lukewarm water, and proceed with your manicure. The sunlight and air carries on the good work on your hair.

When your nails are finished, and nicely lacquered, take your brush in hand and go to work on your hair again. Separate it into thin strands and work close to the scalp. Maybe you *won't* use a brush all week long, because of a newly set wave, but you haven't an excuse in the world for not using it now. Your hair is naturally a little dried from the washing. So coax the oil from your scalp up into the hair follicles with a good sturdy brush. It's going to add to the sheen, and bring back the natural oil, which is a big boon in setting your wave.

Back to the bathroom again to set your hair. Use a good wave-setting lotion. One that's not too sticky—and won't flake when it dries. Put your wave in with your fingers, or with combs, as you like. But remember to keep them well up and back on your head.

Then, when that's done, pin a towel around your head—or just a strip of gauze or cloth, several inches wide—to keep the hair in place, and to protect it from what you're going to do now to your face. You *should* do something special, don't you think, or your face is going to feel, (and look) slighted. A facial consisting of cleansing cream, tissue or a good circulation cream, as well as an astringent cream or lotion, is brief and to the point. If you haven't a circulation cream, you can use a plastic cream or pack instead, after your cleansing cream, to stir up a sluggish circulation. There's a new one I know of; it's thin and melty at first, but during the fifteen minutes you're supposed to keep it on, it hardens and tightens, and you can actually feel your skin responding.

While this plastic cream is drying, get out your depilatory and go to work on your legs. They've just got to be done once a week, if *they're* addicted to hair, and if

[*Continued on page 72*]

Building up a reputation for beauty. Genevieve Tobin practices her magic arts.

CHARLES LAUGHTON AS HENRY VIII.

Under the title "The Private Life of Henry VIII," a picture has been made in England which gives Charles Laughton the opportunity he deserves. At the top, the much married king is shown with his ministers, and below you see Henry with one of his six wives—Ann of Cleves—played by Elsa Lanchester. Authentic costumes and period furniture were used.

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

"Fire Chief" Ed Wynn has susceptible Marie Dressler a-burning. A great actress, whether working or fooling.

SILVER SCREEN

WELL, did Hollywood gasp the night of the brilliant opening of "Dinner at Eight" at the Chinese, when Carole Lombard appeared on the debonair arm of her very late ex-husband, Bill Powell. Carole and Bill hadn't been seen together since a week before Carole, one bright morning, started out for Reno—"and she didn't say why." Carole and Bill were the guests of Gloria Swanson and Mike Farmer, and it looked just like old times seeing the four of them together. Carole wore a beautiful white evening gown and has never looked better. But we can't say so much for Gloria Swanson, who had a wreath of little tight curls across her forehead and not one single little bit of make-up. Those 1886 curls might be all right for Little Women but Gloria just doesn't seem to be the type. During the intermission, when all eyes were glued on Carole and Bill, not to mention the Swanson coiffure, Mr. Farmer would gallantly kiss his wife's hand every few moments. Just to prove to Hollywood that they are happily married? Or is he a hand-kisser by choice?

◆

WHEN Mae West goes on her personal appearance tour as soon as she finishes her next picture, "It Ain't No Sin," she expects to make one-night stands in towns all over the country. But the appearances will not be made at the local theatres, as is the custom, but at the auditorium or town hall, whichever has the largest seating capacity. Mae will sing several songs, do a scene from "She Done Him Wrong," and finish up with a monologue on Hollywood that will send them rolling into the aisles.

◆

ALTHOUGH she had about the smallest "bit" (that of the cook) in the all-star cast of "Dinner at Eight," May Robson, at the premiere of the picture in Hollywood, received about the biggest applause. "I guess I was too old to be invited to that famous dinner," she said, "so they just asked me to cook it."

Mrs. Robson is an inveterate preview goer and gets a big thrill out of pictures. "I have to keep my eyes open wide at my pictures," she told me at the "Beauty for Sale" preview, "for if they droop for one second I miss seeing myself entirely."

◆

IRVING THALBERG, JR., Norma's little boy, spent all of his third birthday looking at Walt Disney's colored creation, "Three Little Pigs." He was so fascinated by it that it had to be run over and over again for him. The birthday party and his little guests just had to get along without him for Irving Jr., had no intention of leaving those three little pigs. Which all goes to prove that young Irving is a chip off the old block and knows a good picture when he sees it.

◆

THERE was much laughter at a Hollywood dinner party the other night when a well-known sensational actress said, "I am twenty-six. I know I look older and I know I am older, but I'm twenty-six."

"MEET me over on Stage 7 when you finish your fashion pictures," Una Merkel told Madge Evans at the M-G-M studio one day. So, as soon as Madge had finished she hurried over to Stage 7, pushed open the door, and bumped right into Garbo, all dressed up in boots and things for "Queen Christina."

"I'm looking for Una Merkel," Madge gasped while Garbo glared. Immediately six guards swooped down upon her and literally picked her up and carried her to the door.

"Who are you? What do you want? You can't come in here. Can't you read signs? Have you a pass for this lot?" they proceeded to demand in their most cop-like voices.

"I'm Madge Evans. I work on this lot. And I'm looking for Una Merkel," Madge managed to say as she was dropped on the other side of the big stage door.

"We don't care who you are. You gotta stay off this set," one of the guards snapped back and closed the door with a bang.

"I think they thought I was you—a fan writer," Madge told me later. "Trying to crash in to interview Miss Garbo. Well, I was never so forcibly ejected from a place in all my life."

And now, my children, you understand why fan writers DON'T interview Garbo.

◆

MAX BAER got so mad because Jean Harlow wouldn't "take on" over him at the Colony Club the other night that he couldn't work the next day. Max thought all the dames in Hollywood would go for him.

◆

CAROLE LOMBARD, after weeks of silence, has finally gotten around to announcing to the press that she and Powell are definitely through, with absolutely no hopes of a reconciliation. But she expects to see him now and then because that's her idea of civilized divorce. Some day there's going to be a divorced couple in Hollywood who hate each other and say so, and who refuse to be seen with each other or even go to the same parties—and that, my hearties, will be NEWS.

◆

JOHNNY has given Lupe a new bracelet (she's got them up to her shoulder blades now) which Lupe is so proud of she has to show it to everybody. It's a platinum circlet set in vari-colored stones which spell "Dearest." A row of diamonds for "d"; a row of emeralds for "e"; a row of amethysts for "a"; and a row of rubies for "r"; etc. Johnny is one of the boys who has gone in for white mess jackets for evening wear in Hollywood and he and Lupe, all in white, made a most striking looking couple at the opening of "Dinner at Eight." Lupe begged Johnny all evening to give his Tarzan call, but for once Johnny was adamant and absolutely refused.

◆

CLARK GABLE lost thirty pounds while he was in the hospital with appendicitis. "Dancing Lady" waited for him for over a month.

[*Continued on page 48*]

"EASY to HURT"

Incidents Which Reveal the Sensitive Soul of Joan Crawford.

By Ruth Biery

IT WAS Easter Sunday morning, 1927. I dropped in to see Joan Crawford in her former home in Beverly Hills. She was sitting at the little kidney desk in the living room, writing a letter. The tears were rolling down her cheeks. A sob mingled frequently with the scratching of the pen. Page after page of the letter which she was writing was strewn around her.

"Why Joan, what is the matter?"

"I am writing to my mother. We quarreled. I am apologizing. I didn't mean it. I am begging her to forgive me."

I looked at her in bewilderment. I knew about that quarrel with her mother. Joan had been in the right. Her mother had made a mistake—as any mother might.

"But, Joan, your mother—"

"Please! I was wrong. I am her daughter. I should not have quarreled. And it is *Easter*. It is the day on which all mistakes are forgiven—"

Joan sent the letter in which she assumed all the responsibilities; the letter which brought her mother back to her.

Probably no woman in Hollywood is more misunderstood than Joan Crawford. A woman who combines glamour and sensitiveness as she does, could not but be misunderstood. A woman who dramatizes life as Joan does could not but be accused of self-dramatization. Joan does dramatize herself. She cannot help it. She is as sensitive as the strings of a very old violin. Each motion of those about her hits upon one of the strings, causing a vibration. She can no more help this than a Florida resident can prevent a cyclone from descending upon him. Only the Florida inhabitant has a forty-eight hour warning of his storms. Joan has no warning.

Last month a motion picture magazine carried a letter from a fan which called Joan "artificial, shallow, insincere." It condemned her for allowing Franchot Tone and Robert Young to *steal* "Today We Live from her. It condemned her for her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. It reminded Joan that she had said, two years ago, "If two people love each other, nothing can separate them." It said: "This proves to me that Douglas has high ideals and Joan false ones."

Joan read that letter. She read it again. She read it for two days. She carried it around with her; she carried it to bed with her. She answered it. She wrote: "You are not only unfair to my career but to my private life. I do not choose my pictures. My intimate friends, who know all the details, have not criticized me. Why should you, who know nothing of my marriage, nothing of my working conditions, do it?"

Then she tore up the letter. Instead of letting out the hurt within her by a letter, she let it out in hours of tears—tears wept when the world was not looking.

"I will never forget that letter," she told me.

Joan was not exaggerating. She will never forget. A woman who feels as deeply as this does not forget the things that have hurt her. She can't. It would be easier for her if she could. Those people whom God has created to feel *too deeply* do not

Joan as she is in her next picture.

She wears a wig in the big dance number.

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford in "The Dancing Lady," and an off-stage snapshot of Joan.

Fred Astaire, famous stage dancer, and Joan on their way to "The Dancing Lady" sound stage at M-G-M.

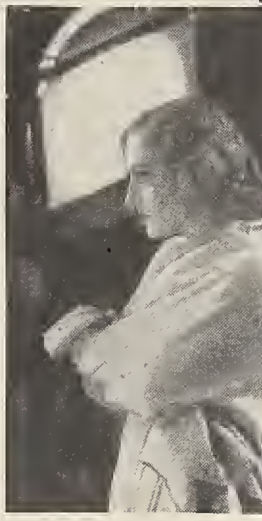
The famous cellophane set of "The Dancing Lady," with Fred Astaire and Joan in foreground. No double for the girl who danced her way to fame.

A character shot of Joan in exotic costume.

have an easy path. They must stumble continually over sharp stones, prickly tumble weeds and muddy ruts. There is never a straight, well-graded stretch of road before them.

Last week Joan greeted her old friends, the Lawrence Oliviers, upon the set of "Dancing Lady." She had not seen them for many months. The Oliviers had accompanied Joan and Doug on their trip to Europe. It was not an easy meeting. So much had happened to Joan since that journey. So much must always happen to her between journeys.

There were fifty chorus girls on the set. Innumerable people of all descriptions. It was a big scene. Joan sat her guests upon canvas chairs and drew her own close to them, dropped her voice to a confidential murmur.



"Easy to Hurt" Joan in a tragic scene. Left, posing for a close-up.

Suddenly, a girl sitting close by, pulled off dark glasses. "Oh, hello, Joan."

The girl was another famous motion picture actress; one under contract to the same studio.

"Why didn't you tell me you were there?" Joan exclaimed. "I did not know that you were. You had your back to me."

And, the next day, a worker in the studio told Joan that this other actress claimed that Joan did not recognize her. "Getting high hat. Success has gone to her head. I used to know her well. But now—"

Joan went to the actress; apologized the second time. "I didn't recognize you—" Joan turned away crying. She cried until the new make-up, which she had put on at noon as she always does, was ruined. "You must not cry about little things, Joan—" the director told her.

But Joan cries about little things as well as big. She has always cried about them. She always will. A woman whose soul is tuned like the susceptible strings of a violin must always feel the small vibrations as well as the large.

Last Christmas, Paul, the script boy on Joan's pictures, was run over by an automobile. "Little Paul" she called him. The hospital called her at four o'clock Christmas morning.

"What shall we do?" she asked.

"Do! Do! Why take care of him, of course."

[*Continued on page* 70]

The GIRLS THEY

GIRLS! Lots and lots of girls. The prettiest girls you ever *saw*—simply swarming all over the lots since the revival of musical pictures. The studios are very pleasant places to visit, these days! There is even a shortage of lovely young things—as dance director Dave Gould found when he began casting "Rolling Down to Rio" over at Radio.

Busby Berkely has signed a hundred and eight of them for "Roman Scandals," the Eddie Cantor opus. The shrewd Warners have put fifty or so little dears under contract—sort of left-over from "Forty Second Street," "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and "Footlight Parade." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has four musicals in production and some more scheduled for early autumn, with requisite choruses and ballets. Well, you can see the fix Mr. Gould must have been in!

It isn't easy to find them. Sammy Lee, at Metro, rehearsing twenty-eight for numbers in "Dancing Lady," informed me, laconically, that the group was the result of some five thousand applicants and interviews and tests.

"Well, how in the world do you choose them?" I gasped, watching the rhythmic gyrations of the chosen. "What do they have to *have?*"

"Beauty—of the photographic variety. The sort of beauty which registers in a flashing close-up. Youth—the sort of—er—dewy kind youth. Freshness, innocence, enthusiasm. That is why their time is so short in this sort of work. Two years—three at the very most. It is different, of course, on the stage. The audience isn't so close to them!

"You see, they become *accustomed* to the job so quickly. They meet a lot of people, they stay out at night, the whole thing gets to be an old story so soon. Then they are no good to us any more—for choruses or ballets. Enthusiasm—interest—these are more important than anything else. If a girl wants to be attractive, she must be interested in something—eager about something.

"So far as physical attributes are concerned, it is difficult to give any rules. The dancers average five feet one or two inches in height. Show girls may be anywhere from five feet three to five feet ten! We look for well rounded figures—but a very tall, thin girl with no figure to speak of may be a breath-taking per-

Wide World

The girls of "Roman Scandals," the Eddie Cantor musical, have a little more here and there and not so much elsewhere.

Jack Oakie surrounded by the beauties of "Too Much Harmony," Bing Crosby's piece.

PICK

A Certain Type of Girl is in Demand in Hollywood, and Here Are the Specifications.

By Helen Louise Walker

Le Roy Prinz, Dance Director of Paramount, advising Mary Blackwood, Harriett Haddon, Theo DeVoe, Dorothy White, Ann Nagel and Vina Gale how to get to be great chorus girls.

son if she knows how to carry herself—how to make the most of that length of form. It is difficult to find very short girls who are well proportioned.

"They *must* have good teeth! They must have lovely, graceful, hands and dainty wrists. They must have feet with delicate arches, slender ankles. Slender thighs are important.

"They need not be trained dancers. Any girl who has a sense of rhythm—and most young things have—can be taught to dance. Of course, it requires some intelligence . . . enough to memorize simple routines."

All this time the twenty-eight girls were twirling obediently back and forth, back and forth, across the great, echoing stage, to the blurred, tinny sound of a piano. Mr. Lee's two assistants lounged in directors' chairs, watching them, interrupting from time to time with curt admonitions.

"Strengthen that line, Peaches . . . Adrienne, what do you think you are doing? No! No! Now, girls, snap it up! Heads up, hands thrown back—'way back— *Give* it something, do you hear? Now, let's see you *do* it!" The men had the mechanical patience which you see in teachers of very young children.

Back and forth, back and forth . . . Lovely young things. Blondes, red-heads, startling brunettes. Little feet tapping, bodies swaying, rounded legs twinkling. . .

"They must *not*," Sammy Lee was saying, "tamper too much with their own natural coloring. I had to keep one of my favorite girls out of this picture because she had dyed her auburn hair black. It added ten years to her age . . . made her hard . . . it didn't go with her skin. 'I just wanted to see how I would look!' she told me. Well, the way she looked just kept her out of a job.

"Lots of girls have wanted to see how they would look if they turned platinum blonde. They have succeeded merely in taking all the character out of their faces, making themselves look artificial and a little cheap. A natural blonde is interesting, nearly always, because she is so rare. Artificial blondes are so common, these days, that they are a drug on the market. We want girls who look like *natural* beauties . . . no matter what type of beauties they are!"

I invaded the "Roman Scandals" company one evening, in search of that energetic young man, Busby Berkely. The United Artists lot hummed with an unwonted activity.

"Mr. Berkely is on stage Five. No, he is on Three. Well, he *was* on Three. . . ." I trudged to and fro. Plate glass and chromium sets were being built. Carpenters and electricians looked up from their work and rose with courteous directions. The red-haired girl in the little office was busy swapping stories with shirt-sleeved men. There were guffaws. . . . Someone opined, at last, that Mr. Berkely might be found in the wardrobe, "dressing some girls." I

[*Continued on page* 63]

The GREAT

The double page illustration on pages 38 and 39 was especially taken for Silver Screen. *It is practically the only offstage shot of Garbo and her company at work, and is the first picture of her as "Queen Christina."*

Garbo is a serious artist. Her selection of the story of a Swedish Queen was inspired by a fine sense of patriotism.

Garbo is Great on the Screen Because in Her Own Life She is Capable of Deeds of Beautiful Graciousness.

THE great Garbo.

They have put that adjective in front of her name so many times that it sounds almost as natural as Greta Garbo.

In 1925, a young, unknown Swedish girl landed in Hollywood. On the studio lot, they laughed at her. Her clothes were certainly ridiculous and she was unlike any other actress who had ever reached the heights. Today that girl is the queen of motion pictures—her name is known in every city and hamlet of the globe—and she has influenced the thought and style of a whole generation of women.

That makes her a great screen star, the greatest, next to Mary Pickford, who ever lived. There can be no question that she is a great actress.

But is she a great woman? Is she one of Hollywood's six great women of all time?

So few people know anything about Garbo, the woman. Millions of words have been written about her and left behind them only a greater mystery. Sometimes it almost seems that there is no such person as Garbo, the woman; as though, once she left the magic shimmer of the silver sheet, she vanished, like some princess in a fairy tale.

But I know certain things about Garbo, the woman, and I do not hesitate for one moment to rank her as a great one.

For she possesses to a remarkable degree

GARBO

By
Adela Rogers St. Johns

This is the third article in the series, "The Six Greatest Women of Hollywood."

When "Flesh and the Devil" was made, the affection between the players was real. Many thought marriage would follow.

Together Again! John Gilbert will play opposite Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina" at her request. And is John happy!

In the old silent days, Garbo and Gilbert made "A Woman of Affairs" and discovered new possibilities in love.

three of the greatest qualities a human being can possess—loyalty, courage and honesty.

How do I know? I will tell you.

Greta's first years in Hollywood were not happy ones. The glorious and exotic, the world-famous figure which we know today was then only a homesick young girl, a stranger in a strange land. All her life she had been intensely shy. Behind her was a background that gave her neither ease nor camaraderie, neither worldly knowledge nor social training.

From the poorest of poor families, from the lowest class of Swedish home, without a single advantage except those she carried within herself with infinite courage, the girl had fought her way up step by step from a barber shop, a department store and a tobacco shop into the theater and the motion picture studio. It had required the greatest sacrifices to win her chance at all.

She was not like most American girls, accustomed to meeting people and able to handle any situation.

So, still in her teens, inexperienced and frightened, she found herself in Hollywood, 6000 miles from home and with but one friend—Maurice Stiller, the Swedish director who had insisted that she be given a contract to accompany him to America.

It was with Stiller, long before the recent drama that brought Garbo and Gilbert together once more, that Garbo showed for the first time that great loyalty which never forsakes her, which she carries through at any cost, which she will go to any lengths to uphold.

For, when Stiller, who had been a very successful director in Europe, failed miserably in America, Garbo—who, on the other hand, had scored a great hit and was offered a fine opportunity and a fabulous salary—wished to return with him to Sweden, there to make pictures with him. Garbo fought for Stiller, long before she was in a position to fight for anything at the studio. When misunderstandings robbed him of a chance to direct at all, she begged that he be given one opportunity to direct her. When he was taken off the picture, at first she refused to go on with it without him. Only the fact that Stiller would not accept her sacrifice prevented her from throwing up her new and wonderful career and following him into the obscurity in which, not so long afterwards, he died.

Her loyalty to the man who had given her her chance was unbreakable, and to this day she never fails to give him credit, though he can no longer know nor benefit by it.

Some women, of course, might have done that. But not many, for it is not easy to give up a glowing future.

However, few women would have done the amazing, astounding, the generous and loyal thing which Greta Garbo has just done for John Gilbert.

[*Continued on page* 61]

"YOU'RE GOING TO TAL

Jean Harlow's New Picture Turns Hollywood Inside Out.

By Elizabeth Wilson

A scene still of Jean with Una Merkel. Una, as maid to Jean, has a sort of Daisy DeVoe part in "Bombshell."

SO YOU'RE going to Hollywood this winter? Well, don't. Just put the money back in the bank, or your stocking, or underneath the mattress or wherever you are keeping your money this year. For twenty-five cents, or fifty if you want to be *de luxe*, you can see "Bombshell" in a few weeks now, and my darlings, when you have seen "Bombshell" you have seen more of Hollywood than the oldest natives.

A Wampas Ball at the Cocoanut Grove, a quiet but by no means dull afternoon at Palm Springs in the desert, the topsy turvy Brown Derby, a studio set on the M-G-M lot with an actual picture in production, the authentic interior of a star's dressing room, the *hot cha cha* Tia Juanna (which, translated, means Aunt Jane for no reason I have ever been able to find out), the publicity offices of a major studio, the good old county jail, and one of those little rented forty room affairs in Beverly Hills which a movie star so quaintly calls "home." They're all there, and what's more they are *actually* what they are.

The exteriors of the movie star's home are actually exteriors of Mary Miles Minter's home. The Cocoanut Grove is actually the Cocoanut Grove, where the most famous stars in the world have danced together and started rumors. And the star's dressing room used in the picture is actually, my dears, Jean Harlow's own dressing room on the Metro lot. The portable dressing room on the sound stage, where "Red Dust" is having retakes made, is also Jean Harlow's own personal portable dressing room.

That's seeing the real Hollywood now, isn't it? No tricks done with mirrors in this picture except Frank Morgan's nose. No snares or delusions. No hokum. As Ted Healy says of his sister in the picture, "She's all wool and flat on the table." It doesn't make sense? Naturally. It's Hollywood.

"Yes, Hollywood is really laughing at itself at last," they tell you. Ha, ha, ha. Hollywood can take it. Ha, ha, ha. Well, it has been a long time since Eddie Lowe first glared at Victor McLaglen and snorted, "Oh yeah?" But it's still a good answer on occasions like this. For between you and me and the Rimplegar's gatepost, Hollywood *can't* take it. There's too much gosh-awful truth there for the village of make-believe, where tears come out of a glycerin bottle. Already the rumors have started—the whispering campaign is on. The studio press agent took great pains to explain it to me as we drove along Foothill Boulevard, on the way to Palm Springs where the "Bombshell" company was on location.

"Of course, it really isn't Hollywood," the nice man said. "It's only the Hollywood of the fan magazines. (Huh) It's what people from Iowa and Kansas and Texas expect to see in Hollywood and never do. It's what the public likes to think of their movie stars—not what they actually are. In other words, a tourist's conception of Hollywood. Now you and I know there's no truth in it."

Well, that "Oh yeah?" still holds good. I just happened to have read the script of "Bombshell," and I just happen to know what's been going on in this town the last few years behind closed doors and satin drapes. And, my dears, take it from your Aunt Hattie, who has seen so much she's pop-eyed, "Bombshell" isn't just what Kansas thinks of Hollywood—it's what Hollywood really is. Every incident in the story has actually happened here at some time or other. Good old Hollywood in the flesh, not a picture. Howja do!

I guess to make sense, although it is a bourgeois trait these vague days, I had better tell you about the people in "Bombshell" before we go into those little incidents that have actually happened—and how! The Hollywood Bombshell is the trade name of Lola Burns, screen star, played by Jean Harlow. And, according to Jean, it's the best rôle she has ever had, which is saying a Joe E. Brown mouthful when you consider how well Jean did by "Red-Headed Woman" and "Red Dust." Lola Burns is a real movie star, and don't let the "confession" stories tell you differently. One minute she is as sentimental and sticky as a candy Valentine, and the next moment she goes bombastically mad, screaming and scratching in as beautiful a tantrum as Pola Negri ever had. The public sees her as an exotic orchid and as

ABOUT BOMBSHELL"

The "Bombshell" company on location, with Jean Harlow surrounded by Mary Forbes, Frank Morgan, C. Aubrey Smith, Ted Healy and Franchot Tone. Victor Fleming, the director, in foreground.

Jean as "The Hollywood Bombshell," with Frank Morgan as "Pops," her bibulous father.

mysterious and shimmering as the seashore in the moonlight. To them she is GLAMOUR. But we see her as a rather dumb little girl from Peoria, imposed upon by a chiseling family, and forced into a hardened sophistication before she is even out of her teens. She's merely the pawn of Publicity.

And that brings us to Lee Tracy, who plays Space Hanlon (there happens to be a Scoop Conlon in Hollywood) who is the dynamic press agent for Monarch Pictures and generally accepted as the "guy who put Lola Burns over." Frank Morgan plays Pops, Lola's bibulous father, who used to run a livery stable back in Peoria but now breeds horses in Beverly Hills with Lola's money. And where have you heard of Pops before? Ted Healy plays Bro, a drunken, gambling ne'er-do-well, who hasn't seen the necessity to do a day's work since Lola was "discovered." What a family! But I've seen worse in Hollywood.

Then there's Una Merkel playing Miss Mac, Lola's chiseling secretary, and the little items brought out about Miss Mac are faintly reminiscent of the Daisy De Voe trial. Remember Clara Bow's Daisy? And there's the Marquis di Binelli di Pisa who is eager to keep himself married to one of Hollywood's richest stars. And where have we heard of a Marquis before? Nils Asther was supposed to play the part of the scheming Marquis but walked out on the rôle and it fell to Ivan Lebedeff, the hand-kisser of Hollywood. When Lola tells Space that she is thinking of marrying the Marquis, Space snorts, "What are you doing? Playing follow the leader?"

Then there's Jim Brogan, the director, who "knew Lola Burns when" and is eager to pick up the old — er — friendship now that she has be-

[*Cont. on page* 54]

Lee Tracy, who is co-starred with Jean, on the sidelines with Isabel Jewell.

SEX IS BEAUTIFUL

Mae West Sexplains It All.

By Patricia Keats

She is the greatest hit in pictures today. "She Done Him Wrong" has made over two million dollars.

Wide World

Mae as a *lion tameress* in "I'm No Angel."

Cary Grant and Mae West in one of the educational sequences of the new picture.

She writes her own shows and then puts them over.

WELL, Aunt Emma can keep the birds and bees. She can get a thrill out of their nesting and hiving for we don't need them any more. Mae West has torn the veil from hypocrisy and come right out into the open (well almost) on this Sex business. And it's about time somebody did. Hollywood has been smirking and giggling over Jean Harlow's slipping gowns, Marlene Dietrich's pants and Ernst Lubitsch's beds for months and years now and feeling so naughtily abandoned. They had poor old Sex so deformed and disfigured by their insinuations and pretenses that the poor dear was just about to be blackballed from the best clubs—women's clubs. Sex is beautiful, really—Mae West says so. Yes, it took a blonde from Brooklyn to grab Sex up out of the mire and put it on a paying basis. And does Sex pay! If there's any doubt in your mind just examine the boxoffice receipts for "She Done Him Wrong."

Let's get analytical about this Sex business for a moment or so—fascinating subject, isn't it, or do you prefer long walks? If you take Sex seriously it isn't Sex, it is just vulgar and low, but if you go in for that thing with a *joie de vivre* and a hey nonny nonny and a dash of vermouth, and let yourself be carried away by a wave of genuine emotion, then who shall say you are this and that? Well, of course, some people will always say you are that. Imagine being a great hit on the screens throughout the country, not to mention London and Paris and Pago Pago, and all because you didn't pretend what everybody else was pretending. That's the secret of Mae's success. For example, when Jean Harlow first started in pictures she pretended to be a nice girl who didn't notice that her dress had practically slipped off of her. But Mae notices, there's the difference. There's no hypocrisy about Mae's brand of Sex. And if you're going to talk about Sex, says Mae, all right, but don't think you're going to talk about lilies and birds and bees.

Just look at "She Done Him Wrong." You probably have, three times or more. No movie star in Hollywood has ever had such a personal triumph. The picture has already netted over two million dollars for Paramount and it isn't through yet. To date it has played seven thousand return engagements—which, as Gregory Ratoff says, is "sensational!" And even "Night After Night," Mae's first picture in which she played only a "bit," has chalked up over 5500 return engagements simply because on the second runs Mae got top billing. Does Sex pay? I'm telling you.

And how does Mae feel about this Sex she has let loose in the cinema city, where the cosmic urge is still believed to be a violet ray? I was eager to know myself, so one morning, recently, I invaded the forbidden precincts of stage 23 on the Paramount lot, where Director Wesley Ruggles was putting Mae and Kent Taylor through a snappy scene. In "I'm No Angel," the next Westian opus, as you doubtless know, Mae is a voluptuous lion tamer in a circus, who has made a lot of rich and eligible men—has made them see things her way. Particularly has she "fascinated" Kent Taylor, a very indigo blue blood who is so eager to "come up sometime" that he is panting in the nostrils. But Mae's a dame what takes her time.

Her opulent hips (padded, my dear) were sheathed in a clinging petunia colored velvet dressing gown which frankly told all. Mae turned on the heat, the cameras began to sizzle and Mr. Taylor began to burn. She shifted from left to right in a series of undulations that would turn the North Pole into Hot Springs, and then she gave him the famous Westian eye business—down on his shoes, his ankle, his knee,

[*Continued on page* 56]

Who Will Be *the* QUEEN *of* Hollywood?

By
Muriel
Babcock

If Mary Pickford Abdicates—What Then, Little Man?

Mary rules by her beauty, her prestige and her flair for selecting the right people.

WHERE will we find the next royal home of Hollywood society, should Pickfair happen to go on the block?

Who will succeed to the crown worn until now in great dignity and formal simplicity by Mary Pickford—almost from the moment of her marriage, thirteen years ago, to Douglas Fairbanks?

A few chance lines in a gossip column—"Mary Pickford is planning her last party at Pickfair. It will be a sumptuous, formal occasion and will no doubt mark the passing of Pickfair as the hospitable home of the great visitors to movieland"—set me to wondering about the future of Hollywood social leadership. Wondering, as you have, no doubt, since you heard of the crash of the Pickford-Fairbanks dynasty.

Will lovely, dignified Norma Shearer, will merry-hearted, generous Marion Davies, will the poised, brilliant Ruth Chatterton, or—perchance a man, Gary Cooper—succeed to the dictatorship of Hollywood? Unless, of course, Mary discounts all rumors and keeps Pickfair running again this winter in the sumptuous style of the past.

A social leader in America today, and this should hold true of Hollywood too, is one who has ancestors, the prominence of achievement, or who possesses a large sum of money.

Mary, Norma, Ruth and Gary all have one or more of those qualifications. Then there is, if it should care to be reckoned with, the Barrymore family. Dolores Costello Barrymore, if she wanted to, might qualify. She is young, beautiful, of a famous stage family and is married to a brilliant, wealthy and famous scion of another stage family. Here are real aristocrats of Hollywood.

There is, too, Marie Dressler, who belongs in the Social Register, and whose best friend was, for years, the great social queen, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish.

Marion Davies, a hostess to the famous.

Tallulah Bankhead established a social cult in London: "Tea at Tallulah's."

Beautiful Mrs. John Barrymore may rule Hollywood society.

Norma Shearer could be the queen if she wished.

All of these people mentioned have qualifications of varying kinds for the job. For it is a job. Before telling you about them, let's draw a brief picture of the way Pickfair has functioned—an imaginary picture, say, of the "last party," should Mary decide not to continue her social activity and keep her crown.

Guests will travel to Pickfair, a simple, unpretentious looking white house from

[*Continued on page* 60]

Anna Sten, the newcomer, with Mitchell Lewis in "Nana."

WATCHING STARS AT

How They Act When They Are Acting.

As good as "Seventh Heaven"—Frank Borzage directs "A Man's Castle" with Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy, and again makes a great picture.

"Without Glory" is Constance Bennett's last picture for Radio. Gilbert Roland plays opposite her.

SUCH a spell of unusual weather as we've been having out here! The sets are literally blazing infernos. Everybody is in a bad humor and nobody speaks to anybody else, except the visitors from Podunk and Squeegee, who are used to humidity back home and who still find it all too, too wonderful.

At Columbia

TWO sets roused me from my torpor. One of them was at Columbia—no less!—and was erected for "A Man's Castle," which not only has Frank Borzage for director but that swell actor Spencer Tracy for the star and Loretta Young, who's certainly improving by leaps and bounds with every new part she plays, for the leading lady.

But that set! I've seen impressive ones in my time but this is probably the most picturesque one ever erected. It's called a "depression camp" and is laid on the banks of the East River in New York. Now, you might think a depression camp (the home of a lot of down-on-their-luckers with no place to live) would be very depressing and uninteresting, but far from it.

It's nothing but a lot of lean-to's. The roofs are weighted down with over-turned baskets, bricks, washtubs, cracker boxes, broken chairs, sticks, worn-out brooms, pipes and what-have-you. An entire stage has been converted into this camp. Dirt has been piled on the floor, whole hills thrown up and, at one end, a shallow stream of water has been constructed along the floor which, when photographed, will fool you into thinking you're seeing the East River. Shrubs are growing up out of the floor. There is a clothesline with a man's shirt and a pair of long drawers hanging on it, to give the place a lifelike atmosphere.

It is a night shot and in the background (and the whole background is constructed in what is called "miniature"—that is, the buildings and all are scaled down so that when the camera photographs them they will seem to be as far in the distance as though they really were a mile or two away) is New York's sky-line—the Woolworth Building and the Empire State Building (with even the light atop it) and other noted structures! The Brooklyn Bridge is there and below it, running at an angle and dwarfed in comparison, is another bridge over which a miniature train runs. There is the sound of the river swishing.

Spencer's shack is on top of one of the hills. A guard rail made of two strands of barbed wire runs along the path leading up to it. Hardboiled set-visitor that I am, I gasped and gulped and my throat tightened. This isn't a reproduction of New York—it *is* New York and the work and ingenuity that must have gone into the construction of this scene gets you.

Spence is a footloose roamer, irresponsible and hating restraint of any kind. At the moment, to make ends meet, he is dressed in full evening clothes (silk hat, cane and all) and wearing a sandwich board advertising a certain brand of cigar. "Why," you ask, "the evening clothes?" Because, my dears, if you saw a man in evening dress wearing a sandwich board you'd turn around to look at him, whereas if he had on dilapidated clothes you'd pay no attention.

In his wanderings he encounters Trina (Loretta Young) who has no place to go. So big-hearted Spence offers her half his bed and board. They have just reached the camp and he is showing her the lay-out. "Here we are, Whoosis," he announces. "Bagdale on the Hudson—the fastest growing community in the East. Some day when I'm in the mood I'm going to start a Chamber of Commerce to tell the world about it. How do you like it?"

"Gee!" says Loretta enthusiastically, "it's swell!" She looks out over the squalid little settlement and her enthusiasm mounts. "I've been here a whole year and never even knew there was a place like this."

"That's the best part of it," Spence answers, his face glowing, "the privacy. No rent, no taxes—no nothing. It's the only way to live. Running water (pointing to the river—a whole river of it. And," he adds impressively, "the joint is simply lousy with southern exposure."

To my way of thinking Spencer Tracy is the best actor on the screen today. There's *nobody* who reads lines with the naturalness he does.

"Hey, mugg," he says coming over when

the WORK

By S. R. Mook

the scene is finished, "I thought you were coming up to dinner last month when I saw you."

"I was," I mutter. "I might just as well tell you the truth: I forgot." And a dull red suffuses my mobile face.

From the set of "A Man's Castle" I wander over to the next stage which gave me a thrill, where Helen Twelvetrees, Wallace Ford and Victor Jory are acting in "My Woman." This is the picture Nancy Carroll walked out of when she went to Honolulu. Helen is home today playing with the baby and Wally Ford is laid up with blood poisoning, so Victor Jory is holding down the fort.

There is nothing startlingly new about the plot but it's a good one with several novel situations, and it is the sort of thing both Helen and Wally do best. They are married. He is a shiftless, lazy, ex-vaudevillian, vain and egotistical. On a steamer going through the Canal with them is Jory, head of a big broadcasting chain. Helen meets him and asks for an audition for Wally. She finally gets him on the radio and eventually his big chance comes. He's a sensation and, of course, gets the swelled head. Several times he arrives for his broadcast in a drunken condition. Once he is so intoxicated he knocks over the microphone. The next day the sponsor of his program (Joseph Girard) arrives at the station. He and Jory are in the latter's office—a modernistic affair with silver-striped walls and low furniture. In the window is a bronze nude.

"Is that nude a reproduction of a famous statue?" I ask Victor Schertzinger, the director.

"It's a genuine bronze," he replies, "and here's something funny: I've a bisque reproduction of it in my home."

The lights are set and the scene starts.

"It's an absolute imposition, Mr. Bradley," Girard storms to Jory. "We're spend-

[*Continued on page 64*]

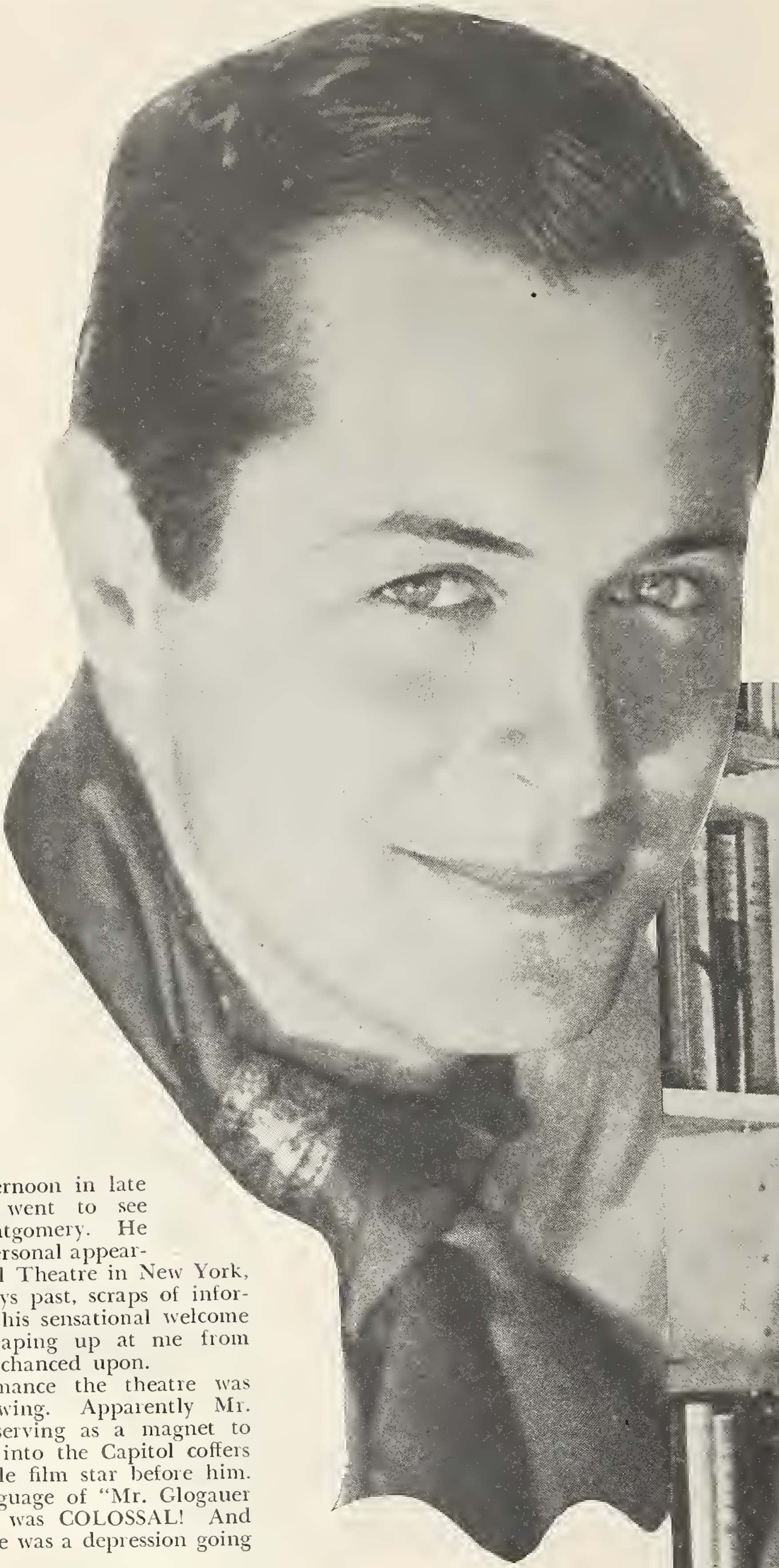
The much discussed "Design for Living," with Franklin Pangborn, Miriam Hopkins and Thomas Graydon.

"The House on 56th Street," a *gay nineties* story with Kay Francis and Gene Raymond.

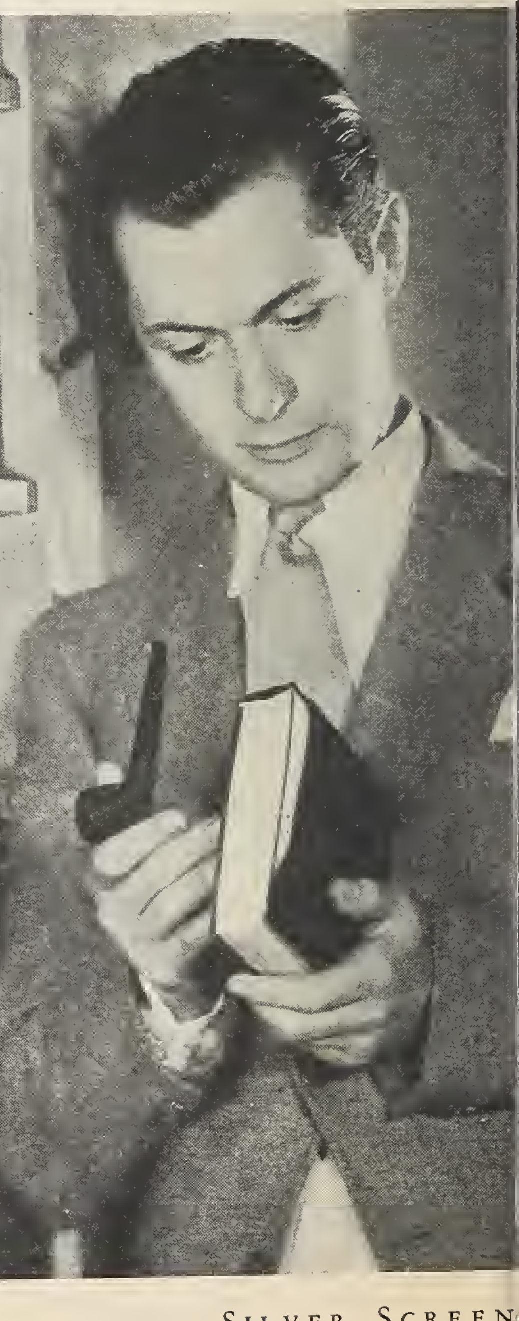
The picture "Penthouse" gives George E. Stone a "killer" rôle, Warner Baxter has the rôle of a detective.

BOB MEETS the

When Robert Montgomery Made a "Personal Appearance," the Girls Came in Crowds.



The sprightly verve of Bob on the screen is the *real* Bob.



ON A hot afternoon in late summer, I went to see Robert Montgomery. He was then making personal appearances at the Capitol Theatre in New York, and, for several days past, scraps of information concerning his sensational welcome there had been leaping up at me from every newspaper I chanced upon.

At each performance the theatre was packed to overflowing. Apparently Mr. Montgomery was serving as a magnet to draw more money into the Capitol coffers than had any single film star before him. In the unique language of "Mr. Glogauer of the Movies," it was COLOSSAL! And I had thought there was a depression going on.

With such far-flung popularity and success to set his sails, naturally it was with blithe assurance that I forced a path through the hungry (not in a dietary sense) group of pretty girls and eager matrons who blocked the stage entrance.

At the head of a flight of cold stone steps, in a tiny cubby-hole of a dressing-room, I found the cause of all this excitement—a tall, slim chap, with large clear blue eyes, light brown hair, a fair skin and as genial a smile as I've encountered on the face of any man.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said after we shook hands, "but I've almost lost my voice. The cooling system in the theatre has done things to my throat." And he patted the offending member gingerly.

"My editor promised me that you would be gay, insouciant and charming," I admonished him none too gently. "I might have known you'd go and have a toothache or something."

"No, just a sore throat," he said soothingly. "You won't mind if I lie down, will you?"—suiting the ac-

CUSTOMERS

By Lenore Samuels

tion to the words with the deliberate ease of a thoroughly healthy individual determined to make the most of a temporary indisposition.

"Go right ahead. I've always had a yen to try out my bedside manner on a good-looking young man."

"I'm sure you'll do very well indeed," he assured me with a puckish grin as he reached out and dragged the nearest chair closer to his couch. "I have to conserve my voice, you see."

I saw, or, at least, I heard. My boasted feminine intuition also warned me that perhaps this exceedingly gracious young man might have preferred sleeping or reading or gargling his sensitive throat during these few hours allotted him between five performances each day, but I very wisely refrained from letting him know how intuitive I was.

And so, as they say in the legal profession, we got down to cases.

"Are you surprised at the ovation you're receiving during this 'personal appearance' engagement?"

He nodded his head so emphatically there was no need for an answer.

"Well, then, are you being bothered by the crowds that haunt the stage doors begging for a sight of you?"

"H'm! I'd be a good deal more bothered if they weren't there at all! The worry is that there may come a time when they won't be there. . . ." His voice trailed off into space and I said nothing knowing that Time, in its flight, sometimes behaves most perversely.

"Have you ever studied mob psychology?" I went on. "What sort of people do you suppose they are—these anxious autograph hunters, I mean, who hang around for hours waiting for the briefest glimpse of a celebrity?"

He parried my question with another.

"Haven't you ever hung around the street waiting for a prominent person to show up?"

Sheepishly I had to confess to a full hour spent around the Hotel Astor waiting for President Roosevelt to put in an appearance that never materialized.

"And I once waited hours for a glimpse of President Coolidge," Mr. Montgomery informed me with a sorry shake of his head, "only to learn that 'in person' he was just as disappointing as his unkindest critics have accused him of being."

"At least your curiosity was gratified," I said. "But these crowds downstairs—do they ever catch a view of you coming or going? I felt sorry for them when I came in, it was so warm on the street and they looked so eager and hopeful."

"The other night," said Montgomery, "coming from dinner at Sardi's, I stayed

[*Continued on page* 58]

Books are a large part of Montgomery's life. His sophistication has brought him unaffected simplicity.

The "finest leading man" is a husky tennis playing six footer, but his gentle manner makes you forget his inches.

"WATCH THESE STARS—"

Says Walter Wanger

The Man Who Has Picked Many Winners Selects the Most Promising Stars of Hollywood.

By Maude Cheatham

"THE day of the beautiful dumbell is over. It takes talent to win success on the screen now."

So says Walter Wanger, dynamic young production executive, who has been a forceful influence in motion pictures ever since he became affiliated with them in 1920.

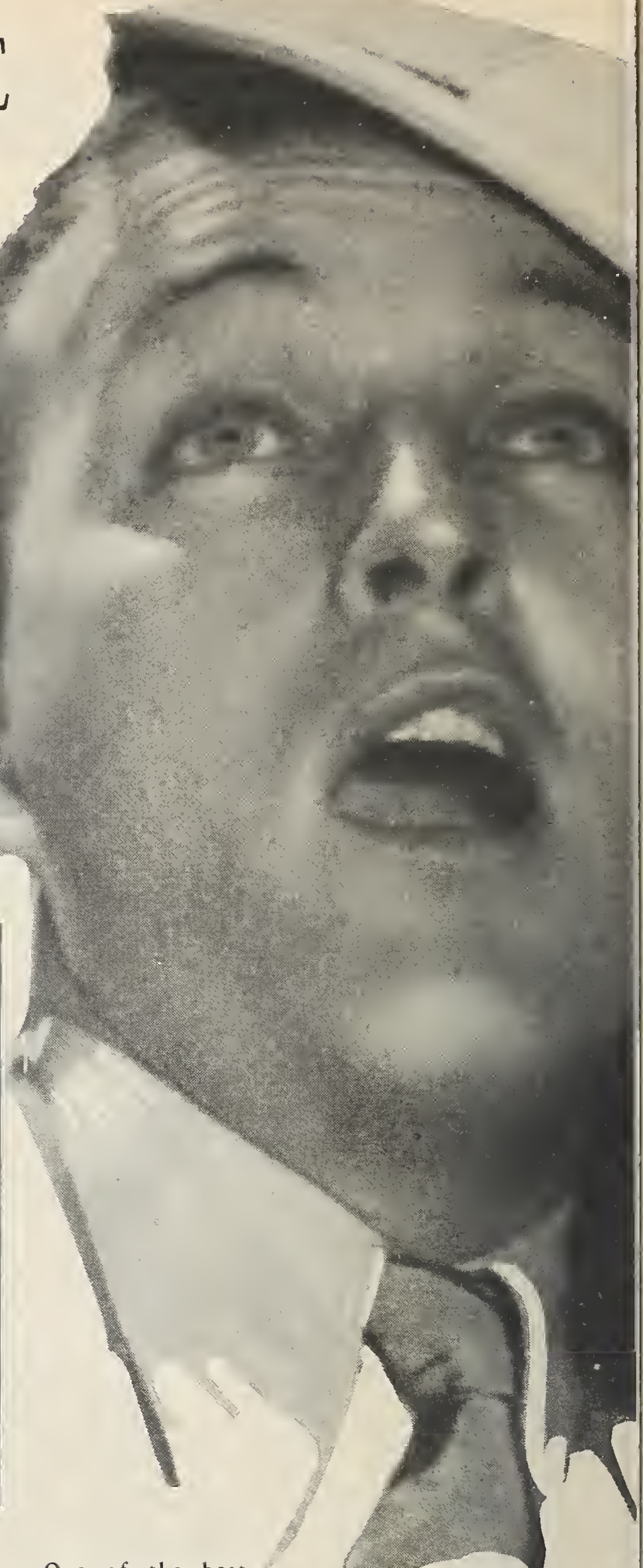
Wanger is always the pioneer and he is responsible for many of the forward steps in the film industry. Sincere, and with the courage of his convictions, he is ever eager to fight to win his goal, ever ready to gamble on some new personality, story or innovation that looks promising.

While bubbling with enthusiasm, he is level headed and practical. He has no slams for past failures or mistakes, and he is optimistic as to the future. He thinks motion pictures the most exciting and most progressive of all industries.

I caught Mr. Wanger in his "watch tower" office at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio the other morning, and, sandwiched in between previewing a reel of a new film, conferences with two directors and, at least, a dozen phone calls, I gathered enough material to fill a volume of movie history. He is a fluent talker and I hate to leave out a word, for everything he said was interesting and his comments, touching many screen favorites, were illuminating.

"It doesn't require genius to find new personalities and new talents," he said. "Hollywood is full of both. There is no question that personality is ninety percent of success on either stage or screen—a player must have that indefinable *something* that captures the interest and intrigues the imagination of the audience. There must, however, be talent to back this up.

"Silent pictures were merely a manufacturing process and didn't depend upon acting ability. Physical



One of the best bets of the year is handsome, talented, humorous Bing Crosby.

Mae West is a surprise success. No one understands her popularity, nor can deny it.

Elusive, mischievous Miriam Hopkins, who has one of the brightest futures in pictures.

beauty and appeal sufficed. But, with the coming of sound to the films, there was a demand for dramatic technique to insure sustained careers. A few silent players made good, but many stage trained actors were drafted to take the places of those who depended wholly on looks to get by.

"Norma Shearer and Greta Garbo are two glorious exceptions. Neither have had stage experience, but both are women of rare intelligence and possess so much creative imagination that they have set a swift pace for even theatre trained stars to follow. They are students of their art and take their careers seriously, recognizing a responsibility to the vast audiences that have acclaimed them.

"We have stars, writers, directors and technicians who are skilled. Talent abounds. The point now is to co-ordinate. It isn't temperamental stars we have to deal with in Hollywood; it is temperamental and often ignorant men in charge who hinder the development of motion pictures.

"Now that we have sound, I believe pictures should subsidize the theatre. After all, they are basically the same. Both stage and screen will be enriched when players can go back and forth between the two, getting fresh inspiration from each medium. I've always contended that if an actor can hold a theatre audience, he can do the same in a screen play. Granting that sometimes the camera detracts or increases the personality of the player, the fact remains that acting and dramatic talent are the same in essence whether given directly over the footlights or via the screen.

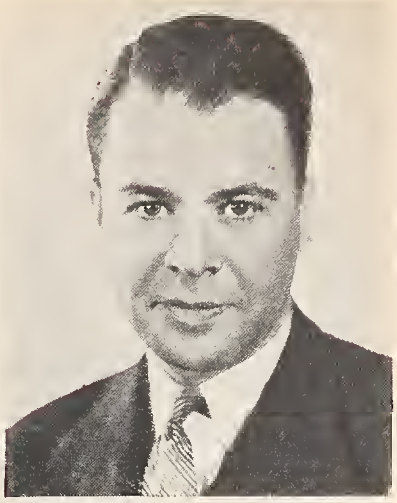
"I was Production Manager of Paramount Studio for ten years and when sound came in I was responsible for bringing many stage stars to the screen. I recall when I decided to see what Jimmy Durante could do in films. My associates said I was crazy, but Durante had been bowling over revues and night clubs with a special brand of humor and I was convinced he could do the same in films. He was anxious to try it too, and was tremendously serious about the whole thing. We put him in a picture, 'Road House Nights,' and his success fully justified my opinion. Durante still interests me as much as any screen personality and I consider him a genius with overwhelming talents.

"Miriam Hopkins, on the New York stage, displayed a sparkle and an elusive quality that would enhance the screen. We tried her out in a little film, 'Fast and Loose,' and she fulfilled our expectations even though the picture was not so good. Chevalier was due to make 'The Smiling Lieutenant,' and Ernst Lubitsch, who was to direct it, gave Miriam a chance in that. The result is screen history. She is one of the rarely talented film players we have today.

"There are still-to-come conquests for Jean Harlow," says Walter Wanger.

"Claudette Colbert invariably suggested glamour on the stage and there was no reason why, with her youth and beauty, she should not carry it to the screen. Her first picture, 'The Lady Lies,' proved this. Claudette is *Glamour*—personified.

"Here's something amusing. Every actress we took from the stage, Miriam Hopkins, Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, to mention but a few, were deathly afraid of the screen, *afraid* of Hollywood. They wouldn't sign a contract unless there was a clause saying they could return to the stage when they wished. Yet not one of them went back. There's an excitement in motion pictures, a greater variety of rôles, more money and world fame. Who can resist such a combination?"



Walter Wanger, now Associate Producer of M-G-M and directly in charge of Garbo's new picture.

Mr. Wanger tells, with a laugh, how he was responsible for the re-discovery of Lee Tracy. Lee had been dropped by Warner Brothers following "The Blessed Event" and seemed out in the cold, cinematically speaking. Wanger engaged him for "Night Mayor" and he turned in such a grand job that he was soon off to what has proven to be one of the most spectacular careers of the screen. All he needed was a boost and "Night Mayor" gave it to him.

It was Wanger, too, who borrowed Nils Asther for "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," in which he made a sensation. Now he is being starred, the result of another boost at the critical hour.

"I consider the Marx Brothers among our greatest artists. We gambled with them several years ago, for one picture. Gambled, you understand, with Paramount and its resources back of us. At the time we felt that one film would go well in New York, Chicago and a few other large cities where these comedians were known as popular vaudeville headliners. Well, we were due for a big surprise, for the film made a tremendous hit all over the country and even became an international success, showing for twelve weeks in London, where the Marxes had failed dismally in their one vaudeville appearance.

"Why was this? No one knows. No one knows what movie audiences want, they don't even know themselves. They think they want this or that, but when it is handed to them on the golden platter, they go trailing off to another theatre were something entirely different is being shown. No one knew they wanted Mae West—or 'She Done Him Wrong.' Probably if audiences had been asked, they would have said, 'We want our heroines slim and willowy; we want our plays up to date; we yearn for refined fun.'

Yet look at the riot Mae and her picture have created.

"Perhaps it is a surprise quality in star or story that movie patrons like. People absorb so rapidly [*Continued on next page*]

Franchot Tone has vindicated Mr. Wanger's wisdom; and Loretta Young is his pride and joy. Franchot and Loretta in "Midnight Mary" were delightful.

these days. When they want something, they go out and get it in such large quantities that they are soon satiated and begin looking for something new. So the screen must keep supplying some novelty, some fresh angle to please them. Too, I believe there must be glamour and romance throbbing through all motion picture entertainment in order to catch the public's fancy."

Mr. Wanger describes Hollywood as the backstage of a vast theatre, an exciting, busy work shop. But backstage offers only the theatre atmosphere, with its gossip, its politics, its heartaches and triumphs. When the show is over it is good for players to get away from behind the scenes long enough to get a fresh perspective. He says that is where Chevalier is so smart. He makes a couple of films, then goes to Paris and back to the stage, and thus never gets stale.

"Chevalier is a great chap," said Mr. Wanger. "I first met him in Paris, soon after the war, at dinner with a mutual friend, Wally Johnson, of the American Embassy. I was tremendously attracted to him at that time, but, of course, neither of us dreamed that within a very few years Jesse Lasky would bring him to America, and that we would be so intimately associated in pictures.

"Lubitsch is another remarkable man. He is one of the greatest forces in this business and I hope to see him become a producer as well as a director. With his keen sense of dramatic values his judgment would be invaluable in the production of pictures."

When I asked Mr. Wanger which, of all the pictures he had supervised he considered the best, his reply was quick and emphatic. "'The Royal Family' and 'Laughter.' Each held a particular charm for me and I am proud of my share in their success. However, 'The Letter,' supervised by Monte Bell, is perhaps my favorite picture. In fact, I do not believe this has ever been topped in point of dramatic and emotional climaxes. *Jeanne Eagles*, what an artist she was! She was ill during the filming of the picture but insisted on keeping on. It was amazing to watch her as the great actress rising to thrilling emotion and power before the cameras, only to droop into a sick little girl the minute they stopped clicking. Both stage and screen lost something very precious, very fine with her passing.

"And Jean Harlow, there's a *star!* Just watch her. It was Charles Laughton who suggested Jean for the rôle of *Alice*, in 'Alice in Wonderland.' I agree that this would be an inspired choice, for she would not only be the pictorial ideal but she also has the rare dramatic powers so necessary for *Alice's* portrayal.

"Loretta Young is another of my favorites. I consider her among the most promising of our younger players. She has 'class,' and distinction; she glows with an inner radiance, and her beauty is fairly breath-taking at times.

"Joan Crawford has not yet reached her pinnacle. Joan burns with ambition and masters each rung as she climbs to the top."

This year is destined to be especially eventful in screen history, so Mr. Wanger believes, and he hopes one of the high lights will be the luring of Noel Coward to films. In him, says Mr. Wanger, will be found not only a new personality but an actor of individuality who would prove a great asset to motion pictures.

Among the players that he expects to make the most important strides are Bing Crosby, Jean Harlow, Mae West, Loretta Young, Franchot Tone, Miriam Hopkins and May Robson, grand character actress who is having her chance, at last, to prove that films appreciate acting at its finest.

To my question as to whom he considered the greatest personality so far developed on the screen, Mr. Wanger paused a moment, then replied, "There have been three; Mary Pickford, who for years was truly America's Sweetheart; Rudolph Valentino, who spelled Romance as no one else has been able to do, and Greta Garbo, our greatest star today.

"Garbo is remarkably like Isadora Duncan, in artistry and in temperament. Both, beyond criticism. Both, honest and sincere. Both, inspired."

Mr. Wanger laughed, "You had better not get me started on Greta Garbo, for I am one of her most ardent devotees. I have always admired her acting, her dignity and courage, and now that I am associated with her—you know, I am supervising her new picture, 'Queen Christina'—I find her a wholly delightful woman. True, she is moody, she is shy and reticent. These are characteristics of the Swedish people. My wife comes from that country, and I have many Swedish friends, so I appreciate the temperament. But among those she knows and likes, Miss Garbo is a charming, entertaining woman and a gracious companion. She loves pictures and is well informed on every angle of the business. She has no conceit, no false vanity and she does not like to be yes-ed. You'll admit it takes supreme courage to stand by and see herself misunderstood, criticised and condemned merely because she insists on living her life as she pleases and refuses to babble her private affairs all over the front pages. Garbo could not live in a crowded atmosphere and her diffidence is absolutely sincere, it is not a pose.

"'Queen Christina' was Miss Garbo's own idea, she suggested it and has spent months in research during its development. She is more interested in it than any picture she has ever made. On her return to Hollywood, she viewed Marlene Dietrich's film, 'The Song of Songs,' directed by Rouben Mamoulian, and was so pleased with its subtlety and delicacy and especially with the handling of the romance, that she asked for Mamoulian for her picture. I firmly believe this combination will prove the most brilliant that has ever been achieved between star and director.

"Mamoulian is thirty-two years of age, of Armenian birth but Russian education, and an artist to his finger tips. He directed some of the New York Theatre Guild plays and I brought him to the screen because I felt we needed his fresh and original viewpoint, and his courage.

"'Christina' offers Greta every opportunity for her talents. It tells the story of a 17th century Queen of Sweden, who lived a 20th century life. It is vivid and dramatic."

Walter Wanger began his career early, when, at the age of twenty, he formed a partnership with Nazimova, to produce her in "Ception Shoals." Now, at thirty-nine, he has brought his splendid executive ability to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer staff. He told me in his quick, emphatic way, "This is the most amazing organzation, with terrific strength back of it. Everyone from the highest official to the least technician, strives for high quality in each picture. As I say, no one knows what the public wants. A bit of lunatic comedy, stark tragedy, political intrigue, a horror picture, sweet romance or a gangster struggle may strike public favor. But aways, there must be a realism that carries the audience along with it.

"It is a huge gamble. Perhaps that's one of its pulls. Once in the business few willingly leave it. There are heartbreaks and disappointments that equal its triumphs—but over it all is drama. And how we all love drama."

"EASY TO HURT"
Silver Screen
10¢
FRESH

While Claudette Colbert was recovering from her attack of appendicitis, we took her picture. She's off on location now, making "Four Frightened People."

TRACING *the* TRAVELS *of* TRACY

By Jack Jamison

EVERY star in Hollywood owes his success to personality, but that old saw holds truest of all for Lee Tracy. Personality—his mile-a-minute conversation, his zippy wise-cracks, his bouncing energy, his snapping fingers—is what Lee has to offer to the screen.

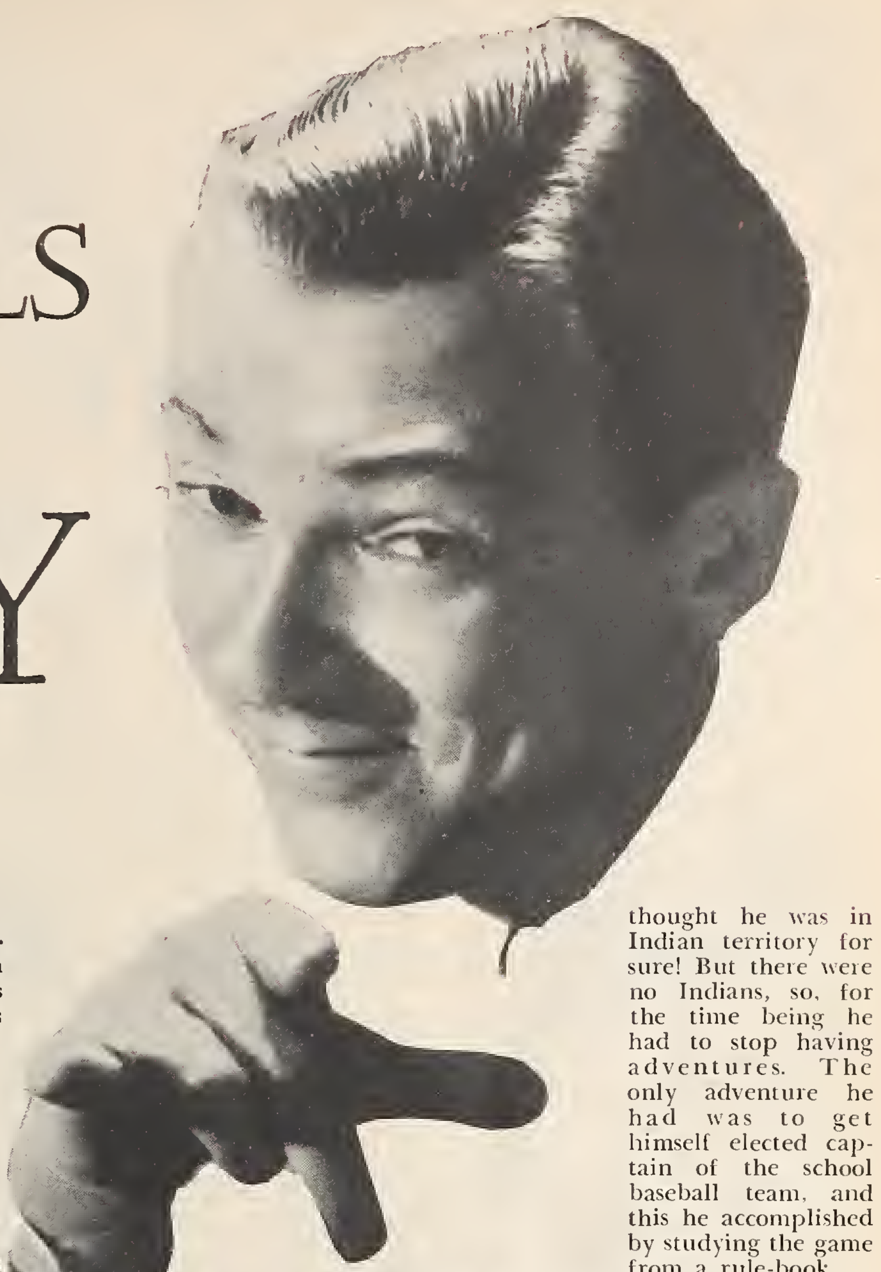
All of us want personality, so we're naturally curious as to where Lee got his. His life so far hasn't been measured in months and years, like most of our lives, but in a chain of adventures, and all of them exciting.

Lee's father was a railroad executive. He was moved around the country a lot, and Lee's life, from his boyhood up, reads much like a railroad time-table—Arrive 8:03 A. M., Leave 9:01 A. M., you know, like that. From the time he was a baby, his family moved to a new city regularly once every four years. Lee's life and adventures can be traced by the towns he lived in. For instance:

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Not many people have adventures when they're only one year old, but Lee had one, at that age, in Atlanta, where the family was living at the time. A colored nurse, a gigantic woman as black as coal, used to take him out for a ride in his baby-buggy every afternoon. Her name was Campaspe. Campaspe had a gentleman friend, down the street from the Tracy's house, a colored man named George, who was a gardener for one of the neighbors. She used to park Lee in his buggy out on the sidewalk, and go in for a chat with George.

The street happened to be on a hill. One afternoon the brake on the baby-buggy let go, while Campaspe was visiting her friend, and Lee, in his buggy, started rolling down the hill, going faster and faster with every foot. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there was a lamp-post at the bottom of the hill. The baby-buggy brought up against it with a crash, and Lee sailed through the air. As they say, after an accident, there were no fatalities; but Lee's adventuring, you see, can really be said to have started when he was no more than a year old.



"Miss Lonelyhearts," in which he directs the lovelorn, is Lee's next.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

They moved from Atlanta to Louisville when Lee was 4. Just before they moved from Louisville he was 8. And, just before he was 8, Lee became a local hero.

The family's house in Louisville was next to a bunch of vacant lots, on which a fine crop of weeds flourished. During the summer the weeds dried out, and, as was more or less inevitable, one day somebody tossed a match or a cigarette-butt into them, and they caught on fire. A solid sheet of flame was roaring down on the Tracys' house inside of an incredibly few seconds. Lee was alone in the house with his mother, who was upstairs in bed, recovering from a dangerous appendicitis operation. Most small boys of 8 would have gone to pieces. Lee did not. Keeping his head, he told his mother not to worry, trotted to the corner, smashed the little glass in the red fire-alarm box and turned in an alarm, and trotted back home to tell his mother that it was all right; the fire-engines would be there in a minute. And they were!

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

From Louisville the railroad transferred Lee's father to Kansas City. Lee arrived there dressed in a cowboy outfit that was complete even to goatskin *chaps.* He thought he was in Indian territory for sure! But there were no Indians, so, for the time being he had to stop having adventures. The only adventure he had was to get himself elected captain of the school baseball team, and this he accomplished by studying the game from a rule-book.

Moving so often from town to town, he had never gotten in with a crowd of children his own age and he did not know how to play any boys' games. So he bought the rule-book, a ball, and a mitt, and sneaked off by himself after school in the afternoons, where the other boys couldn't see him. There, alone, he practised catching the ball—tossing it up on the roof and catching it when it fell off. It is a slightly absurd picture, and, at the same time, it catches you by the throat—the small, tow-headed, lonely boy trying desperately to learn to be like the other boys. Soon he was umpiring every sand-lot game the kids in the neighborhood played. It really sounds like a Horatio Alger story, but within a very few months he was not only the steady "ump," but team captain as well.

Maybe Lee's screen success isn't such an accident after all!

ALTON, ILLINOIS

After an eventful session in a St. Louis high school, Lee's travels brought him to a military academy in this town. On his very first day there he was caught smoking. In six months more he was down for every crime on the list—tardiness, not keeping his room clean, sloppy uniform, all of them.

But then, suddenly, something happened to him. To the commandant's astonishment, overnight he turned into a modest cadet. The reason was that, by this time the war was on. When he reached the

[*Continued on page* 53]

LILIAN HARVEY LEW AYRES

in

MY WEAKNESS

A sparkling romance of melody, beauty and fun

3 BIG SONG HITS
"Gather Lip Rouge While You May"
"Be Careful"
"How Do I Look"

MUSIC! BEAUTY! ROMANCE!

with

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
HARRY LANGDON · SID SILVERS
IRENE BENTLEY
and everybody's weakness
GIRLS — GIRLS — GIRLS
B. G. DESYLVA Production
Directed by David Butler
Music and Lyrics by B. G. DeSylva, Leo Robin and Richard Whiting. Story and dialogue by B. G. DeSylva

FOX

Ernest A. Bachrach

John Miehle

DOROTHY LEE

THE witchery of Dot is not confined to Hallowe'en or to "Take a Chance," which she made recently. After her two years in vaudeville, she is back with Wheeler and Woolsey, and working on a l. t. contract for Radio, with only time out to feed her Thanksgiving chickens.

Elmer Fryer

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD BARTHELMESS

DICK'S vacation in the Indian country this year so inspired him that he is quite excited over the plan to do "Massacre" next. How well he is looking! Success, which dogs Richard's footsteps year after year, cannot change him, nor adulation steal from him his modest charm.

KATHARINE HEPBURN

"MORNING GLORY" made a tremendous success. It played to one hundred and fifty-four thousand people in one week at the Radio City Music Hall in New York City. The tender pity that Katharine stirred in our hearts for the little heroine, promises well for "Little Women."

Elwood Bredell

RICHARD ARLEN JULIE HAYDON

WE LIKE "location" pictures and loathe trick shots. Dick Arlen and Julie Haydon actually travelled to the vast wheat fields near Pendleton, Oregon, to make "Golden Harvest." Julie Haydon, the girl who looks like Ann Harding, scans the far horizon as Dick points the way to a golden harvest in pictures.

ANNA STEN

AFTER months of patient study, Anna is ready now to make a picture in English. An adaptation of "Nana," by Zola, will form the basis of her first film. This beautiful German girl is expected to outshine all other imported stars. Which is pretty tough on Garbo, Dietrich, and Lilian Harvey. She is lovely enough, certainly, so let her win if she can, and welcome.

JACK LA RUE

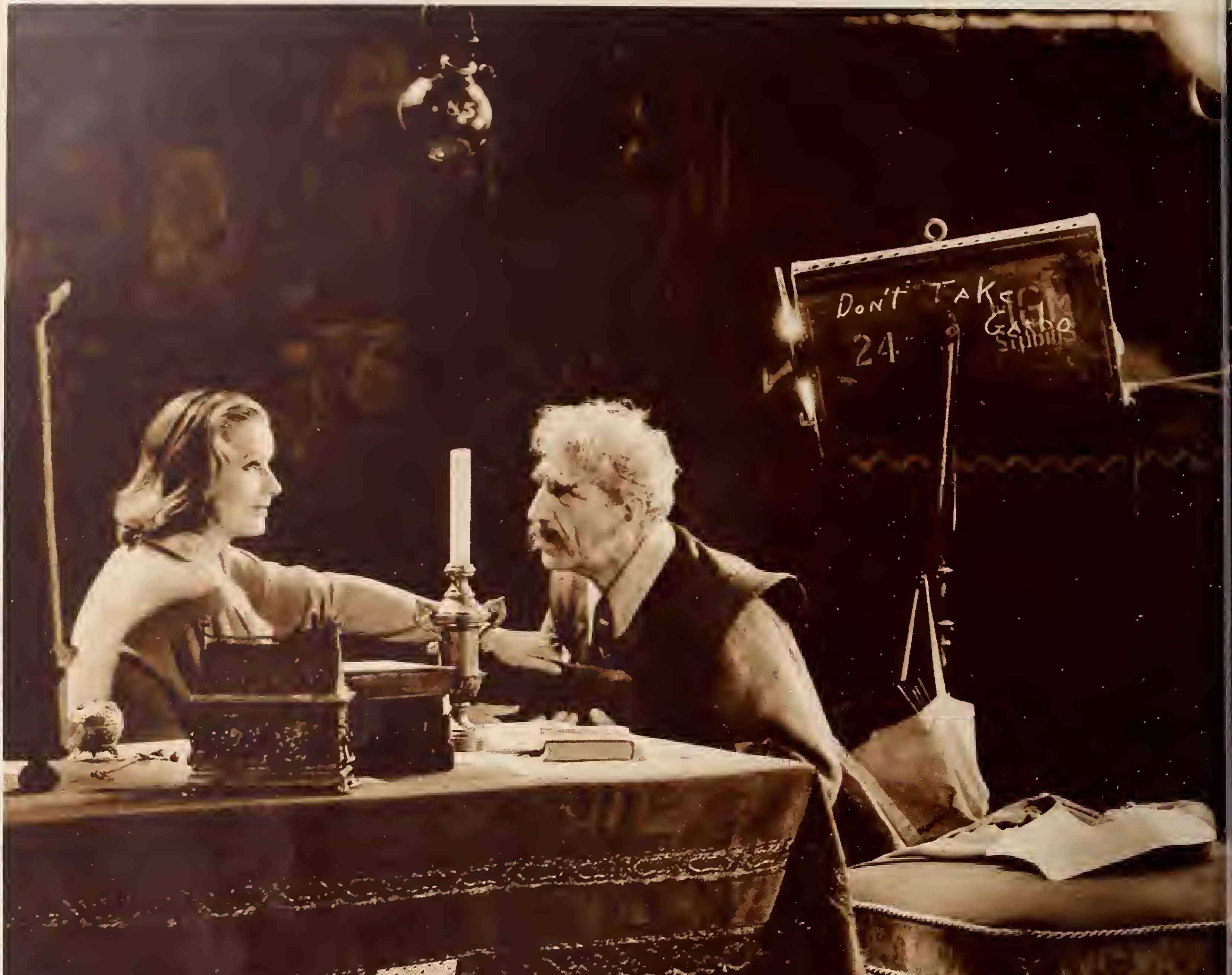
JACK is a western hoss-opera villain now in "To The Last Man," and he takes it in his stride. Since his forceful personality first appeared on the screen, he has tackled many parts, mostly mean, and made each vicious rôle shudderingly real.

Above, Jack LaRue in "The Story of Temple Drake," with Florence Eldridge and Miriam Hopkins. Below, Gary Cooper, Helen Hayes and Jack in "Farewell to Arms." As the priest who understood impetuous lovers, LaRue was unforgettable.

LILIAN HARVEY

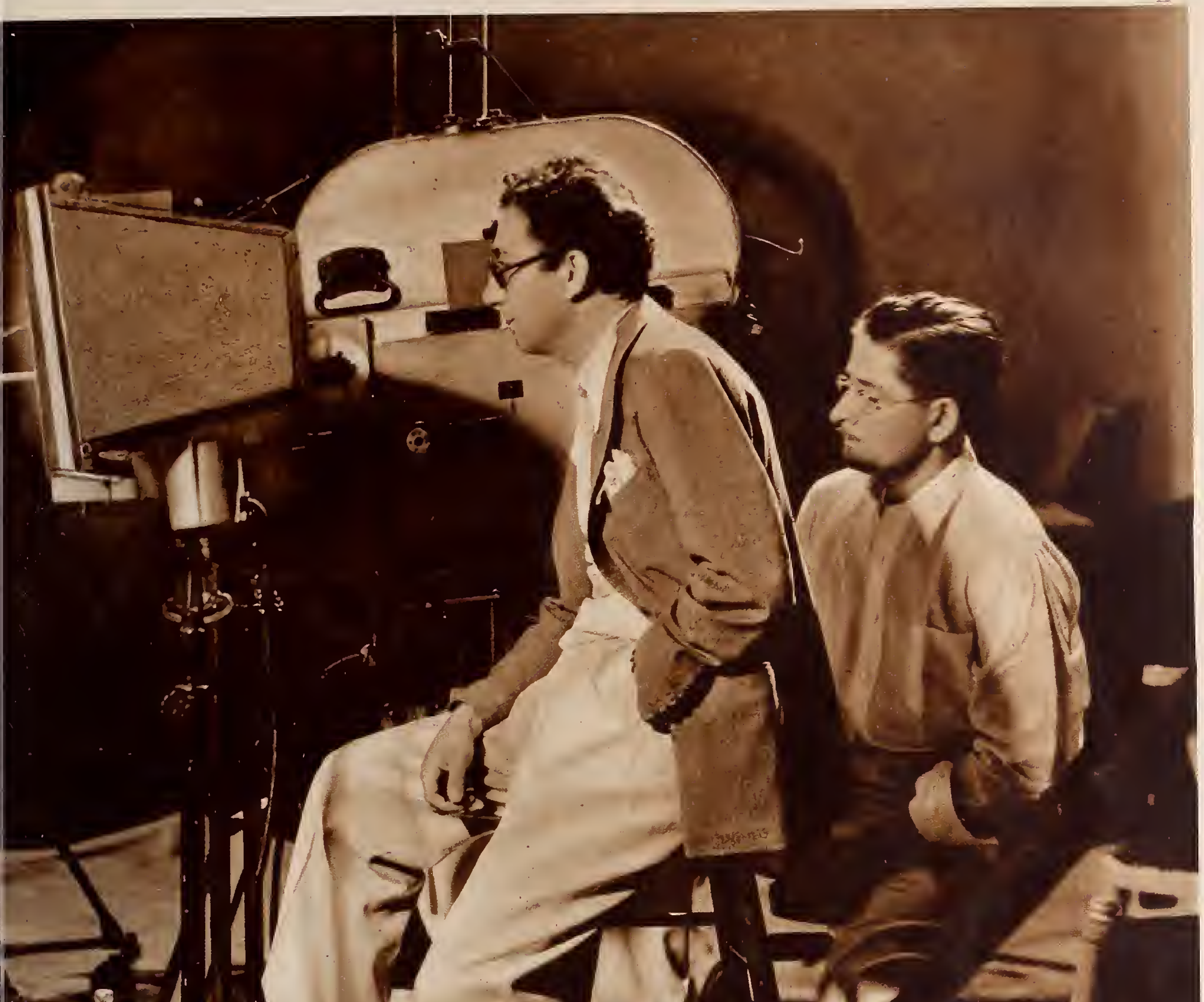
LEW AYRES

IF "MY WEAKNESS" has as gay an atmosphere as these pictures indicate, Lilian Harvey and Lew Ayres have a success to put up with. Here is no panic-stricken stranger trying to make good, but a rollicking, beautiful spirit, poised and confident. We are glad that Lew, too, has a break.



FIRST
STILL

UNDER the direction of Rouben Mamoulian, the much talked of picture which signalizes Garbo's return to the screen is now under way at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.



GARBO AT WORK ON "QUEEN CHRISTINA"

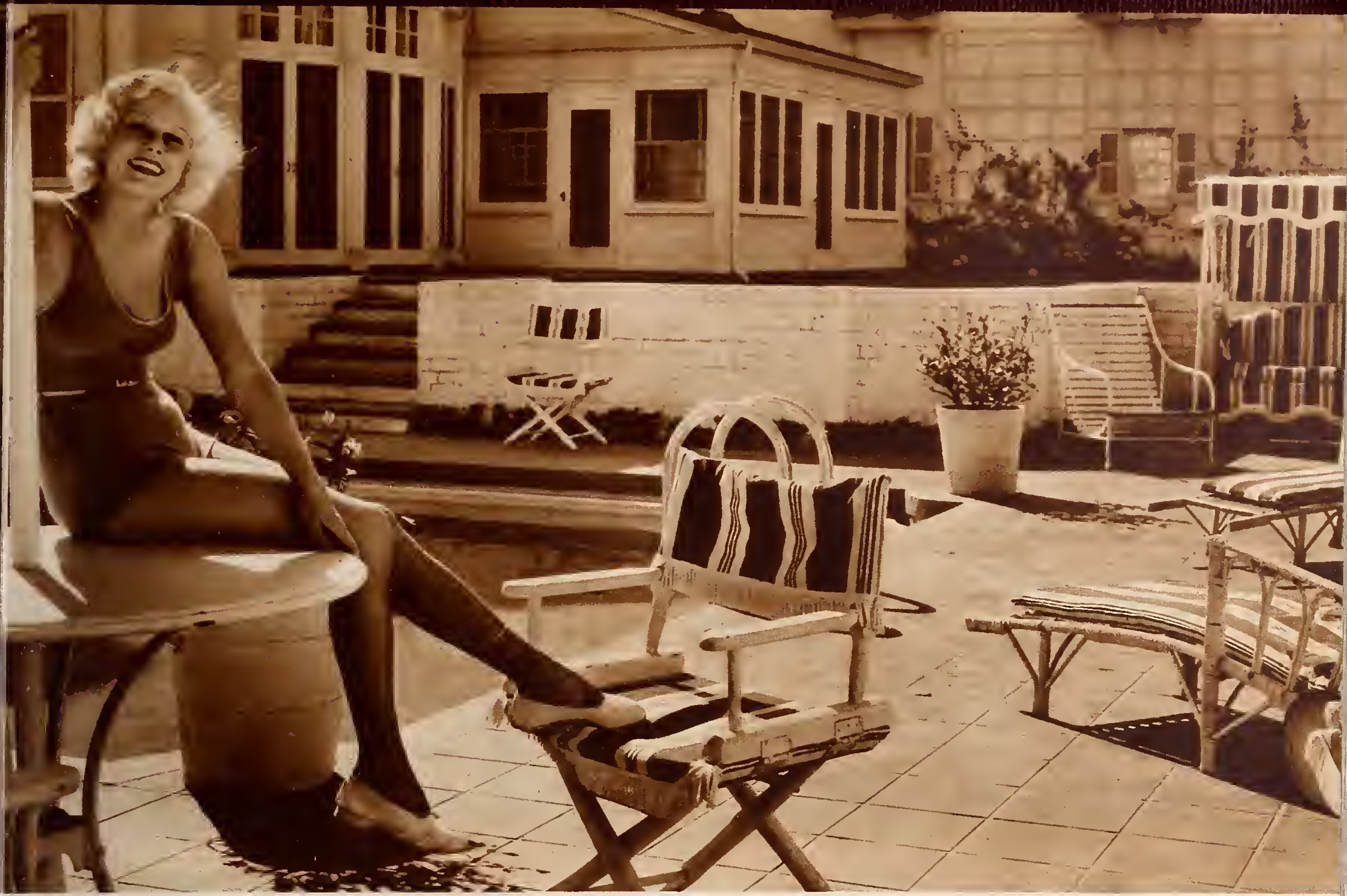
THIS exclusive photograph shows Greta Garbo as Queen Christina, in a scene with C. Aubrey Smith. The story of "Queen Christina" is based upon the life of a Swedish ruler of the picturesque years, when every garment was a "costume." It is in this picture that John Gilbert plays the part of a Spanish nobleman—lover of the queen. Mamoulian, the director, is seated on the stool at the right. (See story on page 16.)

Colleen Moore and Spencer Tracy in "The Power and the Glory," the picture which introduced a new method in story telling.

"A Man's Castle," with Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young, promises to be a sensation.

SPENCER TRACY

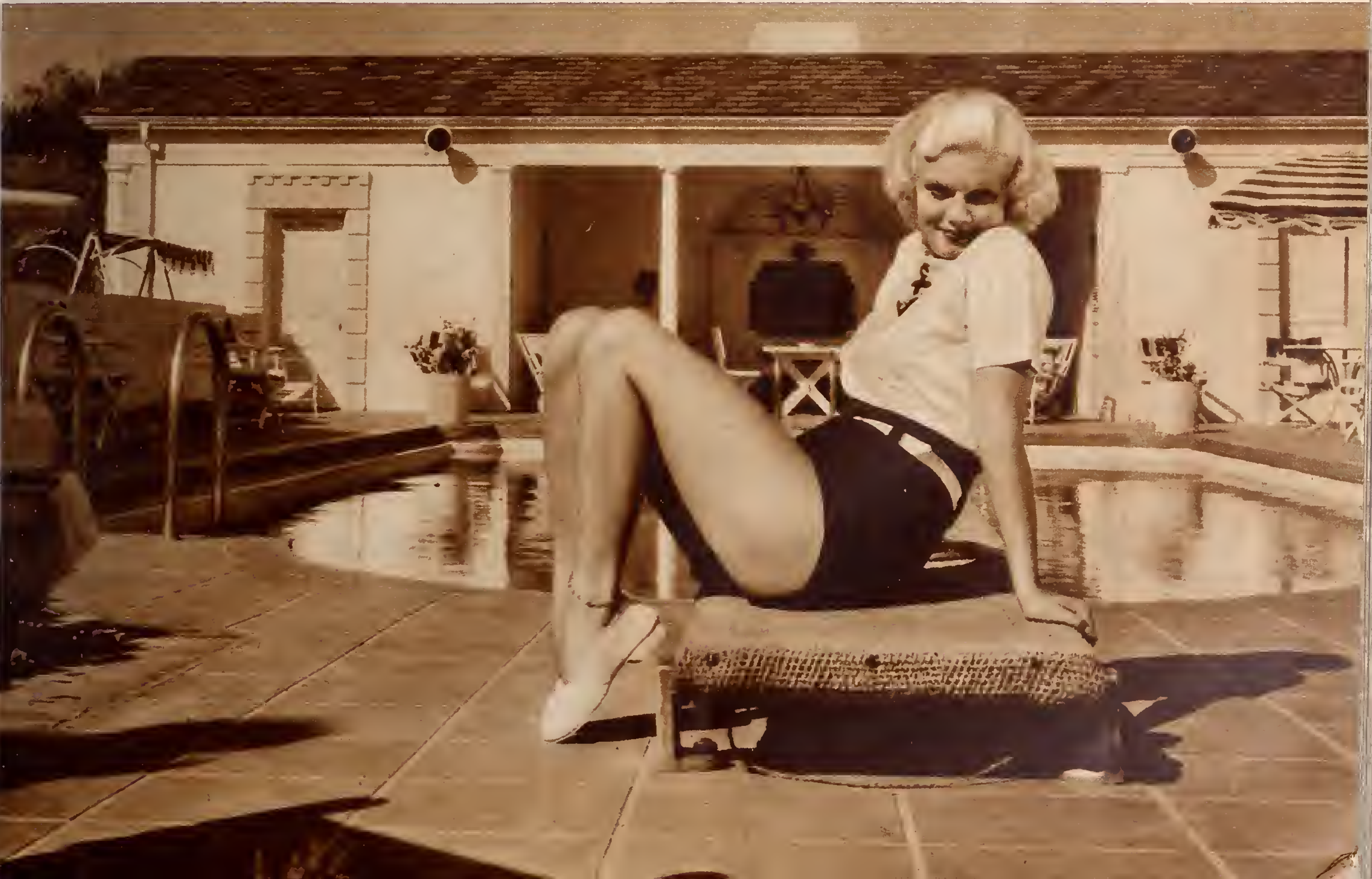
MORE *Power* and more *Glory* to Spencer, who has come through as one of our best picture players. His versatility enables him to wear a sailor's cap in "Shanghai Madness" and a silk topper in "A Man's Castle."



Clarence Sinclair Bull

JEAN HARLOW

THIS is the swimming pool of Jean's new house—and Jean herself. She has a great deal to smile about, for the notices of "Dinner at Eight" were very complimentary, and "Bombshell" is already winning favorable comments.



Ernest A. Bachrach

BRUCE CABOT **BETTY FURNESS**

"Midshipman Jack" and his trouble.

JOHN WARBURTON **HEATHER ANGEL**

They're in "Charlie Chan's Greatest Case."

CLAIRE TREVOR **GEORGE O'BRIEN**

"The Last Trail," with George and virtue triumphant.

ADOLPHE MENJOU **BENITA HUME**

"The Worst Woman in Paris" and the old tempter.

HELEN VINSON **GEORGE RAFT**

It's "Midnight Club," and who's afraid.

JUDITH ALLEN **BING CROSBY**

In "Too Much Harmony." Why, that's impossible!

PAT O'BRIEN **MAE CLARKE**

"Flaming Gold," and Pat up to his tricks again.

MARGARET SULLAVAN **JOHN BOLES**

It seems that "Only Yesterday" is the title

Robert W. Coburn

Character studies of Charlie in "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men."

CHARLES FARRELL

"AGGIE APPLEBY, Maker of Men" is Charlie's new picture for Radio. He has been studying steadily since he left Fox, and great things are in store for him.

HINDS
HONEY & ALMOND
CREAM

HANDS THAT CARESS MUST BE ALLURINGLY SMOOTH

Hands always play a leading role in love . . . from the first lingering hand-clasp, the first embrace. This is why screen stars keep their hands so alluringly smooth . . . why you should, too, if you want your share of romance. And it's so simple! After exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth on **Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.** Hinds isn't a gummy, quick-drying lotion that merely "varnishes" the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form that penetrates, to heal, soften, and protect. And Hinds costs so little!

FRANCES FULLER'S beautifully smooth hands add much to her charm. With GARY COOPER in Paramount's "ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON."

NEW! Try Hinds Cleansing Cream for your face . . . by makers o Hinds Honey & Almond Cream. Liquefies, *floats out dirt* . . . 40c, 55

Kenneth Alexander

RUSS COLOMBO

Begins his screen career in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole."

Ernest A. Bachr

SARI MARITZA

Cast in "Beautiful," with Ann Harding

MIMI LAWLOR

Educational Pictures discovers a beauty for their comedies.

Kenneth Alexa

GEORGE BANCROFT

Twentieth Century Pictures sees in George just the man for "Blood M

"Sh-h! I'm Happily Married"

Fay Wray Has a Tough Time With Monsters, But Gets Along O.K. at Home.

By Ben Maddox

LOVE, as grandma talks about it, seems to have had about as much chance in career-bent Hollywood as a dowdy gown in La ("Streamline") Crawford's fall wardrobe. I mean love—the *real* thing!

What with so many divorces and separations, to "preserve" mutual respect, annoying us lately, most of us have been ready to adopt Mae West's creed that love is just a losing racket for a movie girl and you're going to get your fingers burned if you play.

Then Fay Wray eases into the spotlight and completely upsets the theory that husbands and lady stars won't mix!

Now Fay isn't a newcomer. She's been acting in the movies for quite awhile. But it didn't seem to make much difference. A pleasant-enough ingenue, her spot was a modest one, in the background.

All of a sudden she has been given some meaty rôles, and her excellent work forces us to realize that she has evolved astonishingly. Today, recognized as a first-rate actress, she is right up in the definitely important class. In the money, too, with contracts at both Twentieth Century and Columbia and frequent calls from the other major studios to be filled in her leisure.

When we stop to figure the how and why, we come smack against the fact that it is her happy marriage which is directly responsible for her increased charm and ability.

She doesn't want to emphasize her success in love. Fay is a little superstitious, claiming that those who have bragged the loudest have tempted the gods. She is content to be thankful in private. And that is why you have never once heard her discourse on how to catch or hold a man, standard topics for interviews.

Yet last June she celebrated, quietly, her fifth wedding anniversary! Maybe the disillusioned cynics are wrong. Look what love has done for Fay!

It has transformed her from an extraordinarily shy, vague girl into a poised young woman of depth and understanding. It has taught her to think courageously and it has given her marvelous inspiration.

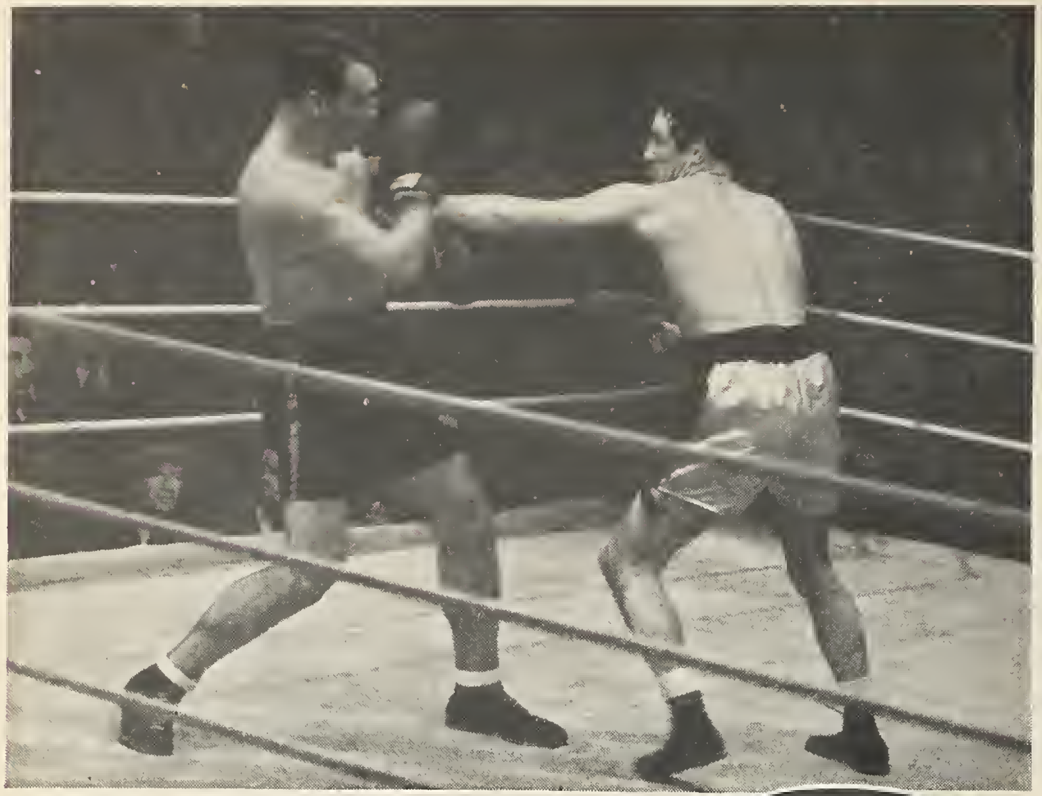
"I used to be guided by my intuition rather than by intelligence," she frankly

[*Continued on page* 72]

John Monk Saunders, playwright and director.

Fay's happy marriage to John Monk Saunders is not a publicity gesture, but a real romance of two happy people and the world well lost.

MORE



Wide World

Primo Carnera and Max Baer in a fight scene from "The Prize Fighter and the Lady." The law forbids shipping real fight films, so smart old M-G-M has taken the boys in action, to show the fans just how the world's Heavyweight Champion and the Contender match up. Jack Dempsey referees the fight in the picture, which turns out to be a draw.

THAT robin's egg blue car you see chasing across the country belongs to Georgie Raft, and that dark young man at the wheel is Georgie. He has a month's vacation from his studio and has decided to drive to New York and give Broadway the once over—and incidentally let Broadway give him the once over.

◆

THE greatest sensation that has been made on the Metro lot was caused by Ed Wynn asking the publicity office to send more sight-seers over to his set. Poor dear Mr. Wynn doesn't know yet that a movie star is supposed to growl every time a tourist or a writer comes on his set.

◆

JACK OAKIE calls Bing Crosby "The Groaner," which is a very good name for him if you happen to be one of those people who dislikes crooners.

◆

WAIT'LL you see it! Whew—and a couple of *oh boys!* That spider web negligee Mae West wears in "I'm No Angel," with a big rhinestone spider placed just so on it!!!

◆

JEANETTE MacDONALD will dance in "The Cat and the Fiddle" and Barbara Stanwyck and Carole Lombard will sing in their next little opuses, respectively entitled "Broadway and Back" and "The White Woman." If you haven't sung—or danced—in a picture these days, well, you can't belong to our club.

◆

LORETTA YOUNG is being seen around a lot with Spencer Tracy these days—and nights. Guess you heard that Spencer and his Missus have come to the parting of the ways.

Acme

Marie Dressler stops at the mike, as she attends the premiere of "Dinner at Eight," to say a word to her friends everywhere.

RAMON NOVARRO insists there is nothing "serious" between him and Myrna Loy, but Ramon never misses a day visiting Myrna at the studio.

◆

JIMMY CAGNEY'S next picture will be "The Finger Man" and he'll have two leading ladies, Mae Clarke and Patricia Ellis. In one of his early pictures Jimmy once socked Mae Clarke in the face with a grapefruit, and the sock was heard round the world as every newspaper reviewer commented upon it. It was the first time a "dame" had ever been socked so effectively on the screen. The first day of "The Finger Man," when Mae and Jimmy were going over their lines together on the set, a huge box of grapefruit arrived. Everybody laughed but Mae.

◆

BILL CAGNEY, Jimmy's brother, has had a lot of interesting and exciting experiences since he arrived in Hollywood because he is the very "spittin' image" of his famous brother. Every time Bill takes a girl dancing at the Cocoanut Grove Jimmy gets the credit, or the discredit, and it makes things sort of hard for Mrs. Jimmy Cagney. Bill was getting awfully sick of this mistaken identity himself until the other day when he really got a break. He was walking to the Green Room on the Warner lot when a stranger came up to him and stuck a ten dollar bill in his hand.

"Thanks, Jimmy," said the stranger, "that's the ten bucks I borrowed from you last year in New York."

Now Bill has decided that the mistaken identity business may be remunerative after all.

◆

JACK OAKIE and Judith Allen were walking into the Paramount restaurant together while "Too Much Harmony" was in production. Judith was carrying her Pekingese, which happens to be a breed of dog that Mr. Oakie just can't admire under any conditions.

"You'd better leave that thing out here," Jack said to her. "Look at that sign on the door. NRA. It

Acme

Clara Bow is at work on "Hoopla," which is "The Barker" done over. Here she is with her two cousins, Johnny and Lillian Bow, during training schedule. Clara now weighs one hundred and fourteen pounds.

GOSSIP

means No Rabbits Allowed."

◆

SALLY EILERS' two most ardent fans are her mother and her father. Her first important picture break came in "The Goodbye Kiss," a feature made some years ago by Mack Sennett.

"It played down in Los Angeles at the Million Dollar Theatre and mother and dad went to every performance," Sally will tell you. "They saw it exactly twenty-five times. The ushers all got to know them, and kept two seats reserved just for them. 'Good afternoon, Mrs. Eilers,' they'd say, 'We hope you will enjoy the show again.' "

◆

THE prop men on the "Queen Christina" set (lucky boys) will tell you that when John Gilbert came on the set for his first day's work in the Garbo picture he found Madame in a medieval bed.

"Gee, it's colossal," John blurted out like a little boy, but these prop men, unimaginative creatures, don't know whether he was referring to the bed or to the fact that he is once more Garbo's leading man. But we know all right. "Colossal" used to be John's pet word in the old Garbo-Gilbert days and you can be quite sure Garbo remembers it well.

◆

ONE of the most attractive foursomes about Hollywood is made up of Una Merkel and her handsome husband, Ronald Burla, and Madge Evans and her fiance, Tom Gallery.

JOE E. BROWN really isn't superstitious—well, not much—but there must always be a red-headed property man working on his set.

John Gilbert and his wife, Virginia Bruce, at the costume party of Kay Francis at the Vendome Cafe in Hollywood.

Acme

Acme

Host and Hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna, and a Grade A cow. Kay Francis, as a milkmaid, and Ken, as a cop, helped to make their party a great success.

Wide World

A coupla Farmers, no less. Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer, at the barn dance given by Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna.

THE virtually obsolete term "polyandry" has assumed a new significance now that Lubitsch is filming Noel Coward's "Design for Living," which deals with polyandry in polite modern society. (That's right, you'll find it under "p" in the dictionary.)

Anyway, when Dick Arlen asked a stenographer at the Paramount studio if she knew anything about "polyandry," the bright young thing sweetly replied, "Oh, you mean Lona Andre's sister? No, I don't know her."

Look out, Gracie Allen!

◆

WHENEVER that grand actress Alison Skipworth wants to get out of something she doesn't relish (like a "sitting" in the gallery, or an interview, or an afternoon tea) she always says, "I'm sorry, but I'm leaving for New York on Monday."

"It's really no fib," "Skippy" explains. "I don't say which Monday, and when I do leave it will be just like that. I'll pack Saturday, rest Sunday and fly on Monday."

◆

GARY COOPER likes the rôle of "Bill Grimes," which he plays in "One Sunday Afternoon," better than any part he has ever had in his long movie career. Personally, we liked him best as the young ambulance driver in "Farewell to Arms."

REVIEWS OF RECENT PICTURES

PADDY, THE NEXT BEST THING

Rating: DELIGHTFUL—*Fox*

JANET GAYNOR, a little Irish girl this time, with a far better accent than you usually find on little Hollywood Irish girls, simply romps through her latest picture with such infectious gayety that we get all rompyish too. We haven't liked the petite Janet so much in a long time. There's little or no plot to the picture, but with a superb cast and the most marvelous scenery that these old eyes have feasted on in many a day, we can't go straining at gnats' wings. What's more, there's Walter Connolly, that simply grand actor of the New York stage, getting his first really big picture break. As Major Adair, Janet's charming and impecunious father, Mr. Connolly dominates the picture and gives a performance that will long be remembered.

The story's about two sisters, Janet and Margaret Lindsay, who live with their father in an Irish seacoast town—in a great big ancestral home, every brick of which is heavily mortgaged. But Margaret is in love with Harvey Stephens, and Janet's in love with life, and Walter Connolly can't worry long about anything, so they're all quite happy until Warner Baxter drives up in his Rolls Royce and insists on marrying Margaret, whom he met three years before. Margaret doesn't want to marry Mr. Baxter because she's in love with Harvey, but she feels that she owes it to her father, poor dear, to bring some money into the family. So Janet feels called upon to fix things in order that Margaret shan't sacrifice herself on the Golden Altar, and she manages things so effectively that Warner Baxter falls in love with *her* and Margaret refuses to speak to her for over a year. But of course there's a happy ending. There's a charming atmosphere about this picture and young and old will like it.

Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter.

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS

Rating: EXCITING—*Warners*

THIS picture is laid almost entirely in the department of the police force which is given over to the search for missing persons. Naturally, then, there are a lot of sub-plots and a lot of people wandering around quite breezily. But the main plot concerns Lewis Stone, Pat O'Brien, Bette Davis and Alan Dinehart. Pat is a detective on the robbery squad, who is transferred to the bureau of missing persons and attempts to bring two-fisted methods to that department.

Lewis Stone, the head of the department, tries to teach him a gentler method of dealing with missing ones, but Pat refuses to soften up until Bette Davis enters his life. Bette is searching for a fictitious husband, who is in reality a murderer who has escaped justice by allowing her to be suspected of the crime.

Alan Dinehart is splendid as the murderer. Allen Jenkins and Hugh Herbert contribute most of the very gay comedy, with Glenda Farrell also making merry in a big way. All the little sub-plots are interesting, too, and you can count on this picture to give you an evening's entertainment.

Bette Davis and Pat O'Brien.

TORCH SINGER

Rating: FINE—*Paramount*

THE worst woman in New York—and the best torch singer! That's Claudette Colbert in her new picture. And why didn't somebody tell us that she could sing before? Naughty old Paramount for holding out on us like that. Why that gal can put over everything from a honky-tonk song to the most sensational torch song of the year, "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Love," with little lullabies about "baby boats" tossed in now and then. Whew, she's a honey.

Claudette Colbert.

We find Claudette bravely and gallantly trying to support her illegitimate baby, whose father has gayly skipped off to China leaving her to go through hell alone. World weary and broken, and almost crazed by the cries of her hungry baby, she signs over her little girl to an institution for adoption, promising never to try to find the child again.

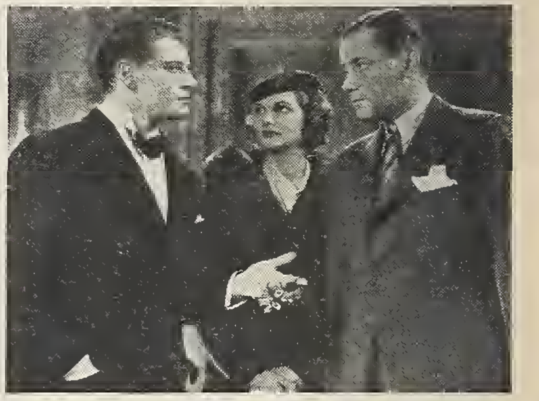
Life has given her a raw deal and she no longer has any respect for life or men or herself. She gets a job in a honky-tonk, clicks almost over night, and becomes the swellest torch singer in New York, in Broadway's most glittering night club. Her escapades and love affairs make her notorious—which naturally helps business at the club.

She meets Ricardo Cortez, an official of a broadcasting company, and while visiting him at his studio one night finds "Aunt Jennie" fairly fainting with fright over her first broadcast on the Pure Foods hour. Claudette (the torrid Mimi Benton) saves the situation and broadcasts the Aunt Jennie program. She is a tremendous hit and is signed by the president of the company at once—provided the identity of Aunt Jennie be kept a deep dark secret.

And so Claudette is torn between the what-the-hell-does-it-matter attitude of the infamous torch singer and the maternal tenderness of Aunt Jennie, who loves little children and tells them bedtime stories over the radio. A great yearning for her own little daughter possesses her—but the institution will tell her nothing of the child's whereabouts. By means of the radio, Claudette starts her mad search for a little girl named Sally whose birthday is September 2nd. In a fairy-tale manner, but quite all right, she finds her baby in the home of its father, David Manners. Sentimental and all that, but you'll love this picture. And you must hear Claudette put over a torch song!

SOLITAIRE MAN

Rating: EXCELLENT—*M-G-M*



Ralph Forbes, Elizabeth Allan and Herbert Marshall.

SIX people in the narrow confines of a passenger plane's cabin, high above the English channel. . . . It doesn't sound very thrilling, does it? But that's where you're wrong. This is one of those intensely dramatic pictures which, by its own restraint, makes you break out in a cold perspiration. It's as exciting as the edge of a volcano.

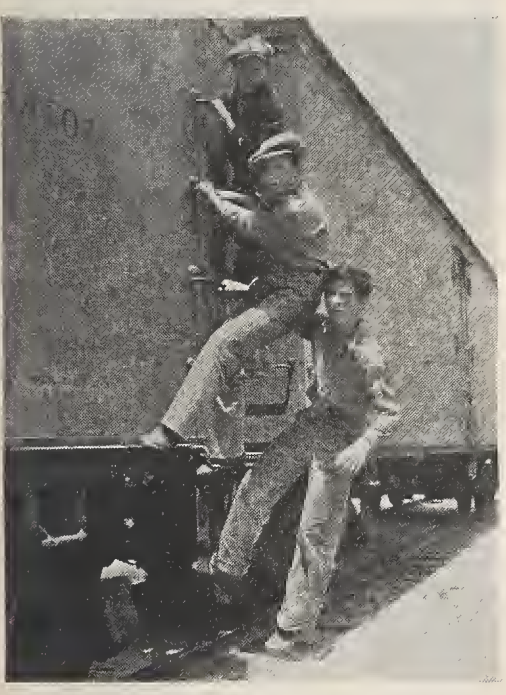
Herbert Marshall plays a thief (and when Herbert Marshall plays a thief there is none better) who has pulled his last job and is on his way to his native England to live in peace and security with his co-workers, Elizabeth Allan and May Robson and Ralph Forbes, for the rest of his life. Yes, he going to turn honest and furthermore he is going to marry Elizabeth Allan.

But Ralph Forbes is in love with Elizabeth too, so he turns yellow and tips off a police informer, Lionel Atwill (who does a little thieving and murdering on the side) that Marshall is on the plane. Well, things happen. The sixth passenger is none other than Mary Boland playing a nervous, talkative American tourist who takes a sentimental interest in Mr. Marshall and eventually brings about his release when the plane lands in England. The picture is perfect anyway you look at it. Don't miss it.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD

Rating: DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT—*Warners*

HERE'S a picture that packs a regular Primo Carnera wallop! It's about the youth of today, both boys and girls, who are forced by poverty to leave their homes and roam the highways and byways seeking food and shelter wherever they can. All of us, who have made any automobile trips at all this last year, have seen dozens of these kids, jumping freights or hitch-hiking or gathered in shivering groups around road-side fires at nights. Young nomads of the road.



Dorothy Coonan, Ann Hovey and Frankie Darro.

Frankie Darro (remember his swell performance in "The Mayor of Hell"?) heads a gang of these wandering kids who are willing to work, but can find none. With his pal, Edwin Phillips, he takes to the road when his parents are thrown out of work and are too poor to support him. On the road, Frankie and Edwin meet up with Dorothy Coonan and other young boys and girls in the same plight. They go from city to city living off anything they can get.

Frankie is finally picked up by the police as a suspect in a theatre robbery. He and his companions, though innocent, are sent to jail and later brought up before the judge for sentence. This is young Darro's big scene and, believe me, it will last in your mind for a long time. His dramatic plea before the judge wins an acquittal for himself and his pals—and a chance to go to work. This is one of the most thrillingly dramatic scenes that the screen has offered in months and it will make your hair stand on end. You haven't heard of Edwin Phillips and Dorothy Coonan before, most likely, but after their swell performances in this picture you'll just naturally be demanding to see them in more pictures. Also in the cast and doing good work are Rochelle Hudson, Minna Gombell, Grant Mitchell and Sterling Holloway.

TURN BACK THE CLOCK

Rating: EXPLOSIVELY FAST—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

SOMETHING new in plots. Listen: Lee Tracy is an old man married to Mae Clarke, and he sits around bewailing the fact that if he had his life to live over again he would have taken the $400 he had saved up when he was young and gone into partnership with George Barbier, and cleaned up a million. Yes sir, by cracky, that's just what he would do if he had his life to live over again. Also, he would have married Peggy Shannon, the beautiful daughter of the rich old Barbier. If only he could turn back the clock!

Otto Kruger, Mae Clarke and Lee Tracy.

Well, the clock turns back and we next see Tracy, a young man now, investing his $400, and by his ability to forecast events becoming a powerful financial leader. Sure enough he marries Peggy but she two-times him behind his back and carries on something awful with C. Henry Gordon. Between the unhappiness brought him by his money and his wife, Lee is pretty miserable and all ready to go back to his little cigar store and Mae Clarke and lead a simple, wholesome life once more. But he has to wait for time to roll around again.

It sounds like a "moral" picture—and so it is—but it's so fast and brittle and funny and pathetic that you won't even notice that there's a lesson in it. Lee Tracy has a grand part, of course, and puts everything into it. Peggy Shannon is beautiful and gives an extraordinary fine performance of the giddy wife. Mae Clarke, Otto Kruger and Clara Blandick are all good.

NIGHT FLIGHT

Rating: 90%—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

THE best thing about this picture is its cast of characters, which is something to get hot about on the coldest day of winter. What a cast! Lionel Barrymore, John Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, William Gargan, Leslie Fenton, Frank Conroy and C. Henry Gordon. What a cast! But, alas and alas, they're all working under the NRA system and have practically nothing to do. It's quite disheartening.

The story is quite technical, all about an aviation nut (played by John Barrymore) who drives men to their death in his relentless determination to introduce airmail in South America. Regardless of climatic conditions, rain storms and hurricanes, he forces his pilots to take off with the mail every night knowing full well that they will meet certain death.

John Barrymore and Helen Hayes.

Lionel Barrymore, always scratching with eczema, plays the "watch dog," who would like to be friendly with the death-marked pilots but is forced by the maniacal John to carry out the iron-bound rules of the company. Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, William Gargan and Leslie Fenton are the night-flying pilots. Helen Hayes is Clark Gable's adoring wife, though she is never shown with him in the film. Myrna Loy has a brief moment with her husband, William Gargan. The photography is excellent, with sensationally thrilling scenes in the air pockets of the snow-covered Andes and over the rain-drenched Atlantic, where Clark Gable, blown from his course in the most horrible storm you've ever seen, meets his death. Except for Lionel's eczema, there isn't any humor and there isn't any romance—but if you have the slightest interest in aviation you should see this. At the preview Tallulah Bankhead was so impressed—or depressed—that she said, "Well, I'll never send an air mail letter again."

SHANGHAI MADNESS

Rating: So-So—*Fox*

SPENCER TRACY, a likeable young lieutenant in the United States Navy, gets kicked out of the navy over in Shanghai for firing on a Communist settlement in China.

Eugene Pallette, Spencer Tracy and Herbert Mundin.

BING CROSBY SCORES

The fact that the Communists fired on his boat, killing several of his men, does not change the verdict of guilty. Such is justice in the navy, it seems. Embittered by what he terms a raw real, Spencer tries to get on every boat pulling out of Shanghai, but no captain will have him on the crew on account of his discharge from the navy.

Finally, because he befriends the son of a wealthy Chinese war lord, he is given a place as gunner on a river boat, captained by the hard-drinking, humorous Eugene Pallette. The river boat is carrying arms to the garrisons that are fighting against the Communists. Spencer bravely leads an attack upon a group of the Communists about to take an American settlement, and as a reward for his bravery and daring is received back into the navy.

Fay Wray is the daughter of a rich American in Shanghai, and spends most of her time pursuing Spencer. She even stows away on his river boat, but is put ashore at the American settlement where Spencer later rescues her. Well, it's one of those pictures you might like and you might not, depending upon your mood. Anyway, Spencer Tracy and Eugene Pallette give extraordinarily good performances. Also in the cast for small parts are Ralph Morgan, Herbert Mundin and Reginald Mason.

TOO MUCH HARMONY

Rating: PEPPY—*Paramount*

THIS picture has the speed of Gary Cooper's Dusenberg and the dash of Jean Harlow's new evening gown. (We saw the latter at the opening of "Dinner at Eight" and we're still gasping!) In fact, it's got so much snap and pep that when it's over you feel as if you'd just spent the night on a roller-coaster. It also has the swellest music and dance routines that you've seen in many a day. And, of course, there's Bing Crosby, the schoolgirl's delight, so say no more about it.

The story's about three young and healthy members of a vaudeville team who are getting no place in particular and having a hard time getting there. They're Jack Oakie and "Skeets" Gallagher and Judith Allen (you last saw her in "This Day and Age").

It's just an old routine of four-a-day or nothing to them until Bing Crosby, a big New York star, happens to catch their act—and falls head over heels in love with Judith Allen. Bing wants to sign her for his own show immediately, but Judith won't go unless he takes Jack and "Skeets" too.

Bing Crosby, Judith Allen and Jack Oakie.

On the opening night, in New York, Jack has to pose as a millionaire and make love to Lilyan Tashman, Bing's former sweetheart, so that Lil will give Bing his walking papers. It just so happens that with all the funny business going on, poor old Jack is simply crying his heart out for Judith—ye olde Laugh, Clown, Laugh motif again—but Mrs. Offield's little boy Jack puts it across so well that you don't mind at all. And, by the way, Mrs. Offield (or Mrs. Oakie, if you prefer) gets her first movie "bit" in this picture by playing Jack's mother, and is about the proudest mother you've ever seen. In a cast brimful of talent, Jack walks away with all the honors. But that isn't demeaning the rest of the folks for they're right there on Mr. Oakie's heels. Especially Kitty Kelly, Ned Sparks, Harry Green and Grace Bradley. Whew—this one breezes along like a Texas tornado.

BEAUTY FOR SALE

Rating: EXCELLENT—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer*

SOMEBODY had the bright idea of writing a "Grand Hotel" about a Beauty Shop, which was quite a good idea until Madge Evans and Una Merkel and Florine McKinney came along, and got us so interested in their lives that we didn't care a hangnail about permanents and manicures and facials and such.

These three girls are operators in Madame Sonia's (Hedda Hopper) classy beauty salon, but it is their life away from the shop which intrigues us so. Madge Evans, as Letty Lawson, has her best screen opportunity to date, and she gives a performance so charmingly sincere and emotionally beautiful that you'll think about it for many months to come. Madge falls divinely in love with Otto Kruger, rich and married, and can't make up her mind what to do about it. Una Merkel, hurt by life several years before, has become a professional little gold-digger and is out to get big prizes. She does! Una certainly makes Sin look attractive. Florine McKinney falls desperately in love with Phillips Holmes, and when he walks out on her she jumps to her death from her apartment house window. This decides Madge. In an effort to forget the fascinating Mr. Kruger she accepts Eddie Nugent, Una's wise-cracking brother, but when she reaches the church door finds out that she just can't go through with the marriage.

Una Merkel, Madge Evans and Eddie Nugent.

But ah, in the meantime, the devastating Alice Brady, playing Kruger's jabbering and neurotic wife, has found a new interest in life—an ambitious young architect. So she's off to Paris to get her divorce and leaves her sweet, ingratiating husband free to marry Madge, who has been carrying the torch for him all the time. May Robson is perfect in a small part and so is a newcomer to the screen—Isobel Jewell, known about town as "Lee Tracy's girl friend."

BRIEF MOMENT

Rating: MOST ENTERTAINING—*Columbia*

CAROLE LOMBARD does some of the best acting of her entire screen career—and by-gosh, can she act! Just as we were beginning to think that maybe she's just a hot looking fashion plate, along she comes and delivers the swellest acting performance we've seen since Miss Katharine Hepburn's "Morning Glory." And she still looks like a million dollars.

Carole plays a night club singer, the classy kind, who is very much in love with her play-boy husband, Gene Raymond.

Gene Raymond and Carole Lombard.

Gene's blue blooded family resents his marriage to the blues singer and does everything to break it up. Gene's a happy-go-lucky boy without any ambition except to get drunk every night with his pal, Monroe Owsley. Carole puts up with him as long as she can, but when he continues to hit the bottle she leaves him. Later Gene realizes how much he loves his wife, so he reforms and goes to work under an assumed name.

As the spoiled play-boy husband Gene gives an excellent performance, and the restrained way he handles his drunk scenes is something to get excited about. Arthur Hohl plays the night club owner, who is secretly in love with Carole and always hovering around to see that she gets a square deal from Gene. Reginald Mason plays the social register father, who is not at all concerned with his son's business success, but deeply interested in his social success. A most entertaining picture, all in all, and you're bound to rave about Carole and Gene when it's all over.

I LOVED A WOMAN

Rating: EXCELLENT—*Warners-First National*

WELL, fatherhood hasn't hurt our Edward G. Robinson any. His newest picture is his best yet—and it seems to me that we've been writing about Eddie in superlatives ever since "Little Caesar." But, honestly now, this is the best. The picture started out in life as "Red Meat" but will be released as "I Love a Woman," which is sort of quaint and Hollywoodish, isn't it?

Romance in Chicago

But with its title change its quaintness ends, for here is the most powerfully dramatic picture you have seen in a long time. It is biographical of the life of one of Chicago's millionaires whose disgrace made sensational headlines not so long ago.

Eddie plays John Hayden, the head of Hayden and Company, the leading meat packers in Chicago. We meet him first as a young man ecstatically appreciative of the beauties of Greece—a sunset and a Grecian urn mean more to him than all the canned meat in the world. But his father dies in the midst of his vacation, and Eddie has to return to Chicago to assume the leadership of the meat packers.

Still romantic by nature, he meets Genevieve Tobin, the daughter of a rival packer, and she woos him with "Annie Laurie" and plans for child welfare among the children of the factory hands. Eddie is so busy being romantic and philanthropic that his business almost goes bankrupt. But, in the meantime, disappointed in marriage with the scheming Genevieve, he has met Kay Francis, a young and ambitious woman who knows that she has the power in her to become a great opera singer if she can get the financial backing. She sings "Home From the Range" to Eddie, always a sucker for songs, and Eddie not only gives her the money necessary but also gives his love. Kay thrills him with the power of leadership, and for the first time Eddie, wholly under the influence of this beautiful and dynamic woman, swears he will reach the heights in his own career.

Kay returns to New York for a concert season, and Eddie learns from her own lips that he has always been just one lover among many in her life. Infuriated, he plans to become the richest man in the world, intending to use the World War to double his millions. But he has become crazy with power and frustration, and the day the Armistice is signed he finds that he is a ruined man—with a Government Investigation on his heels. He turns to his wife—but she, in jealous revenge, refuses to stand by him. And so alone, but for his faithful secretary, he flees in the dead of night to Greece. A thrilling and dramatic picture! You must see it.

Kay Francis and Edward G. Robinson.

Lee Tracy

[*Continued from page 29*]

minimum age-limit he could go to war as an officer, if he left the school with a good record.

When graduation time came, the former bad boy left school with a perfect record. He was chosen, one out of 28 boys in the whole school, to go to Camp Lee, Virginia.

CAMP LEE, VIRGINIA

And at Camp Lee, Fate played Lee a bad trick. They made him an officer the instant he was 21, and he thought sure that he was headed for France and *real* adventure—but, sad to relate, with all his military experience he was *too* good. Officers able to drill the new recruits flooding in from all over the nation were badly needed. Lee was kept at the camp to drill rookies!

"But I got my little wound just the same," he chuckles ruefully.

He strolled out to the camp proving-grounds one afternoon to watch some ordinance officers test a batch of new trench-mortars. Nothing much was happening except a lot of noise, so, bored, he turned and started so saunter away.

BOOM!

A big mortar blew to bits. Three ordnance officers were killed, and a half a dozen men in the distant camp streets were badly injured by fragments. Lee got a good-sized piece of jagged shell-case through his right hip.

SAYRE, PENNSYLVANIA

The War over, Lee went home in his best uniform to decide on a future career. The way he decided is absolutely characteristic of him. An engineer? "Not the way I hate mathematics." A doctor? "Not when I flunked German three years straight." A lawyer? "Not when every second man you meet on the street, almost, is a lawyer."

"So," he says, "I picked the show-business because, if you made a hit in it, the rewards were tremendous." Just like that.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

When you go to New York to be an actor, however, it occurred to Lee, the thing to do is to get a job on the stage. Other people seemed to have trouble doing that. But did Lee? That, too, is a characteristic answer. He looked up a list of plays for three years back, memorized half a dozen casts and names, located an actors' agent, breezed in, and, before the agent could catch his breath, was rattling off:

"I was leading-man with the No. 4 road company that toured the South."

Talk about Horatio Alger! The agent *did* give him a job, in a vaudeville sketch which, by coincidence, actually played the South!

That's how easy it is when you have a Lee Tracy personality! For, once he had gotten in, work on Broadway followed easily enough.

HOLLYWOOD

If we wanted to tell you all of Lee's adventures in Hollywood we'd have to go back and start all over again. But here, at least, is a sample.

Not so long ago Lee drove up to Santa Barbara with a girl-friend to sit on the sand and twiddle his toes in the sun. Somebody lent him an Eskimo kayak. (They rent them on the beach at Santa Barbara.) You know what they are—those little canoes that you wear like a pair of pants. The darned things turn turtle if you so much as breathe on them, but, oh, no, Lee had to get in and paddle halfway across the Pacific! Of course, when he got out a mile or so, his lunch shifted in his tummy and over he went, hanging upside down under considerable water.

So what did Lee do? So he nonchalantly swam in, dragging the kayak behind him. When he finally made the beach, bystanders noted that he still wore the tasty white bêret which—you saw it—he wore in "Night Mayor."

Acme

Charles Chaplin has done a lot of funny things in his time, and while taking his exercises follows the tradition. That's Charlie in the middle, with Pauline Goddard tickling his feet. It's all in the spirit of fun in which the comedian delights. It is his yacht and his party.

You're Going to Talk about "Bombshell"

[*Continued from page* 19]

come a leading star. Pat O'Brien plays the director so perfectly that it is hard to keep his identity a secret.

Well, it looks to me like a lot of Hollywood skeletons are coming out of the hall closet for a little air. They're Hollywood people all right and don't let the "tourist's conception of Hollywood" fool you.

And, as for those incidents that actually happened. The authors didn't have to sit up nights making them up. Oh no, they just had to exercise the old memory a little. Everybody in Hollywood knows about the fight between the director and the star's boy friend—well, we can hardly say "the" fight as there have been so many of them. But just which incident the picture uses for its big fight between Director Brogan and the Marquis di Binelli—well, that is for you to find out.

Then, in "Bombshell," Lola Burns, in a sentimental moment, adopts a baby but has to return it to the institution when the ladies committee find that her home life is most unfitted for bringing up an infant. That's happened a number of times in Hollywood. And then there's the time that Lola is seen in the nursery department of a large store buying baby things. Mrs. Brown phones Mrs. Smith who phones Mrs. Jones, and Winchell and the columnists get it, and before long the poor star even begins to believe it herself. These whispering campaigns in Hollywood have helped ruin many an innocent star's reputation.

The Wampas Ball at the Cocoanut Grove, the arrest of the Marquis di Binelli by the U. S. Government for overstaying the time on his passport, the star walking out on a picture after a fight with the publicity office, and trying to hide and "get away from it all" at Palm Springs while she has a little love affair on the side—all these things have actually happened in Hollywood, some of them too, too often. "Bombshell" a tourist's conception of Hollywood? That's out.

When we reached the scene of the "location," the patio of a charming hotel, I realized that after all was said and done I was really a lucky girl. Usually on these location trips, you travel miles and miles and get stung by bees and blistered by the sun, only to arrive in some awful place eventually and discover that all the stars have taken the day off and a few extras are working on a scene which will inevitably be found on the cutting room floor. But lucky gal that I am, I found Jean Harlow, Frank Morgan, Franchot Tone, Ted Healy, C. Aubrey Smith and Mary Forbes acting one of the funniest scenes in the picture. And, waiting for his scene—which was next—was Lee Tracy accompanied by his girl, Isobel Jewell. And watching their "Baby" were Mr. and Mrs. Marino Bello, Jean's mother and stepfather. What a field day for a fan writer! But before I could even greet anybody I was *ssh-sshed.*

"Turn 'em over. Quiet. Camera," shouted the director. I fell as quietly as possible (I'd like to see a studio chair that doesn't squeak just once before I die. And of all the squeaking studio chairs, Joan Crawford's is the worst) into a chair with "LOLA BURNS" printed on the back. The publicity man whispered to me that Lola, who has fled to Palm Springs to get away from it all, has become engaged to Gifford Middleton (played by Franchot Tone) of the elegant Boston Middletons, and in this scene the Hollywood Burns and the Boston Middletons (Mary Forbes, Ralph Forbes' mother, and C. Aubrey Smith, play Mr. and Mrs. Middleton) are meeting each other for the first time. Pops, with his red beak shining, is in all of his glory.

Acme

"Hello yourself, Jean!" "Dinner at Eight" opened in Hollywood, and Jean Harlow heard herself "put over" a fine performance.

Pops: (wringing Gifford's hand) Yes, a thoroughbred, I can see that. Fine head—eyes wide apart. So you're taking the one jewel from my crown, eh? Well, my boy—

Lola: (quickly) Here—father—sit down—

Pops: (to Mr. and Mrs. Middleton) I presume this was all as much a surprise to you as it was to me? Well, I guess we oldsters can't keep pace with the modern trend of today—eh, Mrs. Middleton. (He gives her a poke with his cane.) Things move faster than when you and your husband got together, eh?

Mr. Middleton: (quite hoity toity to Pops) I knew a Burns at Harvard. George Burns. Class of '98. Any relation?

Pops: Probably the New England branch of the family. I prepared for Harvard myself. Splendid school. As my tutor used to say to me when we traveled through Europe together—

Lola: (uneasy) Here, Pops, have some tea.

Bro: (trying to be pleasant) Maybe the folks would like a little dramiola? Pops has a pint on the saddle.

Pops: (inspired) A small libation? Gifford, how about a loving cup for the occasion?

Mrs. Middleton: (icily) Gifford never touches a drop.

There's an interruption while a little girl comes up and asks Lola Burns for an autograph, explaining that it is for the Lola Burns club at home.

Mr. Middleton: What a forward child.

Mrs. Middleton: What on earth does she want your autograph for?

Lola: (to Gifford) Didn't—didn't you tell them, dear?

Gifford: Why no—not yet—I thought they'd meet you first and then—

Mrs. Middleton: Tell us what?

Lola: That—that I've been in pictures.

Mrs. Middleton: An actress? That—that movie star?

Mr. Middleton: You're not the Lola Burns we've been reading about in all the newspapers?

Lola: Yes—that's right—but I can explain it all. You see—

But Mrs. Middleton has fainted and has to be carried out, while Pops takes a good strong drink to brace himself. It's the first time he ever met a lady who wasn't thrilled at seeing a movie star in the flesh.

Naturally they had to shoot the scene over and over again, so between enforced silences I talked to Lee Tracy who is one grand guy if there ever was one. I had seen Lee and his girl at the gala premiere of "Dinner at Eight" the night before, and Lee was never so dressed up in all his life. Tails and scarf and a high topper. Whoops, my dear. When he entered the subdued silences of the Chinese theatre the audience began to applaud (the only star they applauded before the official introductions) and poor Lee turned as red as a beet. I guess it's the Jewell influence.

Lee used to look pretty shoddy, and the studio couldn't get him to dress up or put on any "dog," but now Mr. Tracy, with the cute little Isobel on his arm, is seen in all the gay social places. Did you see Isobel Jewell in "Beauty for Sale?" It was her first picture and believe me she kept those other girls stepping around to keep her from stealing the picture from them. Lee was so proud of her that he actually accompanied her to the preview. Isobel has a "bit" in "Bombshell." She plays a little demimondaine, named Nellie, whom Bro picks up down in Tia Juanna and brings back to the Lola Burns mansion promising her a movie contract. A small part—to be sure—but it won't be long now before she'll be getting leads. Isobel has been known so long in Hollywood as "Lee Tracy's girl friend" that it will be most amusing if she becomes a hit and people start saying of Lee Tracy "he's Isobel Jewell's boy friend."

I asked Lee what he liked most about the picture and he glibly replied, "The assistant director. He's a smart fellow. Instead of getting me down at eight o'clock this morning, when he knows darn well I won't be needed until afternoon, he shows the rare intelligence of giving me a two o'clock call. It's never been done before. Ever since I have been in Hollywood there has been an assistant director's league against me to keep me from getting any sleep in the morning." Lee is a guy what loves his sleep—in the morning—and don't we all.

"And what I don't like about this picture," Lee contributed, "is Franchot Tone. The very idea of putting him in a bit. Phil Holmes refused to do it. Why Franchot Tone is about the best of the young New York actors today. He's swell on the stage. He's one of the best bets in pictures, too. I don't suppose I'll ever be able to understand the movie merry-go-round. After giving him leads in "Stranger's Return" and "Today We Live," now they start sticking him in bits. But that's Hollywood. What time did you get home from the Colony last night?"

Well, we won't go into that. The ice cream man arrived, so Lee bought us several containers and I persuaded him and Isobel to have their pictures made together.

And still they couldn't get that scene letter perfect. Jean had to take time out to refresh her make-up, so I swooped down upon her like a vulture.

"If the public gets as many laughs out of this picture as we're getting," Jean said,

[*Continued on page* 56]

"*Follow our Hollywood way*—

We keep frocks smart looking with LUX"

says *Joan Blondell*

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"We're washing almost every fabric here in Lux—dresses, negligees, flannels, even draperies," says N'Was McKenzie (right) of Warner Brothers-First National. "Lux keeps stockings and costumes new looking twice as long. It cuts down cleaning bills, too. It would pay us to use Lux even if it cost $1.00 a box."

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Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck

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doing things with a lip stick, "it will be great. I have to break down and laugh nearly every scene I have with Frank Morgan. I've never laughed so much in all my life."

"Yes, I know," I said. "I just ruined a take for them by giggling out loud when Pops reached for his pint."

"Well, if you think this scene is funny," Jean continued, "just wait until you see some of the others. The Mae West one, particularly, is a scream."

"Mae West," I shrieked. "Is she doing a bit in this too?"

"Mae West is a goldfish," Jean explained. "We named it that because of her figure, and, believe me, Mae certainly can take it. The Marquis and Brogan are fighting in Lola Burns' house, and among the things they wreck is the artistic and futuristic goldfish bowl. The scene had to be taken eight times—and eight times poor Mae West found herself in a smashed bowl, floundering on the floor. I never saw a fish take such a beating, but I believe she loved it. When Mae is marooned on the carpet I pick her up and start sobbing over her because I think she is dying. I shout for some water to put her in, and she, of course, is squirming through my fingers. So I drop her in a pitcher of punch. Pops comes along and practically swallows her. That's the funniest scene in the picture and I go into convulsions when I even think of it. If you could only have seen Mae West's expression!

Poor Mae—she's likely to turn up any place these days. But when one studio takes the trouble to publicize the star of another studio I guess that's fame. Even if they do call her a poor fish. Well, Mae can take it.

Sex Is Beautiful

[*Continued from page* 20]

now on the third waistcoat button, now his tie, there at the neck, the eyes—my heavens he can't take it. That's the sexiest eye trick in the world, if you really want to know. Marlene Dietrich's left to right eye shift is like a bottle of sarsaparilla in an absinthe shop compared with it.

"When may I see you?" gulped Mr. Taylor, all scorched and singed, "Breakfast, luncheon, dinner?"

"Well," said Mae applying the torch, "I always have breakfast in bed—so that's out. I never eat lunch and as for dinner—um—why not make it supper—um—you fascinate me."

Gloria Stuart is making "The Invisible Man"—why there he is beside her!

Poor Mr. Taylor is practically suffocated, so Miss West carried on.

"I like sophisticated men to take me out," Mae challenged him with the childish naivete of a cobra.

"I'm not really sophisticated yet," announced Mr. Taylor.

"And you're not really out yet either," contributed Miss West.

And so it went until there was finally a good "take" and they had to give the cameras a chance to cool off—not to mention Mr. Taylor. Mae had a few moments to give me before she had to change her dressing gown and get ready for a scene with Cary Grant, the next victim for the furnace. And poor Cary, right fresh out of the hospital too. Mae is such a tiny little thing to look so fleshy on the screen that you sort of have to get acclimated to her all over again. She is really only five feet four inches tall, and weighs only 116 pounds. The minute she smiles at you you know she is a swell person with a grand sense of humor.

"What kind of a character are you playing in 'I'm No Angel?'" I inquired, simply because most interviews start that way.

"Well," said Mae, "I can give her to you three ways. She's the kind of girl who is intimate only with her friends—but she hasn't an enemy in the world. She is also the kind of girl who has climbed the ladder of success, wrong by wrong. And just in case I haven't made my meaning clear she's one of those girls you've heard about who could lose her reputation and never miss it. When she's good she's good, but when she's bad she's better. See?"

"See," I repeated, "I can't wait to see. I'm afraid she's no angel. And now that you are relaxing for a few moments, would you talk to me seriously about sex?"

"Talk? Um—talking ruins sex. However, I'll tell you what I think about sex. You know I'm rather delighted that movie fans could take it the way I gave it to them in 'She Done Him Wrong.' Why, sex is beautiful, really. It is one of the great natural things of life. We all know that. Why evade it then? Why, the loveliest verses in the Bible glorify sex—um—and how.

"Certainly I believe in sex. Without it there can be no romance or beauty in love. Why, love is pretty nearly all sex—and don't let the bookworms tell you differently. It takes plenty of sex appeal for a man and a woman to get by in the world today. Look at the divorces in Hollywood. Most of them could be easily avoided if the wife would take the trouble to apply a little allure. Why, the most absurd thing I ever heard of are these Hollywood divorces with the two principals announcing all over the newspapers how much they still love each other though they don't want to keep on living together. Of course they don't love each other—that's too silly for words. One or both of them has lost sex appeal. It all comes down to that. If I get married—and I certainly expect to one of these days—I mean to make it stick. I've never been married and I mean to take my time about it—but when I do marry I'm going to hold my man—for life—and I mean to do it with sex.

"I get hundreds of letters every day from men and women who want to know how they can attract members of the opposite sex. Strong sex appeal is my invariable prescription and by that I mean the radiation of an attractive personality. Not necessarily beauty of face or figure. Every girl is born with a varying amount of sex attraction, but the things some of them do to conceal it, you'd think sex was the smallpox. Why, there's nothing ugly about sex—it's beautiful—like everything else in life that's frank and natural."

There were dozens of other things I wanted to ask her, but Cary Grant had arrived for his scorching and Mae was up and at him.

"Lights—start 'em rolling—speed—scene 566—action."

"Then I can depend on you. You will bring Kirk back to his senses?" inquired Mr. Grant quite coldly—but he'd melt in time.

"Um—well, that does start a new line of thought. You know you're sort of unusual yourself." Mae sidled up and gave him the eye business. "Um—you fascinate me. I think you'd better go."

I knew darned well Mr. Grant wouldn't go and that that scene would probably go on for an hour, so I left. So sex is beautiful; Mae says so, and Mae ought to know.

I learned a few interesting and amusing things about Mae West from her working associates on the lot that day. The people you work with daily are really the people who know you best. And Mae gets *A plus* on her studio test. She has never yet bitten or snapped at a fellow worker or refused to have her picture taken. She must get quite a personal satisfaction, however, out of having the Hollywood "great" come to her. Only a few days before, Mary Pickford had called at the studio and asked to be taken on the "I'm No Angel" set and introduced to Miss West. After the introduction Mary said, "Miss West, I have wanted to meet you ever since I saw you in 'She Done Him Wrong' and I have gone to a number of Hollywood parties just in hopes that you might be there. But you never showed up at any of them, so finally I gathered up my courage and came over to meet you. You are one of my favorite actresses."

Then Mae told Mary what a lovely face she had.

"But I haven't sex," said Mary.

"Not on the screen," said Mae.

Helen Hayes is another actress who has called on Mae at the studio, to meet her and watch her work. Helen even asked the cameraman to take a picture of herself with Mae, and has kept it as one of her prized possessions. But celebrities are nothing new in Mae's life. They all "come up sometime." Mae won't go to their parties because she doesn't like to smoke or drink or gossip—so all the Hollywood Mahomets have to go to the mountain.

Blake McVeigh, of the Paramount publicity department, who gave the world "curvacious" and "Westicism" in connection with the dynamic Mae, had just been to the prize fights with the lady the night before. Mae, as you know, goes to three fights a week in Hollywood. She would go to more, but there aren't any more. She has been to more than two thousand fights in her life, which is some kind of a record. In fact, Mae is just crazy about fights. Hollywood parties—she can't be bothered with. But Hollywood fights—um—they fascinate her. Blake told me how the Westian slang has penetrated far into the prize ring and is rapidly becoming a part of the fight vernacular. Two of the fighters were grappling together on the canvas without any of the punches that the crowd loves so much. Suddenly one of the fans shouted, "Hey you, why don't you have that fight come up sometime."

And then, again, later on the same night, there were two fighters who seemed to be a bit dainty about everything. In fact they'd sort of fall into each others arms and go into a dainty clinch. In great disgust a big male truck driver snorted, "You hoo. You fascinate me."

Well, the prize ring isn't the only place you find the Westian slang these days. The sun never sets on "come up sometime." Parisians, who never bothered with English before, since the advent of "She Done Him Wrong" are now saying "You can be had" all over the Left Bank and even the King of England looks at Queen Mary's hats and says, "You fascinate me." Several years ago when she was in vaudeville Mae started the popular expressions, "What a man," and "Don't call me Madame." She's got a couple of new ones for you in "I'm No Angel," but it wouldn't be cricket for me to tell you—nor badminton either for that matter.

Of course it was all right for Mae to upset the Hollywood sex drama and make it look ridiculous, and it was all right for her to put a little gin and bitters into the King's English—but now she must go and wish pansy beds and aviaries on our heads. They say that the Paris couturiers—Schiaparelli, Mainbocher and Jean Patou—all took a good look at "Lady Lou" (She Done Him Wrong) and with one accord shrieked "Chic." And that means only one thing—alas and more alas—it's going to be a hard winter for us poor working gals. Big picture hats, piled high with flowers and feathers and tulle, are due for a "comeback," and now the neck will come into its own again and be used for something besides necking.

And that isn't all—groan groan—there'll be taffeta petticoats hooked around the waist with nice old fashioned hooks and eyes, there'll be long trailing feather boas that look like sick kittens after three drops of rain, there'll be marabou dressing gowns and birds of paradise and plumes, and "sheath" dresses—and horrible horrible—corsets. Mae, did you have to do this to us? And we were so happy in our little sweaters and berets.

Acme

Bill Powell and his former wife, Carole Lombard, AFTER the divorce. They may hate each other, but with such actors, how can you tell?

What's come between them

Once they were slated to be married. Then everything seemed to change. If only someone had told him to use Pepsodent Antiseptic. For even one's fiance shouldn't be expected to overlook the world's greatest social offense

1 to 2 Hours Longer!

The new record in keeping breath pure . . . fresh

PEPSODENT gives greater protection because it is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics . . . It goes 3 times as far . . . Makes every $1 do the work of $3.

SOME people cling to old ways to their sorrow. But the majority are quick to take advantage of the new—of the improved ways scientific progress constantly makes possible. Ten years ago the discoveries on which Pepsodent is based had not been made. Hence, it was bound to be superior to antiseptics born before that time.

Two kinds of antiseptics

There are only two kinds of mouth antiseptics. The old-fashioned kind that kills germs *only* when used full strength. The new discovery—Pepsodent—that is utterly safe when used full strength yet powerful enough even when diluted with 2 *parts of water* to kill germs in 10 seconds! Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence, it goes 3 times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you assurance of a pure, sweet breath for 2 hours longer.

Millions who once diluted ordinary antiseptics now realize their mistake. Be sure you choose the antiseptic that, even when mixed with water, kills germs. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—be safe—and save your money!

NRA MEMBER

COLDS!

Clinical research reveals that Pepsodent Antiseptic is particularly effective in reducing the number and severity of common colds.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

- **Sore Throat Colds**
- **Head Colds**
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- After Extractions
- **After Shaving**
- **Cuts and Abrasions**
- Chapped Hands
- **Dandruff**
- Skin Irritations
- Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
- "Athlete's Foot"
- **Tired, Aching Feet**

Pepsodent Antiseptic

Bob Meets the Customers

[*Continued from page* 25]

in the taxi when it reached the stage door. Then I told the crowd that I had just time enough to sign all their autograph books before I made up for my next appearance. I implored them not to jostle or push, because if they remained calm and quiet no one would be passed by."

"That was nice," I said warmly, and added naively, "a crowd can really behave quite well if only handled properly."

Mr. Montgomery muttered something that faintly sounded like "Oh, yeah!" But I really cannot deliberately accuse him of such a colloquialism. Aloud he said: "They did nothing of the kind. They broke the glass of the taxi's windows, they tore my tie, my shirt and everything on my person that they could lay their hands upon. I didn't have a chance in the world until the theatre hands came out and rescued me."

"There!" I murmured with just the slightest trace of sarcasm. "That's what I mean by mob psychology. None of them got an autograph, and yet you were quite willing to give each of them one."

FIRST STILL Ann Harding and Patricia O'Brien in "Beautiful." "When Ladies Meet" and "Double Harness" boosted Ann's stock back up again.

"Ah, but you're wrong," he corrected me softly and without the slightest trace of sarcasm. "After I got safely inside the theatre, I sent the doorman out for as many autograph books as he could get, and signed every one of them."

"Bravo!"

Mr. Montgomery modestly changed the subject by offering me a cigarette.

I glanced at the books strewn all around the dressing-room. "I see you like Robert Nathan," I said, picking up a copy of "The Fiddler in Barly." "Have you read his 'One More Spring'?"

"Have I! I consider it the finest book of the year. I met Nathan, by the way, the other night."

At this I sat up in my chair and paid attention, so to speak, for "One More Spring" is a favorite of mine also.

"Do you feel nervous," I asked, "when you meet celebrities in other professions than your own for the first time?"

"Do I!" His expression was utterly convincing. "I was fearfully worried that Nathan might not like me. He's such a sensitive, finely wrought sort of person. I had an idea that he might expect me to be flamboyant and wise-cracking, as I appear in some of my films."

No analysis is further from the real Bob Montgomery than this. However, I was curious to know how the meeting went off.

"Oh, we got along fine. Nathan autographed a copy of 'One More Spring' for me, writing an original poem on the spur of the moment. I wish I had it here to show you. He's a grand person."

Knowing that Montgomery has a keen appreciation of literature, having dabbled a bit with a pen on his own account, I asked him if, had he been the author of "One More Spring," he might have written the last chapter differently. It seemed strange to me that two of the characters in the book, having experienced the worst type of poverty, should deliberately have scorned all hopes for a comfortable future.

He disagreed emphatically. "I should leave the ending just as it is. Once having known the joy of complete freedom from conventional standards of living, I can see where certain people would never be content to tread old paths again."

"Perhaps if you had known real hardships, poverty . . . you might think differently."

He smiled enigmatically, but said nothing. Since that day I have read his intimate biography, and know now that he has experienced many hardships and several years of grinding poverty. But it was like him not to mention them. He is not the type to grunt about the past when the future *and* the present loom up so vitally in front of him.

Just then we were interrupted by the arrival of Bessie Mack, the Capitol Theatre's good-natured publicity agent. It seemed that a beer concern wanted Montgomery to pose with one of its executives, both drinking a large class of beer. "I suppose," said I reluctantly, "this is the cue for my exit."

Mr. Montgomery patted my hand absentmindedly. "Stay right where you are," he said politely, and I breathed easily again. "If there's any one thing I'd rather not do at this moment," he murmured *sotto voce,* "it's to go down and pose drinking that beer." His eyes were fixed trancelike on the ceiling and he settled his six feet something or other more nonchalantly on the couch, which was a trifle short.

Miss Mack went into a trance also. She is a stoutish woman and the afternoon was somewhat warm. Very quietly she murmured to the room in general: "I've kept you absolutely free of pestiferous appointments. In fact I've done more for you than I have for any other star I can think of. Just why, I don't know. Anyway, the beer is excellent. Here are a couple of bottles. Try some."

Montgomery came out of his trance and did his duty as a host. The beer *was* excellent. I told him so. But he ignored the suggestion and would have none of it himself. Like a small boy, he muttered, "I don't want to do it, really," nevertheless he rose with amazing alacrity, put on his coat, adjusted his tie, and turning to me, said: "Come on down in the back yard and watch me get my picture taken."

While he was getting snapped, Miss Mack informed me that Montgomery was writing history for the Capitol Theatre. Certain important pictures had brought the box-office receipts up to where they were climbing now, but no star doing a "personal appearance" act had ever created such a furore. Even Ethel Barrymore, considered the High Priestess of the American theatre, didn't cause the slightest flurry in the Capitol's personal stock market.

"To what do you attribute it?" I asked, discounting for a moment the Montgomery charm and trying to stick to solid facts.

"To the fact," retaliated Miss Mack, "that in person he is exactly as he appears on the screen. His voice, his smile, his manner are just the same. So the fans are not disappointed. They go home and say: 'Why he's just like he is in the pictures. You ought to see him.' His is a 'word of mouth' popularity."

The photographs taken, we repaired to the cubby-hole again, where we discussed his future plans. If Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is willing, he is anxious to return to his first love, the theatre, this winter. He has a droll play, with a Continental flavor, in mind, the very thought of which sets his mobile lips to twitching.

"Doesn't the stage frighten you somewhat, after being in the movies so long?" I asked.

"I'm scared half to death before every personal appearance," he admitted frankly.

"You certainly don't show it," I remarked, recalling the marvellous ease with which he "put over" his scene from "Private Lives" with Irene Purcell on the stage of the Capitol Theatre.

"I'm an actor, aren't I?" laughed Montgomery. "But I'll tell you a little secret. I've always been a bit diffident; even as a child I was nervous when making new acquaintances. But of course I'd never let them know that they awed me in the slightest."

"Then, perhaps, you agree with the psychiatrists who claim that the inferiority complex invested in the child is sometimes subconsciously retained in the adult, no matter to what heights he climbs in later years?"

"There's more in that theory than meets the eye," agreed Montgomery reminiscently.

A valet knocked on the door to inform him that it was time to make up for his next performance.

"This time I see it *is* my cue to go," said I with unfeigned regret.

"I'm afraid it is. But we've still got—let me see—three minutes. So shoot! Ask me anything you can think of—quick!"

Now don't be surprised at the number of questions a curious interviewer can fire at an amazingly gracious young actor in the course of a few minutes. I learned that——

Alice Brady (with him in "When Ladies Meet") was loads of fun to work with on the set . . . Louise Closser Hale was in his first stage play twelve years ago and she died after appearing in his last picture, "Another Language" . . . he likes to sing and play the piano and modestly acknowledges the possession of a good tenor voice . . . he favors modern musicians, like Ravel, Gershwin, Berlin . . . his favorite pastime is reading but I promised not to reveal the titles of the three books he carries around with him on all his travels . . . his idea of an ideal day away from the studio is to go sailing, preferably off the coast of Mexico . . . he has just purchased a farm up in Putnam County, New York (which is not quite as simple as it sounds, having a gun room, a polo field and two lakes) in the hope that M-G-M won't be an old meanie and keep him from doing that stage play in New York this year . . . and his favorite food is oysters. . . .

Well, it looks as if the world is going to be his own particular oyster for some time to come. If everything works out as it should, you will be seeing him in M-G-M's version of Manuel Komroff's dramatic Biblical story, "Two Thieves," in which he may co-star with Clark Gable. In addition he has been loaned to Columbia for "Night Bus," a story of the Trans-Continental Bus Lines. M-G-M has also cast him in "Overland Bus." Judging from the titles, these two pictures should keep him considerably on the jump. He is also scheduled to appear in an English thriller called "Mystery of the Dead Police."

"Call me up tomorrow if you've forgotten anything," called out this amazing Montgomery person as he escorted me out into the corridor. I leave it to you, girls, did I—or didn't I?

Dorothy Coonan made a hit in "Wild Boys of the Road," and Warner Brothers rewarded her with a contract. She has a million freckles.

"Now I'm schoolgirl complexion all over"

Wise Mother... she uses her own mild Palmolive for baby, too

This vial shows the exact amount of olive oil per cake used in the making of Palmolive.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

BABY'S skin is so unbelievably soft and fine. You wouldn't dare let any but the mildest, gentlest soap touch it. So, when doctor says: "Olive oil in soap is best," you choose your own precious Palmolive, with its secret blend of olive and palm oils.

It is these gentle oils that make Palmolive soothing, kind. Yet it cleanses thoroughly. It is pure. It is safe. There's no artificial coloring, no strong perfume, no harsh alkali in this natural, wholesome beauty soap. Palmolive's mild lather *penetrates* the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily . . . leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Truly, Palmolive is *the soap of youth.*

Buy three cakes, today. Tonight, start this 2-minute treatment for baby and yourself, both. Massage a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water into those tiny pores. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Do that regularly and you'll find there can be *two* schoolgirl complexions in your home.

PALMOLIVE

...the soap of Youth

Who Will Be Queen of Hollywood?

[*Continued from page* 21]

the outside, by a winding road, which oddly enough forms the shape of a heart.

They will be admitted by liveried servants. There will be cocktails in the drawing room. Possibly one, possibly two or three, but no more.

Then, the butler will announce dinner to Miss Pickford, who will in turn announce it to her guests, asking them to follow her to the huge dining hall where seventy or more may be seated at once and served almost simultaneously. At each plate there will be a menu. (Menus are an invariable Picklair rule and guests have been known to treasure them highly.)

There are never, I might say right now, buffet suppers at Pickfair. Never anything as casually informal as a plate supper, where guests might help themselves.

In the huge dining hall where the "last guests" will gather, the butler will stand at the head of the table, watching with eagle eye to see that the second man, the third man or the fourth man make no glaring mistakes.

Over the fireplace at one end of the hall, a portrait of Doug will grin down at the assembled party. The formal dinner service of Pickfair will glisten in the candlelight. At the head of the table, kindly, and with ever an eye to her guests' comfort and likes, will sit Mary.

Perhaps, as she surveys the scene, there will come to mind memories of other occasions when she has entertained with similar pomp and ceremony . . . George, a prince of England, Shira Bibi, famous Hindu mystic, turbaned potentates of India, here for the international Olympic games, along with diplomatic and important representatives of other countries, dukes and duchesses and—Bull Montana and impecunious young men and women who happened to have the social graces and the social background to admit them to Pickfair. For Mary, like any good hostess, has not confined her guest list to the famous. She invites whom she pleases.

I wonder if, as her entertainment for the evening, she will have her famous fortune tellers and, if so, what they will portend for the future. For Mary, as you may recall, has on many occasions enlivened her evenings—particularly stiff, formal occasions—by calling in these witches of the past and of the future.

I wonder if they will whisper in her ear, and in the ears of her guests, the name of the one who will succeed her as the social queen of Moviedom. I wonder, for I should like to know, as I am sure you would.

Some say that this person will be Norma Shearer. It's an interesting thought. For Norma, who is as beloved a star and as popular as Mary was a few years ago, has charm, elegance, friends, position (her husband, Irving Thalberg is wealthy, successful, important) and popularity.

I remember my first meeting with Norma Shearer—seven years ago. She was then on the first steps of the threshold of her career. She was living very quietly in a bungalow at the Garden of Allah. I went to get a short interview about the picture in which she was appearing. I asked her if she was engaged to Irving Thalberg. She neither confirmed nor denied the question, but talked pleasantly about her work and sent me home—I had no car—in her Rolls Royce. I was impressed, hoped somebody would see me lolling in the back seat of a movie star's car (nobody did), and recall, to this day, her quiet poise and air of elegance.

That "quiet elegance" is still there. She lives today with Irving Thalberg, Sr., and Irving Thalberg, Jr., their small son, in a roomy, but not pretentious home in Santa Monica.

Simple in exterior design, built for comfort rather than "entertaining," it is her home. Here she and Irving have asked their intimate friends, and occasionally have given large parties to which more casual acquaintances and associates have been asked. To these last are also invited the moguls of movieland, a scattering of stars and Norma and Irving's closer friends.

Unlike Pickfair, there are no liveried servants. One houseman, a quiet English butler, takes care of the Thalberg needs. Dinners are simple. There are no menus. There is no pomp.

Often, for entertainment, moving pictures are shown. The room, a combination library and den, just back of the drawing room, is used as the *projection room* and chairs are put in the drawing room for the guests.

You gain the impression that the Shearer house is a home rather than a setting for social gatherings. Here live two quiet people who have work to do—a woman who works at her career, at the business of being a wife and mother; and a man who is in business.

From all of which I come to the conclusion, as you may, that unless there is a great change in Shearer-Thalberg habits of thought and feeling for work, *social supremacy* will be something for which they will not strive, nor care to achieve. They just haven't the time for the *job!*

Before mentioning Norma, perhaps I should have taken up the case of Marion Davies, who, next to Mary Pickford, has entertained more lavishly than anyone else in Hollywood. Marion's huge Santa Monica beach home is much more adapted to great gatherings than that of anyone else in moviedom today.

There are some thirty rooms in the house and it takes ten servants to run the place. The rooms are enormous. There is a great dining hall, a ball room, a drawing room and a library where first editions worth fabulous sums, and paintings by great artists vie for attention. Guests can have anything and everything they desire.

Marion, as a hostess, is superb. And she has entertained the famous, from Charles Lindbergh to George Bernard Shaw, from the Earl of Warwick to the daughter of her cook who died. The Earl of Warwick was a house guest for a couple of months, the daughter of the cook stayed on much longer.

The chief difference between Mary Pickford and Marion Davies in the hostess line lies in attitude. Mary Pickford has always taken her position seriously, as a responsibility, almost a duty. Marion takes hers light-heartedly. She entertains formally—and informally. She has fun as a hostess. If anyone tells her that she gives awfully good parties, she is apt to say and believe, "Oh, but I have much better times at so-and-so's. I love to go there."

Marion could be the great social queen of Hollywood, but she will probably never take the job seriously. For it is a job!

Then there is Ruth Chatterton—a poised, witty individual, capable of making a beggar, a poet, a king or a movie star feel equally happy and important. Her gatherings have that fine note of distinction which only a hostess of distinction can convey.

Miss Chatterton does not entertain a great deal. She asks to her home only people who interest her and these, mostly, are individuals of achievement or brilliance. She is one of the few people in Hollywood, or perhaps the only one, who can be said to have anything resembling the famous *salons* of the Continent.

Yet you never read in the society columns of Ruth Chatterton's parties. You seldom hear when she entertains famous writers, novelists, musicians, painters. One reason is that she doesn't have large parties. Another, that she seldom speaks of them. She told me once that she never liked having more than eight people for dinner.

"Like a family dinner," I remarked.

"Exactly," she returned. "Dinners should be intimate, so that everyone can join in the conversation, and everyone can know the others."

So—Ruth Chatterton, as the next social leader of Hollywood? *No.* Definitely *no,* because of her sense of exclusion. Family parties, or gatherings akin to family dinners, are nothing with which to climb the ladder to social success.

I mentioned the Barrymore family. Irene Fenwick (Mrs. Lionel Barrymore) is a woman of great charm and poise. She has that dignity that befits the wife of such an aristocrat as Lionel. She has many friends. But she is not well and much of her life is spent in pain and suffering.

Dolores (Mrs. John Barrymore), on the other hand, might, if she chose, aspire to the heights. Dolores has beauty and loveliness. She has fine tradition behind her. She has prominence and achievement through her husband. But she, at least so far, has lacked enthusiasm for the *job*. She has been content to be a "hausfrau" for John, and a sportswoman-companion on his yachting trips.

Tallulah Bankhead comes to mind as the daughter of one of the South's finest families and one who has achieved the con-

Cary Grant made a hit as Mae West's leading man, so now he has been borrowed for "Born To Be Bad," with Loretta Young.

quest of London and the Continent. In the brief time she spent in Hollywood she entertained royally. But, Tallulah prefers New York.

If Winfield Sheehan ever takes himself a bride who loves festivities, the great Sheehan home will become the new social center of moviedom. For Mr. Sheehan, head of the Fox corporation, loves to play host and his typically "man-like" arranged affairs these days are well attended and important. Mr. Sheehan has a great feeling for distinguished people and for doing things correctly. He is a charming, hospitable person. But—he is a bachelor.

What will the fortune tellers portend when the "last party" is held at Pickfair? I cannot predict, but, from what I know now, it should be most interesting. The next social dictator of Hollywood has much to live up to. But maybe we wonder too soon—perhaps Mary herself—minus Douglas—will continue to reign.

Marlene Dietrich sailed from Paris recently. She was met in New York by Josef Von Sternberg. The talk is that Marlene will do "Catharine of Russia." We haven't seen a good Czarist picture since Emil Jannings made "The Patriot."

The Great Garbo

[*Continued from page* 17]

When Garbo was alone and friendless in the gaudy cinema capital, she met John Gilbert and they fell in love.

But how different things were then, how swiftly the wheel of fate revolves in the land of the silver screen.

For in those days, when first these two, who were to become the great lovers of this decade both on and off the screen, met, it was John Gilbert who was the great one, the favored star, the outstanding box office attraction. His popularity was at its height, he was not only the leading matinee idol of the time but the critics' favorite actor. The name *"John Gilbert"* in electric lights that blazed and glittered in every city in the world brought thousands of people and millions of dollars into the box office.

His yearly contract ran into staggering figures, probably the highest salary ever paid an actor.

On one corner of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot he had a beautiful bungalow, exquisitely furnished. His word was law concerning his pictures. The "powers that be" bowed before him and actually said "Yes, Mr. Gilbert." Such hits as "The Big Parade" and "The Merry Widow" had made him a figure standing at the very top of the glittering heap of stars and near-stars that make up the motion picture industry.

Garbo?

It's hard, I know, to think back to a time when Garbo, the glamorous, Garbo, the mysterious, was not the foremost of all women stars.

But when she and John Gilbert first played together, she was actually second fiddle. The Swedish girl, ignored and almost ridiculed during her first months on the lot, had made two pictures—one, a program picture, and a second in which she had merely been featured. Compared to the great John Gilbert she wasn't very important. The authorities at the studio regarded her as a fine "starring possibility."

It was, in fact, the critical moment of her career. Many actresses have come so far and no farther. Many have been wrecked upon the treacherous rocks of stardom.

Calendar Fear
STEALS YOUTH, HEALTH AND BEAUTY

CALENDAR FEAR first preys upon the mind . . . then upon the body. The periodic worry of a lapse in normal feminine routine often brings on the very break which is so dreaded . . . To the average married woman this means constant tension . . . fading eagerness and youth.

But today, this threat to woman's charm and happiness can find victims only among the timid, the ignorant and careless . . . For the modern wife can learn from trustworthy authority the truth about marriage hygiene . . . She now practices correct feminine antisepsis, as long advised by the world's leading physicians, hospitals and clinics . . . She uses "Lysol" disinfectant regularly and intelligently.

"Lysol" is safe because it is *mild* . . . It contains no free caustic alkali to deaden sensitive membranes or injure tender tissues . . . as other antiseptics do. "Lysol" is used in delicate childbirth operations, when feminine tissues are most sensitive. Surely then it is mild and gentle for regular use on these same tissues.

"Lysol" is dependable because it is *effective*. It destroys germ-life even in the presence of organic matter. Undependable compounds lose 95% of their strength in similar practical use.

Take these two decisive steps to banish womanly worries from your home.

1. Use "Lysol" according to its easy-to-follow directions. Your druggist recommends "Lysol." Your doctor approves it.
2. Write for the new "Lysol" booklet, "Marriage Hygiene." You will appreciate its free professional advice by three famous women doctors. Fill out the convenient coupon now.

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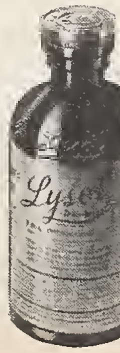

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YES, WE KNOW—you've read many claims advertising eyelash darkeners—only to have an evening ruined because a tear smudged your mascara and the resultant smarting spoiled your make-up—one of life's little tragedies! But it need never have happened! It can't happen when you use our NEW improved MAYBELLINE mascara. Quickly and easily applied, it instantly makes your lashes appear longer, darker and more luxuriant—and it keeps them soft and silky, too! MAYBELLINE gives that much-to-be-desired natural appearance of eye beauty—the color, depth, and expression of the eyes are intensified by the soft, dark fringe of lustrous lashes. These are the reasons that millions of women are using the NEW MAYBELLINE regularly with most gratifying results. Try it today, you'll be delighted!

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The PERFECT Mascara

MAYBELLINE CO.
CHICAGO

Would Garbo make good or would she slip away into that limbo that is filled with those who flamed briefly, flashed in the pan and then disappeared.

That was the question when she and John Gilbert began a picture that was to make screen history, "Flesh and the Devil." And it was as part of the team of Gilbert and Garbo that Greta actually succeeded, actually came into her own.

It would not be fair to say that Gilbert was responsible for Garbo's enormous success in that picture. But it would be less than the truth to say that he didn't have a great deal to do with it.

Of course he was in love with her, almost from the first moment they met on the set. The great lover and matinee idol, who had been twice married and divorced and the central figure in other Hollywood romances, was completely bowled over by the strange, silent girl from the Norseland.

But three things he certainly did. He was the greatest help to her during the making of that picture. Not only because, being really in love, they portrayed for the camera what are still regarded as the greatest love scenes of all times, but because he knew so much more than she did about American methods of picture making, and was able to convey to her what he knew. The fact that she spoke hardly any English made it hard for her to take direction. Jack had infinite patience with her. Another star might have made it more difficult for the girl, still strange and nervous in these new surroundings, might indeed have taken advantage of her ignorance to get the best of the picture for himself, but Jack went to the other extreme and worked patiently on every scene until Garbo was at her best.

He taught her a good deal of the English it was so necessary for her to acquire. And he gave her real happiness, which buoyed up her spirits and made her glad that she had stayed in Hollywood. His yacht was always at her disposal and they made many cruises together. His home was always ready to receive her and there she escaped that loneliness that was so bad for her. Often, too, he acted as her business advisor.

So it was in "Flesh and the Devil" and "Love" that Garbo scored her first great successes, and it was as co-star with Gilbert that the public first acclaimed her.

Then the wheel turned again.

Garbo and Gilbert, the two names that had actually become part of the English language, were separated—first in pictures, because now Garbo was able to carry her own pictures and there was no need to have those two enormous salaries in one cost-sheet; and then, in love.

It was, as everyone who knew them in Hollywood understands, really Jack who brought about the end of that chapter. It was Jack who, realizing that they could never be happy together, decided that it was better that they should part.

They just didn't belong together, these two. Garbo, who more and more found that she wanted to be alone, who became more and more wrapt up in her work. Garbo, who was afraid of people, who hid in mysterious silence, who could never accustom herself to gaiety and conviviality. And Gilbert, who loved fun, enjoyed his friends, and detested the hermit-like existence to which Garbo condemned him.

They quarreled and parted, were reconciled. But, in the end, it was Jack who decided that a clean break was best, and only a short time later married the brilliant and beautiful stage actress, Ina Claire.

Life swept on at Hollywood's own swift pace and the paths of the great lovers were separated. They did not see each other any more. They never played together in a picture. It was ended none too happily, no matter what they may think now themselves, after a space of years. They did not part enemies, but neither could it be said that they parted friends.

The newspapers all over the world were filled with stories of that break, as for years they had been filled with stories of the love affair. Some of the stories were not very flattering to Garbo. Jack's marriage had taken place so suddenly, only a few weeks after he met Ina Claire, and before most people had realized that he and Greta had actually broken off their long association. So it was hinted that Ina had stolen Jack from the screen's greatest siren. It was at least suggested that Gilbert had thrown Greta over for the stage star.

It wasn't true, but most women would have burned beneath the implication. Garbo said nothing. She offered polite congratulations upon his marriage. When she spoke of him it was always with admiration.

Unexpectedly, swiftly and inexorably, misfortune befell John Gilbert. The talkies came and they accomplished his comet-like fall. Like a burned out skyrocket this man, who had been among the few really great ones, dropped to earth.

Two things conspired to bring about that spectacular descent and neither of them were Gilbert's fault. Jack was the first man to make love in speech on the screen. Love scenes which he had played many times during the silent days—and always to spellbound audiences—when accompanied by passionate and romantic dialogue, so new to audiences, startled and embarrassed them. On top of this, the microphone was then very imperfect. They had not learned to control it nor to keep the needle from performing strange gyrations. John Gilbert's voice, a perfectly natural, pleasant, masculine voice which had been successful on the stage long before he went into motion pictures, came out of this new-fangled machine sounding very strange.

Altogether, he bore the brunt of the new invention.

Inexplicably, his popularity ceased. As fine an actor as he had ever been, he suffered a momentary eclipse. And it would have been only momentary except for other considerations. Jack's salary was huge. He was in the midst of a slump. And the studio did little or nothing to rescue him. They gave him worse stories and worse casts than anybody else on the lot. Perhaps they hoped that he would grow discouraged

Lowell Sherman is directing Constance Cummings in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole," the Walter Winchell story that aggravates *Mammy* singers.

and break his contract, thereby saving the terrific outlay.

High strung, proud, suffering under what seemed the bitter injustice of not being given an honest chance to prove to the public what he could do, Jack stuck it out to the bitter end. His contract ended, and with it, apparently, went his last chance to prove himself.

He announced his retirement from the screen. No other company, it seemed, wished to take a chance on a Gilbert comeback. He was through. Only thirty-three, just at the time when he should be reaching his peak, his great career was over. His life work was done.

Two months ago, anybody in Hollywood would have given you very large odds that John Gilbert would never be given another chance. Such things do happen in Hollywood and no one can ever quite explain why. But there it was—*John Gilbert was dead to the screen.*

But they had reckoned without Garbo.

She speaks little, the great Garbo. She wastes no breath upon discussion. When she speaks, when she acts, it is with purpose and finality and she puts all her strength behind it.

Leading man after leading man—Laurence Olivier, Ricardo Cortez, Franchot Tone—had been rejected for the wonderful part opposite her in "Queen Christina," the film that was to bring Garbo to the fans after a long absence. No one suited her. The picture was held up, the delay was costly. But there seemed to be no pleasing Miss Garbo, and certainly in this matter it was all important that she be pleased.

At last she spoke.

"I would like to have Mr. Gilbert play that part," she said.

It is doubtful if any words spoken in any studio since Hollywood began ever caused a greater sensation.

Garbo wanted John Gilbert, she wanted again the famous Garbo-Gilbert combination, never forgotten by the fans. If there was one thing that would give Jack his chance, one thing that would insure his return to popularity, it would be to have a dashing, romantic rôle opposite Greta Garbo.

John Gilbert and *Greta Garbo.* Time could not, had not, dimmed the magic memory of what those two names meant.

Miss Garbo smiled, gently. "Nothing," she said to everyone who cared to listen, breaking her usual silence, "could make me happier. Mr. Gilbert is a great actor. Our association has been a most pleasant one and it will be gratifying to resume our careers together."

Garbo had made the "beau geste."

She had repaid her debt. In a time when John Gilbert needed her, her loyalty had held true no matter what other feeling she ever might have had.

If she had difficulties convincing the studio at first, soon they began to see that, after all, it might be a master stroke. The part was one perfectly suited to John Gilbert. The chances were that, opposite Garbo once more, he would score a new and sensational hit. As playing opposite him had once given Garbo success, playing opposite her would doubtless re-establish Gilbert with the millions of Gilbert-Garbo fans.

The result was a long-term contract for John Gilbert, with plans that will give him every chance to regain his high place.

There is perhaps nothing else that could have done just that for the man who once did so much for Garbo.

It was a fine and gallant thing to do. And it proves that Garbo, supreme star, *has* those qualities not too often found in Hollywood—loyalty, gratitude, honesty, courage and a memory which triumph has not weakened.

I think *that* alone proves her one of Hollywood's great women.

The Girls They Pick

[*Continued from page* 15]

ascended to the wardrobe.

Things were happening. There was excitement and obvious indignation among one hundred and eight beautiful young women. A plump, middle-aged person in blue told me, "They are upset because the costumes are too scanty. They say they won't wear them. Well if I had a daughter in this business, I'd tell her. . . ." Somebody's daughter, clad in a few wisps of silver ribbon, flounced around a corner. "They're not so *bad*. . . ." she began. Someone wailed, "Can't we have just a little. . . ."

"Now, girls, don't get excited!" said a voice. "It will all be arranged."

"Wouldn't you like to wait for Mr. Berkely in his office?" inquired a voice at my elbow. I thought that perhaps I had better.

Mr. Berkely's office was occupied. I guess it was a conference. I had always wanted to see one. The shirt-sleeved, collarless, rather red gentlemen were not very glad to see me. I shrank into a corner—and recognized one of them after a time.

"What about the extra day for rehearsal?" "How many Romans—and how many horses have we now?" "How many lictors do we need?" "What *is* a lictor?" "I don't know—but how many do we need and what will they cost?" "Four should be enough—or should we have six?" "Forty Romans—how many horses did you say. . . ." I caught the eye of the gentleman I had recognized.

"Wouldn't these people be glad if I sat somewhere *else?*" I asked. He was nice about it—but he showed me another place in which I could sit. Opened doors and switched on lights. . . .

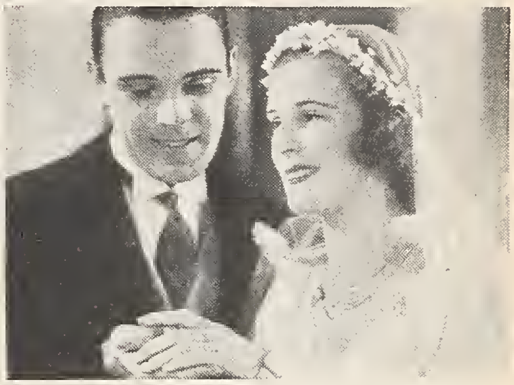
Busby Berkely came in presently. A more tired young man I have rarely seen. Beauteous young things in silver ribbons kept appearing at the door. "In a minute," he would tell them. A worried man called, "I've got fifty of 'em dressed, Buz. Want to see 'em?" "In a minute," said Mr. Berkely, mechanically.

"I shouldn't cast Constance Bennett or Joan Crawford or Greta Garbo for one of my choruses," he told me. "They *know* too much! It is freshness and enthusiasm. . . ." Again that word, enthusiasm!" He reiterated Sammy Lee's words about "it doesn't matter what type of beauty . . . so long as it is a sort of *new* beauty!"

"We are selecting them for feminine *form* more than we used to do," he said. "The flat, boyish figure is *out*, as a general thing. No, I do not think that it is the Mae West influence. We couldn't use Mae West in a chorus, either! It is merely a resurgence of natural taste. Maybe Mae West's success symbolizes or reflects that resurgence. It is better if young women look like *women*—rather than like school boys! More hips, more curves, more shape to them now than a year or two ago. More weight, per perpendicular inch!

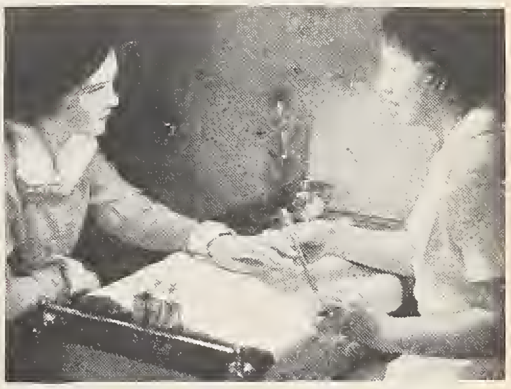
"Late hours, parties, admiration, people—destroy them very quickly, so far as we are concerned. If they *have* anything, they graduate, of course. They go on and

How a bride learned the secret of lovely hands

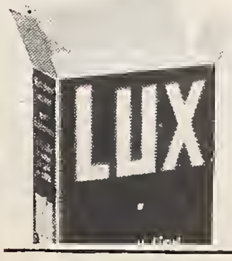


Her hands were softly young and white on her wedding day. "How feminine they are," her proud husband thought. But soon those lovely hands . . .

. . . plunged into dishwater every day. They aged *years*—their rough redness embarrassed her so. "I hate to go anywhere," she said—"these hands make me look too horribly like a drudge." It was a beauty expert who . . .



. . . told her, "Gentle, soothing Lux in the dishpan will improve your hands in no time." Now she keeps her hands lovely in spite of dishwashing three times a day. Lux doesn't harm the beauty oils of the skin as harsh soaps do. Thanks to Lux, her hands are exquisite!



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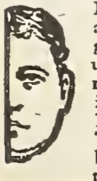

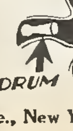

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Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

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develop whatever talent is in them. I have had girls—lots of them—in my choruses, who have gone on to real triumphs. More of them have dropped out of the picture. . . .

"A very plain girl—with a snub nose and unruly hair—may photograph with that electric vitality which no one understands, and which spells irresistible photographic charm. I can bring girls in here now and show them to you—girls who are *bound* to be successes—and I'll wager that you will see nothing there at all—until you see them on the screen.

"Looking at a girl, before I have seen a test of her, I look for length from the knee to the hip. That makes for grace in movement. Slender ankles, wrists . . . a graceful neck. She must know how to move. She must be able to smile as if she meant it. Her head must be well-shaped. Rounded toward the neck, so that any sort of hair-dress will become her.

"They are nice girls, you know—the girls we use. They have to be! The moment they stop being nice, fresh young things, *it shows in their faces.* Then we can't use them any more!

"Two years—three at the outside—in this business—unless they have something that lets them go on to something else. . . ."

There is something pathetic about that recurring remark. "Two years—three at the outside—"

I heard it again when I talked with Dave Gould at Radio. He has had to cast Latin types, mixed South American types and a flock of pure blondes for "Rolling Down to Rio."

"We stopped girls on the street—we hunted for them in department stores and High Schools and Churches. Six months from now, there will be hundreds of them out here looking for jobs—and there probably won't be any more jobs of the kind."

This is the first time, since the days of silent pictures, that there has been a search for mere beauty. Talking pictures brought the reign of Talent—and the costumers, the make-up artists and the cameraman have had to do what they could to make up for deficiencies of face and figure. It is a long time since a director discovered a beautiful waitress or cashier or elevator girl and whisked her away to a studio for a test. Cinderellas have been rare in Hollywood of late!

"Blondes," Mr. Gould repeated, "are out of date. They have been identified too long with the gold-digging type, with the 'gangsters' molls' and women of that sort. You rarely find a natural blonde. . . ."

He has chosen his girls (perhaps because he couldn't help it!) a little younger than have Busby Berkely and Sammy Lee. "Sixteen—seventeen at the oldest," he said. "Five feet one or two—anything under five feet eleven. It is so difficult to find short ones with good figures. . . . They are mostly dumpy or else too thin. If you *do* find a short one who is well-shaped—and she has any talent at all—then she is worth something more than a chorus job!"

Weights seem to vary from a hundred and ten *up.* Proportion is what matters—and more important still, the poise and balance of a young body. The old exercises which our grandmothers used to take—carrying a book or a jar of water on the head in the interests of graceful movement, would not be amiss, one would gather today, if a girl wanted to compete in that group of five thousand damsels for a job in a picture chorus.

"One, two, three, four, five, six! Come on—snap into it, girls! Heads up! Now, *bend!* One, two, three, four, five, six! Let's see you give it something. . . ."

With eight hours a day of bending and tapping and swaying and counting, you should perfect a *number* in a week. Five thousand tried. Twenty-eight won jobs. One, two, three, four, five, six. . . . Youth, freshness, *enthusiasm.*

Two years . . . three, at the most. . . . One or two out of each batch may *have* something . . . if life doesn't catch up with them too soon. . . .

One, two, three. . . . Snap into it, girls! Fame is just ahead.

Watching the Stars at Work

[*Continued from page 23*]

ing too much money on radio advertising to be treated this way."

"I agree with you," Jory answers quietly.

"Well, can't you *do* something about Rollins (Wally)?" Girard rages. "He was the biggest attraction on the air once. Why, our sales jumped sixty percent. What's *happened* to him?"

"A very acute case of swelled head, I should say," Jory answers.

"Can't you do *anything* about it?" Girard asks wrathfully.

The skilful Victor Jory, and Joe Girard, make a scene for "My Woman."

"Sit down, please," Jory replies motioning him to a chair. "I'll try." He turns to a dictaphone. "Send Miller to my office at once." He grins and adds, "Mr. Schertzinger wants to see him."

"The hell I do," Schertzinger yells. "You get on with that scene."

"Nature has declared a holiday," Jory hums as he comes over to be introduced to me for the fifth time. He was singing the same song the last time I met him.

"Glad to know you," we chant in unison as we're presented. We'll say the same thing for the next five or six times we're introduced and after that we'll remember each other—maybe.

On the Paramount Lot

THEY are still in the throes of the heaviest production schedule I've ever seen over at Paramount. Chevalier continues in "The Way to Love," with Ann Dvorak replacing Sylvia Sidney; Mae West shows no signs of completing "I'm No Angel," and "Too Much Harmony" (in which Bing Crosby *refused* to star) is just finishing. Don't get me wrong about that last named. It's a good picture but Bing doesn't want to be a star.

Leaving the set of "Too Much Harmony" I stop dead in my tracks. Here is a scene such as could occur nowhere on God's green earth, but in Hollywood. There are *whoops*, like a tribe of Comanche Indians on the warpath, and suddenly Groucho and Harpo Marx burst on my startled vision clad in *pink* nightshirts and running wildly in every direction. Groucho is cheering Harpo on and Harpo is in mad pursuit of a female. Only, to my further amazement, it's a brunette instead of a blonde. Things are certainly getting tough when Harpo can't find a blonde—and don't think I'm kidding.

The Marx Brothers set is closed to visitors, but what is a closed set to SILVER SCREEN'S sleuth? I push boldly through the doors.

Leo McCarey, the director, is sitting at a piano strumming a song he's writing. He doesn't know how to write music so he plays and has a song-writer on the set to put down the notes.

Raquel Torres suddenly appears in a negligee that the script girl tells me is by *Frances*, but which my eyes tell me is by Seemore. It is made of the filmiest lace imaginable. The sleeves are banded with white fox and there is little if anything on underneath it. It is one of those models designed to make strong men weak and weak men swoon. McCarey takes one look. His fingers falter on the keys and the music dies out into nothingness. Maybe I'm wrong but having seen Raquel I know I'm not even going to miss Thelma Todd in this picture.

The Marx Brothers capitalize idiocy for Paramount. Harpo and Chico, with Raquel Torres, in "Duck Soup."

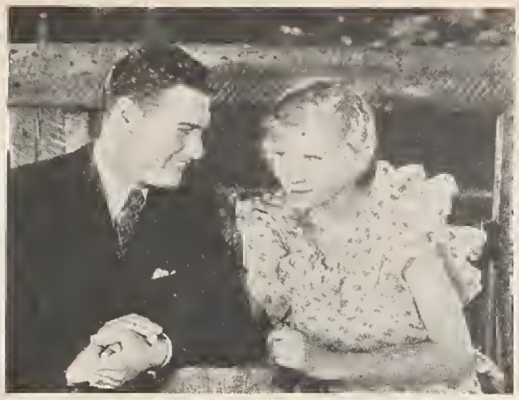
* * *

Reluctantly leaving the set of "Duck Soup"—and Raquel—I totter over to the set of "Golden Harvest"—the company just having returned from location at Pendleton, Oregon. This is a saga of the wheat fields of the great northwest. Just to make it confusing, the company went on location to make the middle of the picture first and then came back to the studio to make the beginning and end.

Richard Arlen and Chester Morris are brothers—sons of a wealthy wheat grower. Chester has just returned from a trip abroad and breaks the news to Julie Haydon (remember her as Ann Harding's daughter in "The Conquerors"?) that he isn't going to marry her because he has bigger ideas. To his surprise and discomfiture Julie takes the blow standing up and never flinches. She even goes so far as to tell him she doesn't love him—that she cares for Dick in a big way. While they are talking, Dick comes along the path, sees them together, feels he would be intruding and turns to leave.

"Oh, Walt," she calls softly. Dick stops and turns. "Come here," Julie urges sweetly. A few seconds later they're sitting on the well-wall together and Julie, with amazing candor, is telling Dick she loves him. And another good man is roped into the bonds of matrimony.

They had made a replica of the front of a house and porch they used in Oregon and set it up on the stage. Just as they are ready to shoot the scene it is discovered the house should have been at the end of the stage instead of on the side. I look to hear some tall weeping and wailing but there's nothing of the sort. A few men knock some props loose and in less than fifteen minutes the house is where it should be. The grounds all around the house at Pendleton have been duplicated right inside one of the Paramount stages.



Richard Arlen and Julie Haydon reveal the emotional side of farm life in "Golden Harvest."

"Let's take it again," says Director Ralph Murphy, "and, Julie, this time don't wait quite so long to say 'Come here.'"

"I think this is going to be all right," says Dick when the scene is finished.

* * *

There's a big difference between the rural simplicity of "Golden Harvest" and the metropolitan sophistication of "Design for Living"—which next engages my attention.

"We have changed the whole story," Herr Lubitsch announces triumphantly when I arrive on the set. "Only the title and the general idea is the same. The way we have it now, Edward Everett Horton is the head of a large advertising agency. He is in love with Miriam Hopkins, who draws pictures of Napoleon in BVD's for them. Miriam, in a compartment of a Paris-bound train, picks up Gary Cooper (also an artist) and Fredric March (a would-be dramatist). She is in love with all three men but ends by turning Horton down and going to live with March and Cooper." She makes the further astonishing proviso (probably for the benefit of Will Hays and the censors) that there will be no sex! The boys must concentrate on their work. Miriam is determined they shall be successful. She forces March to finish his play and then sets about getting it produced.

In the sitting room of a London hotel suite sit Franklyn Pangborn (an impresario) with Burton Steele and Thomas Graydon, two of his managers. You know what hotel rooms are like so I don't have to describe this one to you.

"No, no, no," protests one of the managers. "You are quite wrong. She was a complete flop in London."

The door opens and in steps Miriam. "Sorry," says the second manager, "I disagree with you."

"*I* beg your pardon," comes from the first manager as he catches sight of Miriam.

"Forgive me for entering unannounced," Hopkins begs.

"Mr. Douglas is very busy," the second manager cuts in.

"So they were kind enough to tell me downstairs," Miriam agrees and turns to la Pangborn. "Mr. Douglas, I consider you the greatest theatrical producer in London—in fact, in the world."

"My dear young lady!" lisps Pangborn. Miriam has been sick in bed ever since that scene was made and the picture can't go on for a while.

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How would YOU look walking around in a "Nudist Colony?" How do you look even in EVERYDAY clothes? I'll PROVE in just 7 *days* that I can give you a body you'll be PROUD of—anywhere, anytime! Just as I have *already* done for thousands of other fellows.

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Then, there's "Tillie and Gus" which features Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields in the name roles.

In the story Tillie and Gus are divorced. Gus is in Alaska and Tillie in China. Gus is a card sharp and Tillie can make the dice say "Seven" nine times out of ten.

Wandering on to the stage I find a reproduction of the waiting room in a San Francisco railroad station. And is it authentic! There are the ticket windows, the boards announcing the arrival and departure of trains, a heterogeneous assortment of passengers sitting on the benches waiting for their trains, some of them sleeping, people scurrying to and fro. And, at the "Tourists Aid" desk sit Skippy and the matron.

"Mrs. Matilda Winterbottom," the matron repeats, filling in a form. Then she glances at Tillie. "You say you're a Chinese missionary?"

"I said," answers Skippy with great dignity, "that I was a missionary *in* China. That, I understand, entitles me to a reduction in my railroad fare."

"Of course," the matron replies. She writes another line or two. "How did you conduct your work?"

"Through kindness," Skippy informs her. "My object was to bring them in out of the darkness—put more spirits into them, as it were—and relieve them of their material burdens."

That Skippy is going to be the death of me yet. Give me Skipworth and Boland and you can have all the Dresslers and Robsons you want.

Over at R-K-O

HERE they have four pictures going, which, for them, is a lot. One of them—"Aggie Appleby"—stars an ex-Paramounter—Wynne Gibson, who never got the breaks she deserved on the latter lot. Her new picture, which also marks the return of Charlie Farrell to the screen, is by way of being a wow.

Aggie is little and blonde—and not a lady. Her mother is dead and her father a drunken bum. When home gets too much she moves out and lands a job as waitress in a Greek restaurant. One night she is asked to stay late and serve a party. All the Greeks in the party paw her and when she screams for help it comes in the person of the tough, redheaded bouncer, Red Branagan (William Gargan). He piles up the floor with unconscious Greeks, loses his job and takes Wynne home to his shabbily furnished room. They start living together and would be very happy if he could make a steady income. But he can't get a job and his fortunes rise and fall with his crap games. Their funds give out and that was where they were when, with a beaming smile I breeze on to the set.

"Hello," says Wynne glumly.

"What's wrong?" I ask.

"I'm about to be dispossessed."

"Well, it's lucky I came. I just got a check from SILVER SCREEN this morning."

"No," says Wynne firmly. "It's awfully good of you but if you paid the rent it would upset the whole plot. I'll just have to go through with it."

I glance around the set. A *very* cheaply furnished room. In fact, I should think it would be a relief to be put out of a room like that.

Wynne's costume causes me misgivings. It is of black satin with a cheap lace bodice, very short and very tight.

"Come on, folks," the director calls, and Wynne takes her place.

Shortly there is a knock at the door. "Come in," Wynne invites, walking over to it. The door opens and on the other side stands Grace Darwell, the landlady. "How's it, Mrs. Spence?" Wynne inquires. "Swell day, ain't it? Or, don't you think so?"

Darwell smiles deprecatingly. "Guess you know why I'm here."

"Well," says Wynne smiling in return, "Mr. Branagan ain't home yet. I'll send it down to you the minute he comes."

"It's $14.00—not counting the week in advance."

"Yeah," Wynne agrees amiably, "I know. Hardly worth wastin' breath over."

"Well, I'm afraid," Darwell responds, still not getting nasty about it, "I'll have to have the money or the room—tonight."

"Sure," Wynne soothes her. "You practically got it in your old sock now." She closes the door and leans against it a moment. "Sweet," she murmurs with a sarcastic inflection. Then she grimaces and gives a disgusted "Ugh! It *ain't* worth worryin' over."

"See what I'm up against?" she asks, coming back to me when the scene is finished.

On the set of "Little Women" all is sweetness and light, dished up in large helpings. Last month the set was closed to visitors but I get hold of Director George Cukor and threaten to expose him in print if he doesn't let me on. He turns a sickly green and bids me welcome.

Joan Bennett and Katharine Hepburn in a scene from "Little Women," the next exhibit of the Hepburn magic.

The period is around Civil War time and the room—well, it's interesting as the deuce to look at but I'm darned glad I'm not living in a house furnished like that. There's an old curio cabinet filled with all sorts of china knick-knacks just waiting to catch every grain of dust in sight. Landscape paintings, such as no one uses any more, adorn the walls. A heavy plush cover hides the mantelpiece. Some wax flowers are under a glass bell. The chairs are the kind you have to sit bolt upright on.

Joan Bennett (as Amy) is a dream in a peacock blue dress (hoop skirt) and a hat to match with a dab of ostrich feathers in front and ribbons all over the place. Katharine Hepburn (as Jo) has on a brown dress in the same mode, with white ruching in the sleeves and neck. Hers is made in a kind of basque effect. And Edna May Oliver (as Aunt March) confines herself to a stiffly proper gown made of black velvet and taffeta.

"Isn't this hair of mine something to behold?" Hepburn demands of her hairdresser.

Hepburn is working as governess in the home of a New York family and Oliver and Bennett have come to see her. The latter two take their places in the stiffly formal room. A moment later the door bursts open and Hepburn rushes breathlessly in. The two girls fall into each other's arms, laughing, kissing and embracing.

"How are you, Aunt March?" says Hepburn suddenly remembering Oliver and kissing her warmly. "I'm so glad to see you. Come, sit down and tell me everything——"

"We can't stop now," Aunt March explains. "We have to be at the steamship office before it closes."

"Steamship office?" echoes Hepburn, stopping short. Then her face lights up. "Aunt March—Europe?" (Her boy friend, Douglass Montgomery, is over there.)

"And I'm taking Amy (Joan) with me," Edna May amends, nodding her head.

"Cut," says Cukor.

I dimly remember when, as a kid, my mother took me to see "Little Women" on the stage Alice Brady was playing *Meg*, Howard Estabrook (now one of Hollywood's ace scenario writers) was playing *Laurie* (which Douglass Montgomery plays in the picture) and John Cromwell (the director) played the tutor.

I march over to the set where Constance Bennett is emoting in "Without Glory." This is the story of *Carla*, a woman spy (Constance Bennett) who falls in love with a German espionage officer (Gilbert Roland). They meet in a crowded railroad station at the outset of the war, neither knowing the other is an enemy spy. After accepting Roland's aid in getting toward the front, Constance slips temporarily out of his life. While Gilbert is demanding that his German spies bring in the enemy "leak" which is destroying thousands of their soldiers, Constance is gathering advance information of surprise attacks and secret liquid-fire guns—invaluable information for her beloved Allies. Always she is just a jump ahead of his intelligence officers. She works as a seamstress and then as a cafe artist. It is in the cafe he meets her again.

It's a dingy sort of place, drab stone walls, perfectly bare. Constance and Gilbert are seated at a table with a red-checkered cloth.

"You're still being elusive," he complains.

"I haven't run away," she remonstrates.

"No," he admits, "but you're not even meeting me halfway."

"Halfway to what?" she asks.

"To loving me," says Gilbert boldly. Some trucks pass, causing the windows to rattle. Constance shudders. "What's the matter?" he wonders.

"Ammunition trucks," she whispers. "Hauling shells up to the guns. It's hard to talk of love."

When the scene is finished Constance beckons me to follow her into her dressing room. "You told Perry Lieber——," she begins argumentatively.

"It's too hot to get into an argument," I retort. "Let's skip it. Tear it up and throw it away."

"A Chance at Heaven." Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea and the same old land of bliss.

There's one more set left to see at R-K-O—"A Chance at Heaven," which features Ginger Rogers, Joel McCrea and Marian Nixon. This concerns itself with young love in a triangle. Ginger is the small town girl, deeply in love with Joel and Marian is the wealthy society butterfly who comes to the burg for the summer. She falls in love with Joel because he's "different" and she dazzles him for the same reason, although, until she appeared, he was perfectly satisfied with Ginger—and who wouldn't be? She asks (with ulterior motives) what people do there at night. Joel tells her they go to a sucker night club. Then, in order to give her a chance to see how swell he looks when he's dressed up, he takes Ginger there in hopes of seeing Marian.

A crowd of extras are dancing about, with Joel and Ginger in their centre. Joel keeps glancing over his shoulder and Ginger senses the reason. "You haven't been dancing with me tonight," she accuses him.

"Huh?" says Joel staring at her. "OK," he continues as she smiles cryptically, "I'll bite. You know darned well I've danced every number with you."

"Not with *me*, you haven't."

It looks like a nice picture but it seems to me that Ginger should have been playing Marian's part and Marian, Ginger's. It would be a lot easier to imagine Ginger as a spoiled society girl than it is to picture Marian in the same role. But these producers just can't seem to learn that I'm always willing to help them with their casting problems.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio

THEY have seven pictures going here. The sets of "Solitaire Man" and "The Late Christopher Bean" are closed up so tight a flea couldn't get in. Marie Dressler, in the latter film, can only work three hours a day and they're afraid visitors on the set would slow them down. "Dancing Lady" (starring Joan Crawford) is only shooting by fits and starts, so I'll tell you about that next month. "Tarzan and His Mate" (featuring Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan) is on location.

Maureen, not being needed by the "Tarzan" company today is filling in the time by working on "Stage Mother" with Alice Brady and Phillips Holmes. The picture is all Alice Brady in the role of a string-pulling, domineering stage mother—and *how* she plays it Not a line, not a nuance escapes her!

Maureen O'Sullivan registers excitement at the vision of Phillips Holmes with a Ronald Colman moustache.

Never able to reach the heights of stage fame herself, she determines her daughter shall, and every effort is directed towards that end. She has two unfortunate marriages herself, breaks up a real romance in her daughter's (Maureen's) life, blackmails the boy's mother into paying her ten thousand dollars and succeeds in making the boy believe Maureen is party to the

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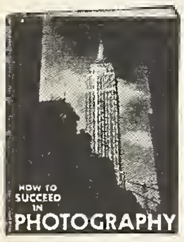

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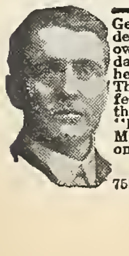

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plot. Then she sells Maureen to a big politician and when his campaign managers order her to leave the country or be bumped off she manages to collect twenty-five thousand more from them.

We pick them up on shipboard as they leave the country. She is flinging Maureen at the head of a young English nobleman (Phil Holmes).

"Make this child walk around—will you?" she begs him, motioning towards Maureen. Then she starts away giving the latter a dirty look. "Excuse me," over her shoulder, "while I scram—for an ounce of prevention." She laughs at her own little joke and hurries away towards the bar.

"Get up out of there," Phil orders Maureen humorously. "Take a walk!"

Crossing the lot to the set of "Bombshell," which stars Jean Harlow, I ran into Franchot Tone. "What about that interview you did on me months ago?" he asks.

"It'll be out next month," I assure him.

"Is it any good?" he demands.

"Of course it's good," I retort. *"I did it, didn't I?"*

"A genuine old Mook," he grins, sniffing at a gardenia he carries in his hand.

I don't need any crystal to tell me he's been having lunch with Joan Crawford. That flower is a dead giveaway.

A few feet further on I pass a public telephone and there is Lupe Velez in white pants, black and white checked coat and—don't faint—*flaming red hair.* She's trying to get her Johnnee on the 'phone but she's screeching so—as she always does over the 'phone, I don't even have to stop to find out what she's saying. I can hear her just as well after I get inside the stage.

Grace Hayle and Jean Harlow in "Bombshell." (See story on page 18.)

"Bombshell" seems to concern itself with a synthetic movie star who doesn't know what it's all about. She has a home of about twenty rooms and thirty baths. Jean Harlow is the starlet, and at the moment she is being interviewed by a chatter writer named Mrs. Titcomb (Grace Hayle).

Nobody but a movie star could live in that place. It's a nightmare. The bar opens on to the drawing room. Over the bar hang pictures of all the M-G-M stars, including Joan Crawford. That's a laugh for anyone who knows how Miss Crawford feels about Miss Harlow. The furniture in the drawing room is yellow velvet. On the divan, Louise Beavers, who plays the colored maid, lolls at her ease. Off the drawing room is the music room with a white baby grand piano and a gold harpsichord.

Just now, the interview is being concluded. Jean stands in the archway between dining room and hall with a baked potato on a fork, and Grayce is busy with her pencil and notebook.

Suddenly Grayce gets a glaumy look in her eyes and takes both Jean's hands in hers. "Tell me, dear," she begs, "you're a woman (whoever questioned it, I want to know), you're just the sweet, unspoiled girl I knew you were. Don't you ever in the midst of the gruelling pace of your career—doesn't there ever come a longing for the right of All Womanhood?"

Jean hasn't been coached beforehand about the right of All Womanhood and she's just a little confused by the question. "Let's see—er—you mean—er——"

"I mean," Mrs. Titcomb explains, her lashes fluttering, "doesn't this house seem empty at times? Don't you ever find yourself listening for the patter of little feet?"

"Why," Jean stammers, and then she gets it. A sad, soulful expression creeps over her face. "Oh, yes, Mrs. Titcomb—*yes!*"

"OK. Cut," instructs Director Victor Fleming. "Let's try it once more and this time, Jean, try to get more pathos into your expression on that second 'yes.'"

Jean has never looked lovelier than she does in her red plaid gingham dress, with a big white organdy bow at the neck and a white organdy apron over the skirt. "When are you coming up to go swimming in my new pool?" she asks me. Imagine swimming with Jean Harlow! I leave with my head in a whirl.

"Penthouse," which features Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy, is another underworld story. The plot is too involved to go into detail, but Warner had been engaged to Martha Sleeper until he gives up his law practice to become a detective. Then she gives him the air and gets herself engaged to Phillips Holmes. Police find Phil on a balcony with a revolver in his hand and his mistress (Mae Clarke) dead beside him.

He is arrested for the murder and Martha goes flying back to Warner to help her save him. He figures that the shooting was done by a gangster from an apartment on the opposite side of the street. With several police officers (including Robert Emmett O'Connor) he calls on George E. Stone, a dope fiend and tool of Crelliman (C. Henry Gordon), the gangster whom Warner suspects of the murder. They're pretending to frame Stone so as to get him to confess who did the murder. The cops are holding Stone, when Warner picks up a gun in his gloved hand and goes toward the window. He aims the gun at the roof across the street.

"What are you doing?" demands Stone in a panic.

"I'm getting ready to bump off the man who stole my girl," Warner answers unconcernedly.

"That's *my* gun!" Stone shouts.

"Exactly," says Baxter drily.

"Hey, wait a minute! You can't do it from here! They'll pin it on me!"

"Sure they will," Baxter smiles. "That's the big idea. Aren't you the bright boy to guess it?"

"You can't get away with a thing like this!" Stone shrieks trying to break away from the two men holding him.

As I turn to leave the set, Robert Emmett O'Connor stops me. "Say kid," he grins, "I've finally got away from police parts."

"Swell," I congratulate him. "What kind of parts are you doing now?"

"Well, in *this* picture," he informs me solemnly, "I'm playing a detective!"

Fox has only one picture shooting, "My Weakness," which stars Lew Ayres and Lilian Harvey. I told you about that one last month.

Universal continues with "Only Yesterday," which has been shooting since the last of May and which shows no signs of ever finishing, and "The Invisible Man," which is barred to visitors because they don't want people to discover how they make him invisible.

Barbara Stanwyck is making "Ever in My Heart," with Otto Kruger and Clara Blandick. What ho, frustration!

At United Artists

HERE "The Bowery" (the first Twentieth Century production) which features Wallace Beery, George Raft, Jackie Cooper and Fay Wray, has just finished. "Blood Money" starring George Bancroft is on location. Samuel Goldwyn, on the same lot, has in production "Roman Scandals," starring Eddie Cantor, and "Nana," which is Anna Sten's first picture. "Scandals" has knocked off and called it a day so I jog out to see Anna.

The scene they're shooting requires no set—just an arched doorway. *Nana* (Anna Sten) is a child of the Parisian gutters. Her mother dies and her father has just been guillotined for killing a man whom he found was the mother's lover, and who wasn't paying his way as he went. On the way back from the guillotine she runs into a man known, in the script, simply as "The Hairy Man." They spend the afternoon together (none too innocently, either) and she is just leaving him in the doorway.

Anna jingles some coins in her hand and looks at him with her strange smile.

Sten is really beautiful. Sometimes she looks like Vilma Banky in her heydey and other times like Marlene Dietrich at her loveliest. I'm eager to see this picture. Her whole future in American films probably depends upon it.

———

There is only the Warner Brothers-First National lot left to visit. Three pictures are shooting out there.

"The House on 56th St.," stars Kay Francis and features Gene Raymond, Ricardo Cortez and Margaret Lindsay. Dolly Martin (Kay), young and beautiful, a member of the Floradora sextette, lives the life of many another chorus girl with an elderly sugar daddy. She is deeply in love, however, with Monte Van Tyle (Gene Raymond), a young aristocrat. When he proposes she tells her elderly lover she will not see him again. Kay and Gene take an extended honeymoon. On their return she finds he has built her a beautiful home on 56th St.

They drive up in one of the first models of automobiles and Gene gestures towards the house. "Welcome home, my dear. All the time we've been away they've been building this for us to come back to."

He gets out of the car, comes around and picks her up in his arms. "A good old custom says that a bride is *carried* over the threshold of her new home."

Kay looks lovelier every time I see her. From this simple beginning the plot becomes quite complicated and tense. Death, ruination, thievery and chicanery enter into it. It's the best story she's had in a long, long time.

"Ever in My Heart" is engaging Barbara Stanwyck's attention. She marries a German and they have a baby boy. They buy him a dachshund to keep him company. The war breaks out and both Barbara's family and their neighbors are strongly pro-Ally. Bab's husband (Otto Kruger) is dropped from the university staff, where he is a professor, on account of his nationality. They have scarcely enough to eat.

Then America enters the war and life becomes intolerable. He sends Barbara home to her people and then leaves her to go and fight for his own country. They meet again in France (she as a war nurse, he as a spy). When she finds what he is and sees he is about to be captured, she realizes she still loves him and rather than have him executed, puts poison in some wine which they drink together.

Poor Stanwyck. I wish she'd get a picture once where she wouldn't have to suffer through five and a half reels.

———

Paul Muni's new picture, "The World Changes," is the story of the Nordholm family. Paul's father and mother emigrate from Sweden to North Dakota, where they settle on a farm, and Paul is born. They want him to stay on the farm and marry the girl next door, but he develops an overpowering ambition as he grows to manhood. He interests a large meat packer from Omaha (Guy Kibbee) in him and eventually works himself up to a partnership in the business, marrying Kibbee's daughter—Mary Astor.

Walter Walker and Paul Muni in "The World Changes," another of the "darling, I am growing old" films.

As Paul becomes wealthier, Mary becomes ambitious socially. She feels his business is degrading to her. As the years pass, one of her sons becomes engaged to a girl from a prominent eastern family. To impress them she tells them Paul is retiring from the packing business to devote himself to art. When the word gets out it almost ruins him. Then he tells Mary she is going to remain in the packing business and like it. She flies into a superb fit of rage and ends by having a stroke.

The doctors, headed by Walter Walker, are just coming out of her room when Muni stops them. "She has regained consciousness—to an extent, Mr. Nordholm."

"Thank God!" bursts from Paul's lips.

"But under no condition must she be disturbed in the slightest manner," he continues. "Her mind, Mr. Nordholm. There is almost a complete cerebral collapse."

I swear a fellow doesn't know what to do nowadays. If he does what's right and continues in an honest business his wife goes crazy. If he gives in to her and does what *she* wants he'd go crazy himself. All I can do is to pray that next month there won't be so many pictures in production or *I'll* go crazy!

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"Easy to Hurt"

[*Continued from page 13*]

"But who is going to pay for it?"

"Pay for it. What kind of a hospital are you? Why are you a hospital—" Joan slammed up the receiver, rushed into some clothes and dashed to the hospital. She called her own physician and two brain specialists. An operation might save Paul's life; on the other hand, it might kill him. They asked Joan to make the decision. "I can't. I can't take such a responsibility," she sobbed. She did not leave him until the end came. She spent her entire Christmas in the hospital. She hovered close by until he died—upon the operating table. . . . She gave her day, the day which should have been the most joyous of the year, to a little lad who had one of the humblest positions on her pictures. She went home and to bed. The next morning she opened her Christmas presents with hands and lips that still trembled.

And she has not forgotten. Her hands and her lips still tremble when she talks about him.

Nor has she forgotten one moment of her life with Douglas, although she does not talk about it. To Joan, marriage meant "happiness ever after." Her love for him was so deep, so sincere that her entire world revolved around it. He was the sun; she was a lesser planet. I remember when she would read the letters he wrote her. Not only because of what they said to her but because of their literary value. "Isn't he wonderful? He will make a great writer. He will make a great poet." She believed that Douglas was the perfect man; she believed that he and she were entering heaven, together.

But there are no perfect men. There is no heaven that woman can capture—as she captures a butterfly in her net while exploring through spring-flowered hillsides. No marriage based upon a love so deep, so all-absorbing could last. As one dreams—so is one disillusioned. The more perfect the picture we build from our imaginations, the more terrible the hurt when we find that realism has destroyed it.

I had often wondered what Joan would do when she found that Douglas—fine as he is—is only human. One Sunday afternoon, nearly two years ago, when I went down to see them, I had a glimpse of Joan that was completely revealing. I had written a story hinting that love was meeting its obstacles between them. The telephone summoned me to come down and see Joan about it. I found her in the little sunroom in the rear of the house which they had bought and furnished together. I have seldom seen a woman as miserable as poor Joan. Not even the most embittered cynic could believe that she was not honest. Acting has its limitations. Suffering, to a woman like Joan, has none. The story was never printed. No woman could hurt another woman who was suffering as Joan Crawford was suffering at that moment.

Joan is foolish sometimes. She admits it. "I don't know why—" Women who are so easily hurt, women whose nerves are as sensitive as a seismograph recording slight tremblers hundreds of miles distant, are often foolish. They feel first and think later.

And women as sensitive, as emotional, as yearning as Joan can never concentrate all of themselves upon a single object forever. When I think of all that Joan Crawford has accomplished since she first came to Hollywood, I wonder if she is super-human or just too-human.

Many women have small fortunes invested in their educations. College degrees; trips to Europe. They accept these advantages as their birthrights. Joan had no such birthright. What education she secured, she washed dishes to pay for. After one year in college she had to leave. She has always regretted that necessity.

Yet I would put Joan into a discussion upon literature, art and current reading material with the average college woman—and bet upon Joan. I remember one evening when I went behind stage to see Douglas Jr., when he was playing the legitimate theatre in Los Angeles. He did not know I was coming. Joan did not know it. She was reading Papini's "Life of Christ." A group of books which she had purchased on the way to the theatre was on the table. They were histories and biographies.

About a month ago, she was playing "Who Am I?" with a group of Hollywood

Wide World

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people. This game consists of one person leaving the room and adopting the rôle of an historical character. *"I was born in . . . Who am I? . . . I led an army against . . . Who am I?" . . . Perhaps it is Julius Caesar. Possibly, Napoleon.* Joan felt that she did not know enough, yet, to play that game efficiently. She was appalled by her lack of dates and actual, specific knowledge of many people in history. She sent to a Los Angeles college and hired a professor. Now she is studying the history of the world from one of America's experts when she is between pictures.

Franchot Tone is a graduate of Cornell. He is learned and cultured. "He uses words I never heard of," admits Joan. "I stop him each time and make him explain the exact meaning." She learns something from each person she contacts.

Right now, Joan is frightened that people will think that she wears her emotions too near the surface. A magazine caricatured recently a group of Hollywood's famous. Under the picture of Joan was "The Pain Of It All." Joan was hurt as much by this picture as by the letter of criticism. She carried it around for days wondering what she had better do to keep the world from thinking she was crying surface emotions all over Hollywood.

Joan cannot help showing the world part of the hurt which is in her. Like most sensitive people, the big hurts of her life are never seen by her friends or her public. They are buried deep within her. Only the hills over which she walks, or the roads upon which she rides when her emotions become so all-absorbing that she can scarcely live with them, know the true hurts of Joan Crawford. Her tears come easily—she cannot help them any more than Lupe Velez can help the natural effervescence which is such a part of her.

Louise Closser Hale was one of Joan's idols. The day after her recent death, Joan went to the studio as usual. She sat upon the set, in a darkened corner, her face as white as fine porcelain; her eyes twin mirrors for sorrow. She did not cry. She did not speak of the woman whom she had loved and called, endearingly, "Miranda." While others were sobbing aloud, Joan was silent. Her tears were shed where others could not see, and so could not force sympathy into the sacredness of her memory.

Perhaps Louise Closser Hale understood Joan Crawford as few others did. One day she sent a little note to Joan's home. It read, in part: "I walked by your dressing room today and I saw my child was busy thinking. Go ahead and think. Don't let anyone stop you, my child."

No one can stop her. She has tried to stop herself. She has thrown herself into night clubs, dancing, social entertainments, reading, love, and into her career as few other women can throw themselves into any one of them. She has spread her emotions over a vast area but nothing has stopped the great sensitiveness which is within her; nothing can stop the great yearning for "happiness and perfection complete" which is always just around the corner. She may never find it. But she will never stop searching. If she did—she would no longer be a great actress. For the drama, which is as natural a part of her as her flesh and her bones, is what makes true artists. True artists are always easy to hurt but difficult to understand. That is why the world so often misjudges them.

The radio advertisers' thirst for movie names isn't making out very well. None of the big stars have signed, although Garbo is reported to have been offered $10,000 for one program. She snubbed it. Ouch!

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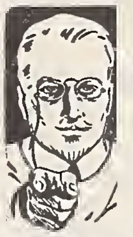

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Overtures to Beauty

[*Continued from page* 9]

you're addicted to sheer hose. There are several types of depilatories, creams, powders, liquids, waxes and the pumice stone types. Here are a few good rules, however, which apply to the use of all of them. First: if the hair is very long, cut it off close to the skin. Second: be sure your arms or legs are thoroughly dry, and then powder with talcum (against the grain of the hair) before applying the depilatory. This powdering business makes the hair stand out and away from the skin. Third: a good acne lotion or cold cream applied after using a depilatory will tone down any redness.

Are you still with me? By this time, your plastic cream has thoroughly dried and hardened, and you can go back to your face. Remove the mask with warm water. Then, before you apply your astringent, clean up your eyebrows a bit . . . plucking the straggly hairs from *under* the brow. Most of us can stand more width between eyes and brows—and thinning the brows from the underside, gives us just that. Of course you need to keep the upper line of the brow straight and even, but don't do any drastic deducting there!

This done, you can proceed with your astringent lotion or cream—with your powder foundation and make-up. After that, slip into your dress, and take the apron strings off your hair! A few last touches to the coiffure—and presto! You're remade from tip to toe and back again. And *ain't* it a grand and glorious feeling!

It is the "Beauty for Sale" set, and Eddie Nugent and Madge Evans are being directed by Richard Boleslavsky of "Rasputin" fame.

"Sh-h! I'm Happily Married!"

[*Continued from page* 47]

admitted to me, when we had a rendezvous in a fantastic Hollywood beer garden, across the street from United Artists', where she has been doing "The Bowery" with George Raft and Wallace Beery.

During the recent strike the studios were patrolled by policemen, and it was more fun. Just like war! Not even writers were allowed on the sets—afraid some of us might throw a bomb!

So Fay had to come out, frilly Gay Nineties costume and all, during the lunch hour. Her blue eyes wider than ever, her hair gone red and arranged in a demure pompadour, she looked cool and collected despite its being the most unusual (the temperature was hitting 100 degrees!) day we had this summer. Certainly she appeared too youthful to be a record-making wife.

You must remember the Fay of her prelove era to comprehend the change which is so noticeable in her now.

Essentially sincere and "nice," she was raised to do what is proper, and she always has and probably always will. However, so carefully was she shielded from life that the vital, exciting things passed her by. They went over her head. Conscientious but passive, she was accurately cataloged by the screen as pretty and unmistakably immature.

Her big break came when Erich von Stroheim chose her for the lead in "The Wedding March." Fay's innocent loveliness won her a Paramount contract and her struggle for an "in" was over.

She had been attending Hollywood High when the urge to become an actress could no longer be submerged. Born in Wrayland, Canada, she spent an uneventful childhood in Utah, where her father was employed by mining companies. She developed tonsilitis and, when she was fourteen, the family moved to Hollywood to improve her health.

"I recovered promptly," she explains, now that it is safe to confess. "For at that tender age my heart was already decided on acting. A Broadway reputation was my goal and I nurtured the idea that the movies could be the means to finance a venture to New York."

At sixteen she quit high school to debut in two-reel comedies. They weren't noteworthy, yet they were a start. Gradually

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she progressed to the ingenue rank, her näive delicacy distinguishing her from the crowds of yearning young souls. Finally, at nineteen, she was discovered by von Stroheim.

Beaux had naturally gravitated to her. But Fay was closely chaperoned by her mother and, anyway, she was preoccupied with herself. She was concerned about films, not men.

Then along came love!

Though she is hesitant about mentioning her personal seventh heaven, you have to know her husband to fathom Fay. Handsome and undoubtedly one of the most brilliant young men in Hollywood, John Monk Saunders was obviously superior to the average admirer and she couldn't help falling thoroughly in love with him.

There was no pausing to worry about her career. She simply slipped away to New England and married. That happened when she was twenty.

Saunders, only thirty-five now, has distinguished himself as an author of fiction, plays, and scenarios. Brought west to adapt his story "Wings," he has written practically all of the notable air dramas with the exception of "Hell's Angels."

A popular Sigma Chi at the University of Washington, he enrolled in the 94th Aero Squadron when nineteen. After the war he went to Oxford on a Rhodes Scholarship, a privilege awarded to a chosen few of our smartest collegians.

Returning from England, he was listed with the illustrious in "Who's Who in America," as he had firmly established his name as a writer. Now he has taken on a new line. He has turned director and his initial production is "The Balloon Buster" for Radio.

You can easily see what an influence a man of his calibre would have on an eager but suppressed girl such as Fay was. No one appreciated her potentialities until Saunders was introduced to her on a memorable evening. He swept her off her feet with his polished, romantic courtship. The sophisticated actresses whom he'd formerly rushed were amazed to find the unobtrusive Fay capturing the town prize.

No gaudy publicity has marred their union. They have a beautiful home of conservative English architecture. It is in Hollywood and its tranquil air is typical of its owners. A far cry from the pretentious newly-rich mansions.

They seldom entertain on a large scale because both have busy careers. Premieres, cocktail parties, and the extravagant fads do not intrigue them. Fay prefers sun baths, vegetarian diet, and reading. Dressing in the height of good taste, she is indifferent to extreme styles. She adores to play tennis with her own husband and revels in a fast game of ping pong.

"Of course I'm not satisfied," she laughs. "I want to travel and you can't do that and get ahead in pictures. I wish I had time to learn all sorts of things, to investigate what other people are doing and thinking." These longings are sacrificed to her two great interests, her husband and acting.

Luckily the producers have awakened to the grown-up Fay. Love has opened her eyes to the world and its myriad wonders, and she is eligible for characterizations that matter. Two years ago she culminated her original dream by starring on the New York stage in her husband's play "Nikki." That gave her confidence and redoubled her enthusiasm for amounting to something in Hollywood.

"I have no rules for staying happily married," she insists. Between you and me, I surmise that therein lies her secret for victorious wifehood. Faced with every one of the customary Hollywood matrimonial difficulties, she has emerged serenely by living an ultra-modern life on old-fashioned principles.

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and Sore Toes Relieved at Once

Take no chances—use the one safe, sure way that stops pain quickly — also removes corns and keeps you rid of them—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! These thin, soothing, healing pads end the cause, friction and pressure of shoes; prevent blisters and sore toes. Always keep a box handy. Sold by all drug, department and shoe stores.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

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1934 will be the year of opportunity. Yogi Alpha, internationally known psychologist and astrologer, who has amazed thousands by his uncanny predictions, offers a 2500 word Giant Astrological Reading, based on your sign in the Zodiac, giving you predictions month by month with exact days, dates and happenings for 1934 and balance of 1933. Consult it before making any changes in business, signing papers, love, marriage, employment, speculation, health, accidents, lucky days, travel, etc. Send only 50c and exact birth date for complete Astrological Forecast. 300-word Numerology Reading included FREE. Money returned if not satisfied. YOGI ALPHA Box 1411, Dept. 88 San Diego, Calif.

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Bram Studio,—Film Centre Bldg., Studio 397, 630-9th Ave., N. Y. City

The Final Fling

Katharine Hepburn

YOU must see "Morning Glory."

The pictures that move began very crudely—physical action being all that was asked of any opus—and horse operas galloped "hell-for-leather" through the box office. Next came the emotional pictures. Love, ah! And sex, mmmmm! Then we moved into the land of the mental giants with plots, with suggestions for law enforcement and gay plans for running the country. But when you see "Morning Glory," you will see a film whose message is of the spirit.

It has to do with the subtle, irresistible forces which govern your life and ours, and make us realize that everything else is wasting time. Katharine Hepburn gives a delightful performance, which will endear her to all of us. When you see the picture, you will feel the stirring within you of the idealistic youth that you were, and you will be very glad to meet him again.

◆

Word from England informs us that Douglas Fairbanks will make a picture over there based on the life of Czar Peter, the 3rd. Meanwhile, Garbo is making *"Queen Christina,"* Marlene Dietrich is considering *"Catharine the Great"* of Russia and Charles Laughton has made *"Henry VIII."* It is easy to see how the adulation of the people brings to our great stars a kingly sense of superiority—royal moods become second nature. Let us then compliment Janet Gaynor, who actually reigns over millions of loyal fans, for the simplicity and charm of her characterizations of both highborn and ordinary folks. Particularly for "Paddy," whose brave little battle will be remembered after grander ladies are forgotten.

The Editor

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert

1	2	3	4	■	5	6	7		8	9	10	■	11	12	13	14
15				16				■	17			18				
■	19					■	20	21		■	22					■
23		■	24			■	■		■	25				■	26	27
28			■		■	29	30		31		■		■	32		
33		■	34		35						36		37	■	38	
	■	39		■	40							■	41	42	■	
43	44			■		■	■		■	■		■	45		46	
47			■	48			49		50			51	■	52		
■	53					■	54			■	55					■
56			■		■	57				58	■		■	59		60
	■	61	62					■	63				64	■	65	
66	67	■	68		■	69		■	70		■	71		72	■	
73		74			■	75		76			■	77			78	
79				■	80					■	■	■	81			

ACROSS

1 A special condition of affairs
5 Hollywood's amusing Italian comedian
11 Small cabins
15 "Tugboat Annie"
17 He was George Arliss' nephew in "The Working Man"
19 Aunt (Ger.)
20 Place
22 Immerse in water
23 She is now making "Bombshell" (initials)
24 Goddess of dawn
25 Communists
26 Southern state (abbr.)
28 Possessive pronoun
29 The little girl from "Wonderland"
32 Printer's measures
33 She was excellent in "Three Cornered Moon" (initials)
34 Act of making real
38 A preposition
39 A period of time (abbr.)
40 One who argues in support of a cause
41 Conjunction
43 Mary Pickford's first husband
45 The doctor in "Dinner at Eight"
47 By birth
48 Soon to be seen in "Little Women"
52 A conveyance
53 To decay
54 A Greek letter
55 He is usually in comedies with Florence Lake
56 Consumed
57 An ornamental chest or cabinet
59 Permit
61 The male star of "Another Language"
63 To defraud
65 Elder (abbr.)
66 Bachelor of Arts (abbr.)
68 To exist
69 Expression of delight
70 A well-known character actor (initials)
71 To strike sharply
73 The director of Roxy Symphony Orchestra
75 A first appearance in society
77 She was charming in "Reunion in Vienna"
79 Gentle
80 Instruments demonstrating the laws of rotation
81 A long narrow groove

DOWN

1 She appeared in "Parachute Jumper" (initials)
2 She has deserted the screen for the stage
3 The ocean
4 A slave
5 Beverages
6 Regarding (abbr.)
7 The missus (abbr.)
8 Make lace
9 Thallium (abbr.)
10 An ecclesiastic devoted to literature
11 What the stars expect their films to be
12 An expression of disgust
13 ZaSu's partner in her many laugh-provoking films
14 A thoroughfare (abbr.)
16 The "master" in "The Big Brain"
18 The medium through which we hear our great stars
21 A charming English actress
23 His real name is Asa Yoelson
25 A network
27 He will appear with Ann Harding in "Beautiful"
29 The whole
30 A prevarication
31 An ill bred fellow
34 Hurried
35 To discourage by fear
36 She is playing in "Ann Vickers"
37 Nothing
39 More profound
42 Placed at a focus
44 She who "done him wrong"
46 Merchandise
48 The amusing old fellow of "Gold Diggers"
49 She's in "Berkeley Square"
50 Hoarse
51 The Little Giant
56 Watchful
57 The movies have won her from the stage
58 A demonstrative pronoun
60 To give a gratuitous entertainment
62 Comply with orders
64 Members of an Indo-China tribe
67 The bleating of a sheep
72 Chum
74 An addition to a letter after the signature (abbr.)
76 Where you buy your movie tickets (abbr.)
78 A word of denial

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

S	T	A	N	W	Y	C	K	■	M	O	N	O	G	R	A	M
H	O	W	A	R	D	■	■	R	■	■	C	L	A	I	R	E
E	R	E	■	A	■	A	L	O	S	A	■	G	■	O	B	I
A	R	S	■	Y	■	M	A	B	E	L	■	A	■	T	U	G
R	E	■	A	■	R	E	D	E	E	M	S	■	T	■	C	H
E	N	I	D	■	I	S	■	S	■	A	T	■	I	L	K	A
R	C	■	S	E	T	■	L	O	N	■	A	B	E	■	L	N
■	E	D	■	V	A	L	E	N	T	I	N	O	■	B	E	■
F	■	A	R	A	■	A	D	■	G	L	■	L	E	E	■	D
R	■	N	■	N	U	N	■	J	■	I	R	E	■	N	■	U
A	M	I	S	S	■	D	■	E	■	A	■	S	A	N	E	R
N	■	E	A	■	R	I	C	A	R	D	O	■	I	E	■	A
C	O	L	M	A	N	■	■	N	■	■	M	I	L	T	O	N
E	N	S	■	L	■	B	U	N	N	Y	■	T	■	T	A	T
S	E	■	P	L	A	Y	■	E	■	R	E	S	T	■	F	E

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN

Suffer Pain—Needlessly

•

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically

•

"I SAW JANE YESTERDAY. SHE WAS ONE OF MY BRIDESMAIDS AND NOW—POOR THING—SHE LOOKS OLD ENOUGH TO BE THE MOTHER OF THE OTHER GIRLS"
NO WONDER—SHE HAS SUFFERED FROM SO MANY HEADACHES SHE IS BOUND TO LOOK OLD. WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER TO TAKE HEXIN?

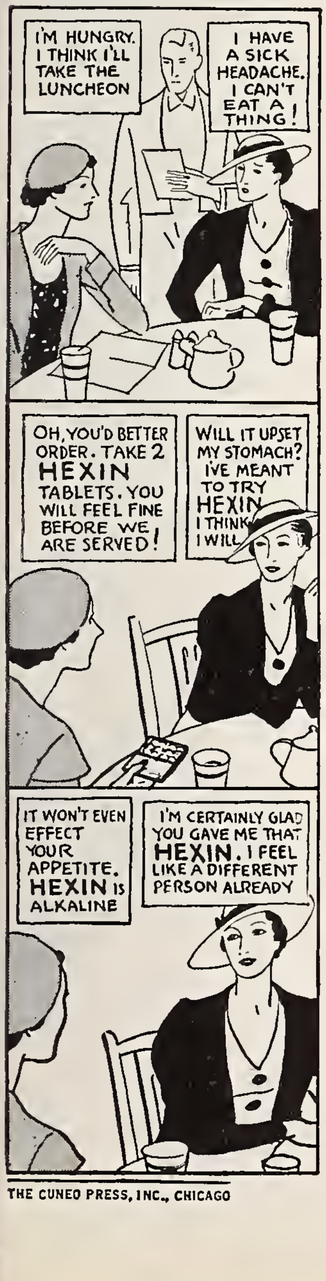
What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become conjested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

Hexin—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As Hexin relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1) blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse Hexin with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. Hexin relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of Hexin.


I'M HUNGRY. I THINK I'LL TAKE THE LUNCHEON
I HAVE A SICK HEADACHE. I CAN'T EAT A THING!
OH, YOU'D BETTER ORDER. TAKE 2 HEXIN TABLETS. YOU WILL FEEL FINE BEFORE WE ARE SERVED!
WILL IT UPSET MY STOMACH? I'VE MEANT TO TRY HEXIN. I THINK I WILL.
IT WON'T EVEN EFFECT YOUR APPETITE. HEXIN IS ALKALINE
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU GAVE ME THAT HEXIN. I FEEL LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON ALREADY

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

Hexin—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of Hexin for adult use. The action of Hexin is immediate for children or adults.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 Hexin tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let Hexin relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep Hexin is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let Hexin help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. Hexin relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

Hexin is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 Hexin tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 Hexin tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once Hexin starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try Hexin. Insist on Hexin today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

HEXIN
HEXIN
MUCH QUICKER RELIEF
HEXIN
MUCH QUICKER RELIEF
50 TABLETS 5 GRAINS
HEXIN
Much Quicker Relief

---

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS *ALKALINE* (non-acid).

HEXIN, INC.

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Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

IT TAKES
HEALTHY NERVES
TO PLAY CHAMPIONSHIP
BRIDGE !

● CONCENTRATION is impossible, says Mr. Barclay, if your nerves are jumpy. "I prefer Camels because I can smoke as many as I want without jangled nerves."

● ABOVE—SHEPARD BARCLAY, who in two months won twenty tournaments with twenty brand-new partners, smokes steadily while playing.

● LEFT—WHETHER YOU smoke while you play bridge or play bridge while you smoke ...change to Camels—for more pleasure, for the sake of your nerves —and your bridge!

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

Shepard Barclay says: "Every bridge player can and should learn every system of contract bridge...but it takes *real* concentration to play a different system with every partner. That kind of concentration naturally involves terrific nerve strain. Personally, I find smoking a decided help to concentration. I prefer Camels... I can smoke them steadily without experiencing jangled nerves . . . they're always mild!"

Steady smoking brings out what a cigarette's really got. Smoke Camels yourself. Make your own comparisons. Your own experience will confirm all that Mr. Barclay says.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to $1.00 ...but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment.

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

A MATCHLESS BLEND

Copyright, 1933,
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

THE MOST REMARKABLE GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD?"

See Page 24

Silver Screen

ADVANCE COPY

JANUARY

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ANADA
5 CENTS

NRA MEMBER
WE DO OUR PART

JOHN
ROLST
CLARK

ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda).

QUEEN ALICE

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
Lewis Carroll's

Alice in Wonderland

with **CHARLOTTE HENRY**
as "Alice"... and

RICHARD ARLEN · ROSCO ATES
GARY COOPER · LEON ERROL
LOUISE FAZENDA · W. C. FIELDS
SKEETS GALLAGHER · RAYMOND
HATTON · EDWARD EVERETT
HORTON · ROSCOE KARNS · MAE
MARSH · POLLY MORAN · JACK
OAKIE · EDNA MAY OLIVER · MAY
ROBSON · CHARLIE RUGGLES · ALISON
SKIPWORTH
NED SPARKS
FORD STERLING

Directed by Normon McLeod

ALICE meets the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and hears the baby sing "Wow-wow-wow"

ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton), the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Searle).

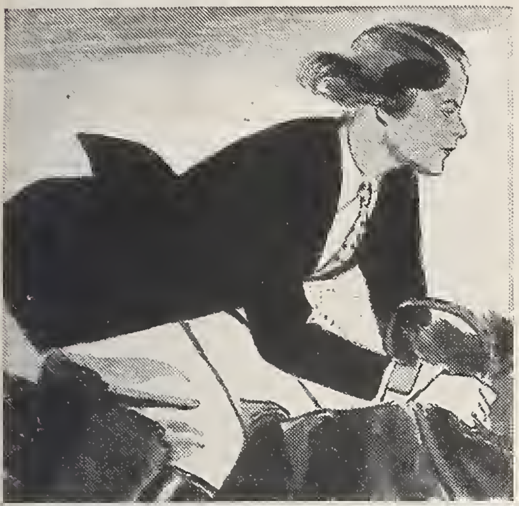
ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher)

ALICE · Charlotte Henry, who was the final choice from 6000 candidates for the part.

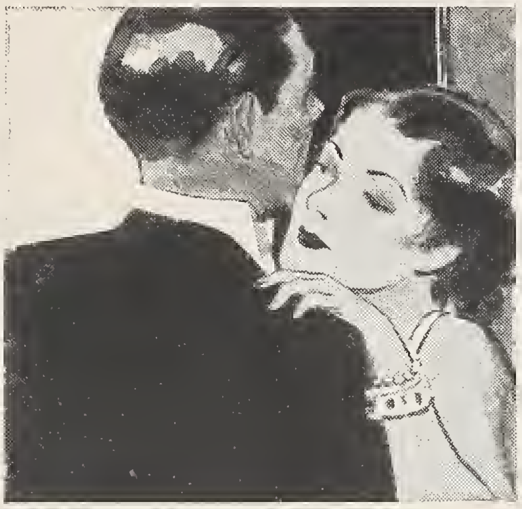
If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE . . . It's the Best Show in Town

Isn't It A Shame!

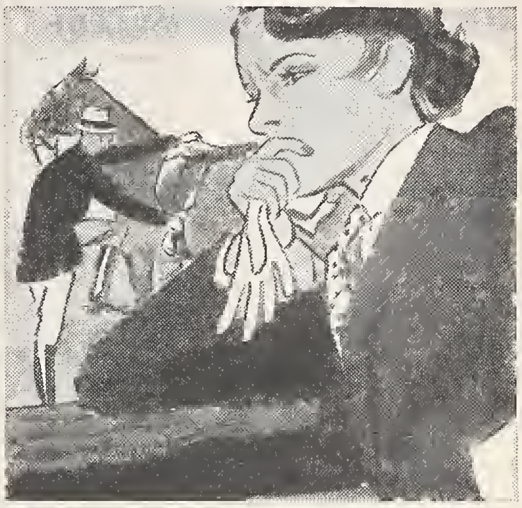
SHE'S GRAND ON A HORSE—AND A DANCE FLOOR—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



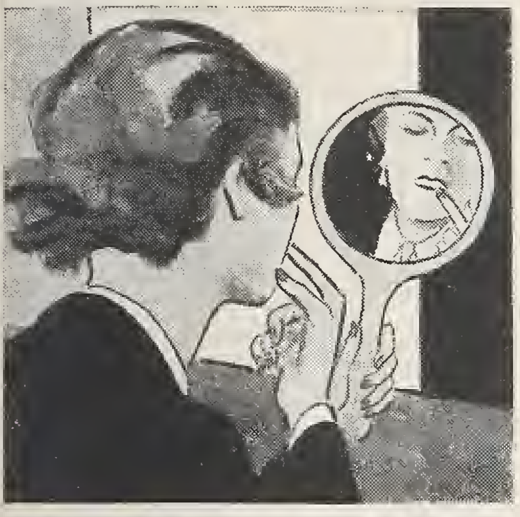
Julie sits a horse like a slim young princess—and rides like a demon Legionnaire. She's as daring as she is lovely. But there's a "but" about Julie!



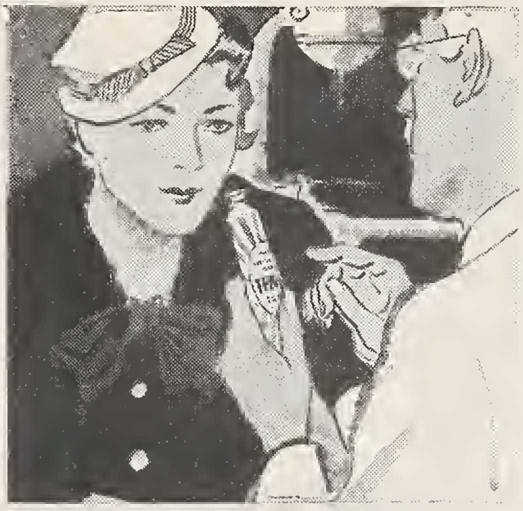
Julie dances as lightly as a floating autumn leaf. And her frocks are scanned by many an envious eye! But the "but" about Julie spoils all her good times!



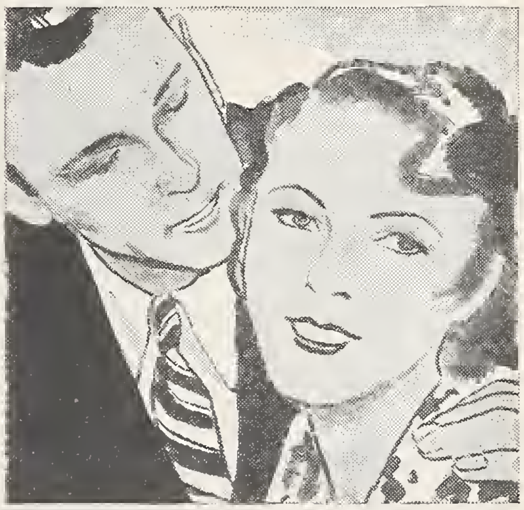
Young men ride with Julie—and they dance with Julie. But they never, never propose to Julie. For the "but" about Julie is her teeth!



If only Julie would look into the mirror—and see what the men see: her dingy, dull teeth! Julie doesn't dream that "pink tooth brush" is the cause!



Julie's dentist could tell her that she needs to massage her tender gums—with Ipana. If only Julie knew about Ipana Tooth Paste and massage . . .



It wouldn't be a month before her teeth would look grand! Her gums would be firmer. Her smile would be attractive. And Julie could hold her men!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

PERHAPS you have been a "Julie"–and have allowed "pink tooth brush" to spoil your teeth and *your* smile.

Don't be a "Julie" any longer. Get IPANA Tooth Paste. And not only clean your teeth with it—but each time put a little more Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

Modern gums tend to become flabby and unhealthy—and to bleed—because modern foods are not sufficiently rough and crunchy to stimulate them. Your gums need massage—with Ipana.

Your dentist knows that there is ziratol in Ipana. This aids in toning the gums back to healthy hardness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to pick up gum infections like gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. You'll feel safer, too, about the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana is a good tooth paste—and it is good for tender gums. Use it! You'll have good-looking teeth!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9.00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
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NEW YORK

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

NRA

Name..........

Street..........

City.......... *State*..........

The Opening Chorus

The Last Round-Up of Picture Rumors.

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford have completed "Dancing Lady" and are planning a trip to New York. Whether they have *other* plans, or not, Cupid alone knows.

JOAN Crawford has found a new way to pass the time while waiting on the set between scenes. She makes up little "ditties" to the tune of "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf."

◆

A DIVORCEE who has recently returned from Reno says that the smartest night club there is featuring a Mae West cocktail. Mae was very interested when she heard about it and promptly wanted to know the ingredients. "Dynamite" was the answer.

◆

THE day before she went on location in the Hemet mountains, Katharine Hepburn, who has become Hollywood's "most informal girl," gave a tea party on the curbing near her dressing room on the R-K-O lot. John Barrymore, in a cutaway coat and striped trousers (all ready to do a scene in "Long Lost Father"), was her only "dressed-up" guest. *La Hepburn,* naturally, wore overalls.

Now that "Bombshell" has dynamited Jean Harlow's popularity still higher, Jean is in a very smiling mood. She has fully recovered from her appendix operation.

◆

DOLORES Del Rio claims she has a record for something or other. In eight hours she posed for eighty-seven lingering kiss scenes with Gene Raymond, while the still cameras clicked. Well, we can't feel exactly sorry for Dolores.

◆

WHILE you can't prove it by us, but they do say that Harpo Marx called up the Hollywood Women's Exchange and inquired what they would give him for a slightly faded blonde with a small appetite.

◆

WELL, they do say in Hollywood that the Garbo romance with her director, Rouben Mamoulian, is still very much on the up and up. "Queen Christina" has been completed these many weeks but Garbo is still "at home" to Mamoulian, and they are seen time and again slipping into previews together. Whether they expect to get married and start housekeeping is something you know just as much about as we do—but this we do know, Mamoulian has been looking for a home ever since he started to work on the Garbo picture, and, having finally decided upon one, he would not close the deal until Garbo had personally inspected it. She okayed it all right, and now Mamoulian is ready to move in—but whether or not there is to be a chatelaine, we just don't know.

Acme

Rivalry develops between famous parents. Dick and Jobyna Ralston Arlen and Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby hold an offspring party.

◆

ANOTHER hot romance in Hollywood these days and nights is that of Adolphe Menjou and Veree Teasdale. Adolphe was inspecting diamond rings *that big* on the set the other day when we wandered in, so our guess is that it won't be long now, Veree.

At Marie Dressler's birthday party (which you heard about on the radio) M-G-M officials, Louis B. Mayer and E. B. Hatrick, greeted the star and wished her every happiness. All the great of Hollywood were present, and Will Rogers christened the guest of honor *"Our Marie."*

◆

IN THESE turbulent times when a "trial" separation means that the divorce will be in the next mail, it is right jolly to note that the Gloria Stuart-Blair Newell affair was a success. Gloria has told all her friends, "Blair and I are lovers again. Instead of being staid old married people we are back to our courting days of five years ago."

By maintaining separate homes she and her sculptor husband avoid all those clashes of temperament which used to be a feature of their daily life. Well, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster figured that out six years ago when they first married, and it's worked so well that they are rapidly becoming Hollywood's oldest married couple.

◆

JACK OAKIE'S pride and joy these days is (no, not Peggy Joyce) but a stand-in at the Paramount studio named "Cracker" Henderson. Jack was so charmed with "Cracker's" southern accent and dry wit that he immediately employed him as his man-about-the-studio, and took lessons from him when he had to play the son of the Beaumont tobacco millions in "Too Much Harmony." The other day Jack was ribbing "Cracker."

"Cracker," he said, "Ah believes you-all is from Maine."

"Yas, suh," drawled Cracker, "the main paht of Gaw'ja."

◆

DONALD COOK is the latest young man about town to start giving Mary Brian a rush. Poor Mary must get awfully confused sometimes.

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A strange discovery... an exciting test

Faded skin blooms again with new life

Women have proved what a scientist believed: that a natural substance in Junis Cream produces remarkable results when applied to skin.

YOUTH at middle age is more alluring than at seventeen. What a pity then that by the time most women reach 40, youth has departed from their skins.

A scientist knew that as skin grows old it loses a certain substance—a substance which makes skin fresh, alluring—glamorous. So he got some of this natural substance in pure form. He put it into the finest facial cream he could develop. Women tried it and their skins grew clearer, more transparent. Age lines melted into the soft curves of youth. Skin awakened.

Sebisol—what it is

The natural skin-softening substance the scientist put into Junis Cream he named *sebisol*. *Sebisol* is part of the chemical substance of your own skin. It is essential to every living cell. It is so rare, we had to search the world to find a sufficient supply. Pepsodent Junis Cream contains pure *sebisol*. That, we believe, explains why Junis Cream does thrilling things. Whether *sebisol* alone brings these results we cannot say. But this we are told by women: Pepsodent Junis Cream does for their skins what other creams do not.

You need no other cream

Gently apply Junis Cream to your face. Feel it penetrate and cleanse. Feel it soften and refresh. Note how rapidly it spreads—how light and smooth in texture. Thus you realize why Junis Cream serves for every purpose—for cleansing and also as a night cream.

Junis Cream contains no wax. Many leading creams do. Wax tends to clog the pores.

We invite you to make this test

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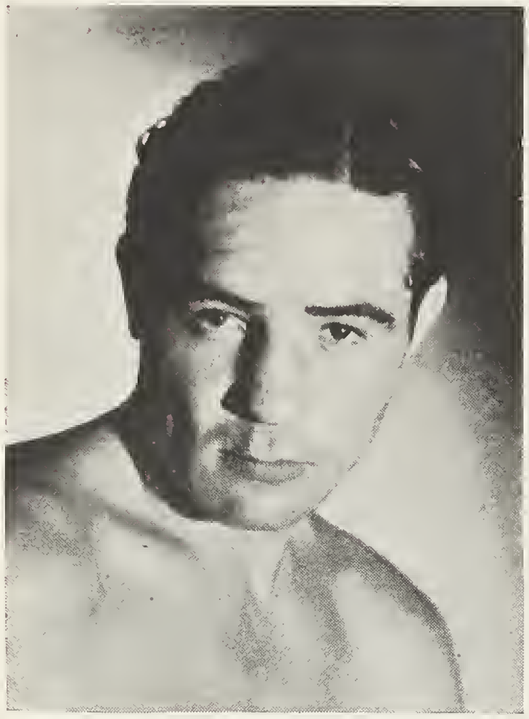
The OPENING CHORUS



If Max Baer, who is the big feature of "The Prizefighter and the Lady," does as well in the ring next June, in his battle for the heavyweight championship of the world, as he does in this, his first moving picture job, a certain big Italian will add an *ex* to his title.

IS HOLLYWOOD'S favorite bachelor about to purchase a wedding ring at last? It looks very much like Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw will away to a minister almost any minute now. Any place that Gary goes these days, there's always Sandra too, and a most attractive couple they do make, for Sandra is slim and statuesque and Gary isn't exactly what you'd call a midget. Sandra is the niece of Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M director and husband of Dolores del Rio.

◆

When asked why she denied she was married to Johnny Weissmuller, when they paid a recent visit to Nevada, the Mexican tamale said, "I didn't feel like saying I was married then, now I feel like saying it." Which leaves Lupe wide open to a crack about "sense" . . . Lupe and Johnny are trying to phenagle a honeymoon in Honolulu . . . Which luscious island was also to be the honeymoon spot of Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson, but after Hal got excused from going to Mexico on the "Viva Villa" picture Jean up and had her appendix removed, and as soon as she got well she had to do a co-starring picture with Marie Dressler.

◆

Pity the poor Hollywood brides and grooms. Sometimes it takes years to get off on a honeymoon . . . But Joel McCrea and Frances Dee were lucky. After their marriage in the East, they had a fortnight's motor trip through New England. And don't anyone ever doubt the love of those two—why, before Frances had to hurry off on location with the "Rodney" company, she had to have a permanent wave, and heavy lover Joel sat right there by her side in the beauty shop while she had it.

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

JANUARY 1934

VOLUME FOUR
NUMBER THREE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Representative

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

PAGE
MARVELOUS HEPBURN! 14
"WHEN THE BIG NIGHT COMES" .... ELIZABETH WILSON 16
When Fortune Smiles, Hollywood Celebrates with a Party
"FOOLISH WITH THEIR MONEY" .... RUTH BIERY 18
Easy Come and Easy Go, in Hollywood
UP FROM THE THEATRE GUILD! .... LOUISE IRWIN 20
Alice Brady is the Sensation of the Screen
ALL ABOARD FOR WEDDED BLISS .... IVY WILSON 21
Mr. and Mrs. McCrea Take Off for Better-or-Worse
THE ONE GENIUS IN PICTURES—FRANCES MARION
The Writer Who Receives a Star's Salary ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 22
JOAN CRAWFORD—THE MOST REMARKABLE GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD .... HELEN LOUISE WALKER 24
Joan's Success Comes From One Characteristic
SEEN ON THE SETS OF THE HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS .... S. R. MOOK 26
Over Hollywood the Rumors Fly
MILORD, THE MECHANIC! .... JEANNE DE KOLTY 28
The Technical Men Control the Destinies of the Stars
I'VE MET THEM ALL— .... HARRIET PARSONS 29
The Ones I Like—And Why!
SHE'S A MOVIE FAN, TOO! .... JULIA GWIN 47
Barbara Stanwyck Makes 'Em and Likes 'Em
KAY FRANCIS 'AS 'EARD THE EAST A'CALLIN' ...... PATRICIA KEATS 49
Kay Stars in "Mandalay"

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE OPENING CHORUS .... 4 & 6
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?" 8
OVERTURES TO BEAUTY .... MARY LEE 10
The Use of Beauty Aids Brings Happiness
REVIEWS—IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS 12
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS 15
REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN 50
SILVER SCREEN PATTERN DEPARTMENT 73
Ann Dvorak Selects Her Street Dress
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE .... CHARLOTTE HERBERT 74
THE FINAL FLING .... THE EDITOR 74

ART SECTION—Stars For 1934

PAUL MUNI, STAR OF "HI, NELLIE" 31
JOHNNY WEISSMULLER AND MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN 32
GINGER ROGERS AND FRED ASTAIRE 33
JEAN HARLOW, THE PLATINUM BOMBSHELL 34
MAE WEST, THE RECORD BREAKER 35
SALLY EILERS, AN EXPERT EQUESTRIENNE 36
ANN HARDING AND CLIVE BROOK 37
PICTURING ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND 38-39
CLARA BOW, THE TORCH GIRL 40
CLARK GABLE, EX-HOSPITAL 41
PICTURE LOVERS 42-43
BING CROSBY, ELISSA LANDI, DOROTHY MACKAILL, TULLIO CARMINATI 44
EVELYN VENABLE, RICHARD DIX, WILLIAM POWELL, JEAN MUIR 45
BARBARA STANWYCK, MOVIE FAN 46

COVER PORTRAIT OF LILIAN HARVEY
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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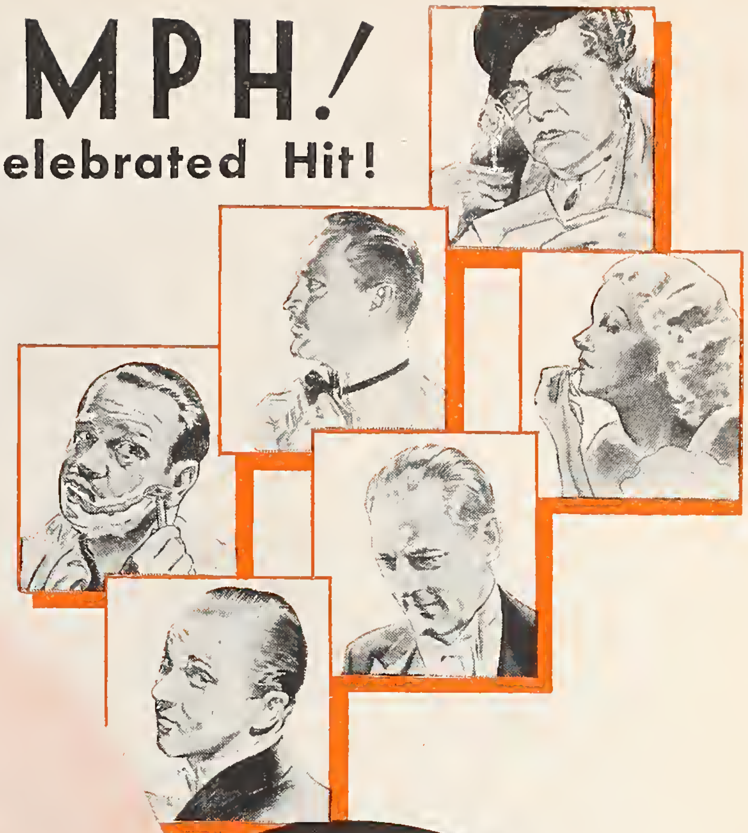

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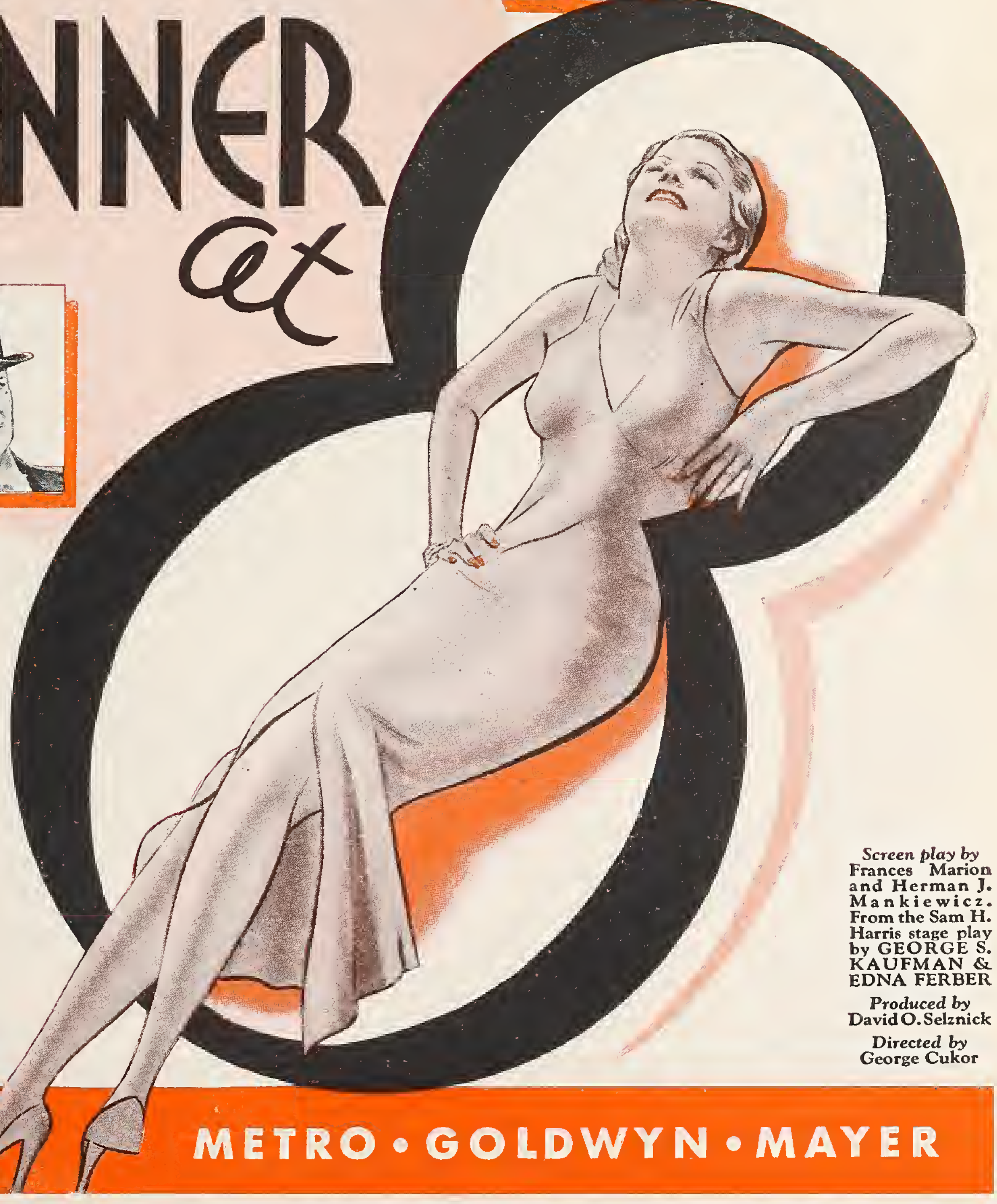

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What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise, will be awarded prizes. $15 for first prize, $10 for second prize, $5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

Ginger Rogers with a fan—the latest costume for hot dancers.

First Prize

"HERE is an idea for the producers who are responsible for our short features on theater programs," writes Mrs. D. Wheatley, Jr., of Commerce, Texas. "Instead of so many being devoted to music and song, why not take advantage of that space of time to present drama in condensed form, somewhat as the 'short short story' is presented in magazines? Very unusual plots could be used."

Like the vaudeville sketches of old—"The Littlest Girl" for example. Remember?

Second Prize

MRS. EVERETT A. THOMPSON of Fulton, N. Y., writes: "Let's have less raw realities in the films. Was it necessary that Katharine Hepburn should give herself to Adolphe Menjou in the picture 'Morning Glory?' It would have been fully as effective and infinitely less filthy if she had kept her love on a hero-worship basis. There is no drama in freedom. Repression, alone, brings dramatic struggle."

That was to show the exploiting of the dreamer. But wonderful Katharine, still free, cries, "I'm not afraid."

Third Prize

"STOP handing us the *razzberries* on how hard the stars have to work. So do those who work in factories, offices and on the farms," writes Milly Buranitz of 60th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. "The only difference is that in a year or two most stars can retire to a life of luxury while we have to work, work and work."

And glad of the job. Eh, Milly?

"HOW do you think we can get the full value of a Harlow-Gable kiss when the thought that *he* has a wife at home and *she* a husband, flashes through our minds?" asks Golden Chiriaco of Nellie Avenue, Florence, Ala. "Pick out two good looking, unmarried ones, and then let's have them teamed up together in a picture."

Showing that marriage hurts popularity.

"STARS, who make personal appearances, are becoming more popular than those whom only the lucky few in Hollywood can see in real life," writes Margaret Deminski of Clark Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. "I would advise the producers to send more of the stars on personal appearance tours."

So many have done it after they lost their jobs that it is considered an admission of failure.

JESSIE E. JONES of 39th Street West, Savannah, Ga., writes: "When Cagney is playing in a picture, it seems as though he just draws you into the story and makes you live it with him. He is so full of life, and does not move around as if he were half dead. When you read of a picture that James Cagney is going to play in, you can assure yourself that you will not lose anything by seeing it."

Faint praise!

"WHY in the world doesn't someone wake up to the fact that the animated cartoons are putting actors and actresses out of work?" asks K. K., of Maynard, Mass. "The cartoons *are* interesting, but we like variety. The N.R.A. calls for more work, more pay. Hollywood can offer this, and more. How? By replacing these cartoons with real pictures."

It takes twelve artists to draw one mouse. That's N.R.A.

"AS you are about the only magazine movie critic who tells us the truth about pictures, I am writing you to ascertain why 'The Blonde Venus' was not among the first ten selected for last year," writes H. H. Fry of 3rd Place, Washington, D. C. "I have been writing criticisms of plays and films for lo! these many years, and thought I knew something about the art, but when a picture like 'Venus' is given the gate I decide to fall back on Silver Screen."

Because "Venus," though beautiful, was not plausible, and therefore lacked reality-punch.

ELEANORE LOUISE PARKER of East River Street, Ilion, N. Y., writes: "It seems to me that a short educational sketch on chess playing would be highly entertaining. Among the exhibits at the World's Fair in Chicago was a collection of antique chessmen. Some of them were extraordinary objects of art."

No action, Eleanore.

"I JUST can't help mentioning that whenever a war picture is shown—as, for example, 'Today We Live' or 'The White Sister'—just one lone plane of ours generally shoots down a fleet of twelve or more of the opposite side. Give us your honest opinion. Were the others asleep all the time?" asks Margaret Vogel of West 15th Street, Davenport, Ia.

Twelve foreigners to one Yankee is about right—Three cheers for hokum!

HOPE WYNN of Jacksonville, Fla., asks: "Why not strike off a medal to be presented to the crooner who walloped that perambulating scandal sheet, Walter (Keyhole to you) Winchell?"

People will not fear Winchell if they are being good boys.

AL M. LEFOY of Jacob Street, Bristol, Conn., writes: "Give me the Rimplegars! Every one of them was just grand! They were a crazy lot, but you loved them just the same, and you remembered them for weeks and weeks after seeing 'Three Cornered Moon.'"

Fortunate, isn't it, that love doesn't require much sense?

MRS. J. EVERETT WISE of George St., Anderson, Ind., writes: "How loyal people are to any movie actor who happens to hail from their neck of the woods! I get a big kick out of seeing Charlie Murray because my dad knew him in Muncie, Indiana."

Charlie Farrell used to breathe the same Cape Cod fog that we did.

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UNITED ARTISTS

OVERTURES to BEAUTY

The use of beauty aids brings happiness as well as beauty.

By Mary Lee

There is something about a blonde . . . it's usually men. Cecelia Parker supplied beauty for twenty-two "westerns" before she stampeded to Educational.

NOT all of us can afford to go to expensive beauty salons and have facials *de luxe*, at a couple of dollars a throw—at least we can't afford to do it very often. But I'm here to state that when you do make up your mind to spend some money that way, it pays bigger dividends than you can imagine.

Just suppose you've got a big date. And you've been working all day. You feel tired and disheveled, and not very enthusiastic about yourself or anything else. You even *look* that way. Then's the time, my dears, to stop in at your favorite beauty shop, late in the afternoon, and order the "works."

It's not so much what the facial is going to do to improve your looks. What it does to lift you out of the Slough of Despond is much more important. You can't help but feel pepped up when a beautician gets through with you. Your eyes will be brighter, your skin will be softer, your disposition will be improved and you'll be happier from head to toe. You'll have more confidence in yourself. You'll feel like coming out of your shell. And that makes you just twice as good "company" as you might be otherwise.

Why, there's one very smart young lady in Hollywood who gets up an hour earlier than she has to on mornings that she's due at the studio—so that she can have a facial first—in spite of the fact that she's going to have to smother her lovely complexion with yellow powder and greasepaint before she faces the camera. So you can understand that it's not so much for the effect on her complexion alone that she has the daily morning facial.

No . . . she says that having an expert beautician fussing over her, patting her face and smoothing creams well into the skin with gentle massaging fingers, while she sits back luxuriously in a comfortable chair, is just the last word in giving her that "up and at 'em" feeling.

You see, you rest and relax while you're having a facial, and during that half hour or so, you begin to store up fresh energy. You begin to think of how grand you're going to look when you get through—and you feel almost elegant, at the very *thought*. It's an awfully important feeling, and every woman is entitled to it once in a while.

For the same reason, it's important to cleanse your face and re-do your make-up several times every day. It freshens you up mentally, as well as physically. It's a good idea to first use cleansing cream, and then follow it with a mild soap and warm water. The soap and water removes every vestige of the cream, and stimulates the circulation—in addition to removing the last particle of dirt. Follow this treatment with an astringent, or cold water, to close the pores, and use a powder base after that. If your skin is naturally oily, I think you'd do better by omitting the powder base and apply your make-up directly after the astringent or cold water.

Again, if you're getting ready for a dinner or evening date, use a little different make-up than you have been accustomed to all day. This actually makes you feel more "dressed up," even though you're wearing the same dress. Suppose you don't wear eye-shadow as a rule—well, then, by all means use it for the "special occasion." Just a bit . . . either blue, or lavender or light green . . . whichever suits you best. I think, as a rule, these shades do more for your eyes and coloring than the brown or grey shades which are liable to make your eyes look as though they needed sleep. You know some eye-shadows are being made with tiny specks of gold and silver in them, which are very effective, especially when you're dressed for a formal dance.

Incidentally, a change of perfume is always effective. You may have been wearing a light, youthful perfume all day long, but change to a heavier, more exotic scent at nightfall and see how quickly that puts you, and your boy friend, too, in a more romantic mood. There are loads and loads of good perfumes, of course, and what you choose really depends on what your nose knows it likes. But if you've got a bit of Spanish in you, you should try one of the D'Henri perfumes. They have no alcohol in them—but contain the pure perfume essence, and are very unique in their fragrance. These are true Spanish perfumes.

And, by all means, vary the shades of your rouge and lipstick, for evening . . . so that you won't look like the same old gal who shopped around the stores or slaved around the office all day long. A brighter shade of rouge, a more vivid lipstick for a change, will perk up your mood as well as your face. Speaking of various shades of lipstick, Helena Rubinstein is now boxing three little lipsticks, (no relation to the Three Little Pigs), together, for the approximate price of one. They are miniature lipsticks, of course, but each is a different shade, and each has a different colored case. It's a grand idea, I think, as you may not only choose the shade of lipstick to match your mood . . . but you can switch the tops of the cases from one to the other and manage to carry the container that matches your costume.

But enough for make-up—which, after all, is seldom effective if the skin that wears it is not flawless. A number of women lately have been writing me about Poslam. Poslam, you know, is a tried and true medicinal salve that's been known for half a century. Lately, a few ingenious women have been testing its use for the treatment and removal of skin blemishes. They say it works marvelously. I thought you might like to know about this—because, in addition to its being effective, you may use it on the blemish, under your make-up, and it hides it while it heals.

Blemishes are one thing, and enlarged pores are another, but both usually result from a poor circulation. And the first step toward ridding yourself of them, is to tone up your system completely. Get out and take good long walks . . . yes, even in the winter. Do lots of exercises, even if your figure is thin enough as it is. And instead of sitting lazily in a warm tub, take a real cold shower in the morning. Let the water beat on your skin. Then rub yourself down briskly with a rough Turkish towel.

Once or twice a week, try this. It's an old Hollywood custom. Rub salt well into your skin. A whole handful of ordinary table salt. Then rinse it away thoroughly under the shower. This makes your blood race, all right, and it gives your skin a tingling sensation. Skins that aren't too sensitive can also stand this treatment on the face, only you have to be a bit more gentle about the way you rub the salt in.

NO MARRIAGE TIES—Good. (*RKO*) As an "ad" man, brimful of slogans and liquor, Richard Dix has pet theories about women, trying them out *successively* but not *successfully* on Elizabeth Allan and Doris Kenyon.

NOTORIOUS BUT NICE—Good. (*Chest.*) Night clubs, racketeering, and *virtue triumphant* form the theme of this. (Marian Marsh, Donald Dilloway.)

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Slapstick comedy. (*Fox*) El Brendel as a goofy janitor and Walter Catlett as a perennial drunk furnish many amusing situations.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON—Fine. (*Par*) The simpler, but not less dramatic side of the Gay Nineties is portrayed here. (Gary Cooper, Frances Fuller.)

PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY 8th—Superb. (*UA*) Don't miss this! Chas. Laughton makes the much-married king a vital, living person, to be remembered long after your history-book idea of Henry has faded from your memory.

SATURDAY'S MILLIONS—Fine. (*U*) A football yarn that is different—honest! The hero does not save the game at the *steenth* moment. (Robert Young, Leila Hyams.)

SKYWAY—Fine. (*Monogram*) A bank-drama that takes to the air when the hero pursues an absconder of funds in an amphibian plane. (Ray Walker, Kathryn Crawford, Claude Gillinwater, Lucien Littlefield.)

SHANGHAI MADNESS—Fair. (*Fox*) Spencer Tracy turns in another fine performance as an outcast navy officer in China. With him are Fay Wray, Eugene Pallette, Ralph Morgan and Herbert Mundin.

SOLITAIRE MAN—Fine. (*MGM*) Intense drama superbly enacted within the confines of an airplane *en route* from Paris to London. In cast, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, Elizabeth Allan and Ralph Forbes.

S.O.S ICEBERG—Fair. (*U*) Actually filmed in Greenland, this story of a scientist seeking records of a lost expedition holds you because of its grim realism. Rod La Rocque in the cast.

SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR—Fair. (*U*) Irritated by sluggish police methods a publisher gets his staff to solve some puzzling crimes. (Alan Dinehart, Wynne Gibson.)

STAGE MOTHER—Fine. (*MGM*) Alice Brady gives another delightful performance as the frustrated actress who forces her daughter (Maureen O'Sullivan) into a theatrical career.

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI—Entertaining. (*Monogram*) Sprightly college yarn, with lovely girls, tuneful songs and no studies to speak of. (Buster Crabbe and Mary Carlisle).

THUNDER OVER MEXICO—Interesting. (*Principal*) Starting out as propaganda, with a slight romantic thread of story, this ends up by being a colorful travelogue with many novel and stirring scenes.

TILLIE AND GUS—Excellent comedy. (*Par*) Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields play a couple of amusingly slick gamblers. But Baby LeRoy adroitly manages to steal a number of laughs.

WALTZ TIME—Charming. (*British-Gaumont*) The attractive Evelyn Laye in one of Johann Strauss' lilting Viennese operettas.

WORLD CHANGES, THE—Extremely interesting. (*WB*) An American "Cavalcade" beautifully portrayed by Paul Muni, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee.

John Gilbert's Surprise

Hollywood is as *predictable* as a pair of dice. Now it's John Gilbert upon whom Good Fortune is smiling, and John is pretty happy at the pleasant turn of Fate. His lovely wife and baby girl brought him luck, and then Garbo chose him for her leading man! And *Now* the talk is that his performance in "Christina" is great! Good work, John.

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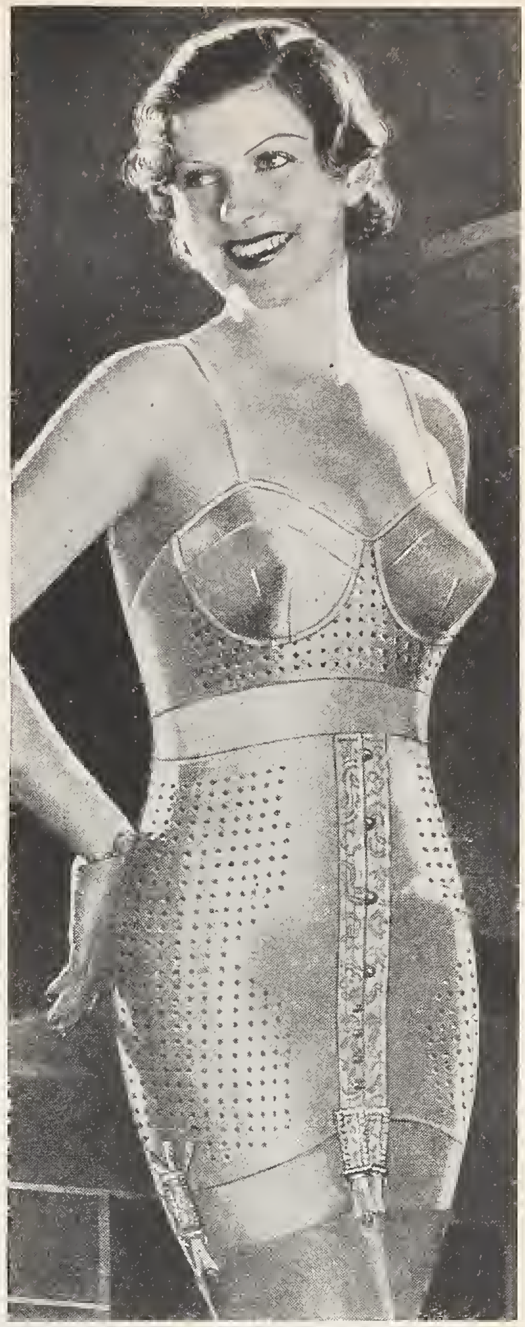

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MARVELOUS HEPBURN!

THE movie world is cheering for Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women." Her great performance as *Jo* puts Katharine out in front. She is now at work on "Trigger," with Louis Mason. In the story the mountain people persecute her, believing her to be a witch.

SILVER SCREEN

TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS

Jean Parker broadcasting in the holiday spirit. In the Hollywood High School, Jean learned more about the movies than she did about mathematics.

PATSY KELLEY, New York's favorite comedienne, who's been putting funny business into the Marion Davies-Bing Crosby picture for the last month, can now be socially accepted in Hollywood. She Has Been Snubbed by Garbo. And that makes her one of us. Patsy, since starting to work on the Metro lot, has become friendly with Chris Miller, the Garbo stand-in, who bears a striking resemblance to the famous Swede. Dashing out of her dressing room the other day, in a mad rush to get to her stage in time, Patsy bumped right into what she thought was Chris. "Out of my way, dope," she shouted, "out of my way." And then she froze in her tracks. It was Garbo. We are still hoping that Patsy will recover from frostbite and chilblains.

◆

MAE WEST has started a new kind of "story conference" in Hollywood. When the "boys" want to start discussing her new picture with her, instead of going into a huddle in her dressing room or their office, she simply invites them for a ride in her car. They bring along their papers and pencils and talk big business while Mae admires the foaming surf along the Roosevelt Highway, or the sunset over the Malibu range.

◆

MARLENE DIETRICH has started a new fad—wearing her rings on the outside of her gloves. But she has had to sacrifice to art those long, red-to-the-tip finger nails which she made a fad of before she went to Europe, on her last vacation. Director Von Sternberg informed her that Catherine of Russia had stubby nails (and probably chewed them) so Marlene obligingly filed hers off.

◆

MADGE EVANS is dreading the time that a certain Hollywood critic sits down to write a review of her next picture. And it's all Mrs. Evans' fault, too, if the critic says those damning words, "Madge Evans was adequate." It seems that Mrs. Evans is the typical mother and believes that Madge can do no wrong. So when Madge swung out of a side street the other day and almost crashed into another car, which was doing a bit of swinging on its own, mother Evans stuck her head out and shouted, "You fool! Look where you're going!"

Madge took a look at the "fool" and her heart missed a beat! He was none other than one of Hollywood's most influential critics—and he appeared to be foaming at the mouth!

◆

JACKIE COOPER has decided to give little Georgine Belzer (Loretta Young's little sister) the air. It seems that the kids in the neighborhood were calling him a "sissy" behind his back—and that was too much. Especially after "The Bowery."

◆

"WELL," observed Jack Dempsey, as he watched Max Baer and Primo Carnera pulling their punches in a fighting sequence in "The Prizefighter and the Lady" at the Metro studio, "so now prizefighters get Kleig-eyes instead of black eyes."

◆

SENSATIONAL, we calls it! That bizarre combination worn by Marlene Dietrich at the Colony Club the other night (yeah, Von Sternberg was along). Madame wore a great, big, rough, red sweater, clasped at the throat with a diamond pin!

◆

AND, talking about parties, one of the weirdest parties we ever went to was given by Joan Blondell the other evening. It was a "mad" party and Joan was so burned that even the bedroom went up in flames! When Joan and hubby George Barnes got home from a day on location, Joan happened to pick up a local trade paper and read a nasty crack about herself and George in the "lowdown" column. (Heaven knows, the last people in Hollywood who ought to be gossiped about are Joan and George, who are so much in love with each other that the rest of the world can go by and they'll still bid six hearts.) Joan was furious—so she called up a couple of friends, and a couple of guys from the studio, and her agent and her lawyer, and was letting the sparks fly all over the place when suddenly her bedroom upstairs ignited. All the "mad" guests immediately formed a bucket brigade and by the time the fire department, in Ed Wynn hats, had climbed Look-Out mountain, everything was under control, with feathers everywhere. Joan was so upset over the disappearance of her Siamese kitten (named "Scram," and rightly too) and her eyelashes that when the excitement was over she had forgotten all about her desire "to take steps." So the guests, only slightly singed, decided just to have a party.

◆

WHEN Cary Grant, on his way to the studio, found himself stalled on Vine Street early one morning with a dead battery, he looked desperately around for a friendly driver to give him a push. Imagine his surprise when Mae West's car drove up along side his. Her chauffeur gave him the desired push and Cary went gliding over the hill waving his thanks to Mae.

"Nothing to it," Mae shouted after him, "just a pushover."

[*Continued on page 48*]

“When the BIG

When Life is Good, When Fortune Smiles and Four Leaf Clovers Garland the Pathway, Then Hollywood Celebrates with a Party.

WHEN the option is taken up and the old career is safe for one more year; when the contract is signed on the dotted line and there'll be no more one night stands; when the divorce is granted and love can have its way; when at the preview the audience applauds lustily and you are “discovered;” when the front office gives you a pat on the back and a bonus check; when you get star billing and your favorite director—oh boy, oh boy, oh boy—that calls for a celebration. You gotta let off steam. You gotta call up people. You gotta spend money. Why, you gotta give a party!

“Hello, Bob, bring around a couple of cases of champagne right away. Sure, the best.”

“Hello, Jimmy, I want a table for twelve tomorrow night at the Grove. You bet, soup to nuts.”

“Hello, operator, give me the Desert Inn at Palm Springs.”

“Hello, Billy, I want to rent the Vendome for Saturday night. Yeah, another costume party.”

And so it goes in Hollywood where options come up as regularly as elevators. When the big moment comes lots of the boys and girls run out and buy a new car, or call in the most expensive decorator, or buy a present for mother—but most often their first thought is to throw a party.

When Carole Lombard returned from Reno with a neat but not gaudy little document tucked away in her bag, announcing that she need no longer sit at a breakfast table with William Powell, she hardly had time to cold cream her face before that fascinating Bill was on the 'phone saying, “Darling, we really ought to have a party.” So Gloria Swanson and her husband, Mike Farmer, who are awfully good friends of the Powell and the ex-Powell, threw a delightful dinner party for the just-divorced pair at their Beverly Hills home, with the Dick Barthelmesses much in evidence. From there they went to the premiere of “Dinner at Eight” at the Chinese, where Carole and Bill shocked the old sticklers-for-conventions by holding hands during the intermission. In fact the people back of them reported a bit of necking when the lights were out. Such goings-on for the Reno-vated.

Wide World

Walter Wanger, as the policeman of the “Gay Nineties,” with Miriam Hopkins at the Bowery party.

Jean Harlow, George Raft and Arline Judge celebrate George's great part as *Steve Brodie*.

Wide World

Adrienne Ames didn't even wait to return from Reno to give her divorce party. Just a day or so after millionaire Stephen Ames said, “Well, my love, so this is the end,” and took a plane for New York, and all the newspapers carried headlines, Adrienne gave a most elaborate party at her beautiful Beverly Hills home. Of course Bruce

NIGHT Comes"

By Elizabeth Wilson

Florinne McKinney expresses the gay spirit of Happy Hollywood.

Benn Levy (at left) and his wife, Constance Cummings, at Darryl Zanuck's Big Blow-off celebrating the "Bowery" success. *Wide World*

When Bobbe Arnst got her divorce from Johnny Weissmuller she threw a Freedom Party. James Cagney and the Missus, with Brother Bill Cagney and Boots Mallory, his wife. *Keystone*

Cabot, in a white mess jacket, was right there to help her receive the guests who came to gasp at Adrienne's audacity, but stayed to have a darned good time. Adrienne looked marvelous in a tea gown that swooped over the shoulders and came down in a circular swish. A buffet supper was served on the lawn, where the hundreds of lighted candles gave it quite a *Versaillesish* appearance. Mrs. Oakie, Jack's mother, was the local *Pompadour* and had everyone listening to her stories. The only casualty of the evening occurred when Lil Tashman mistook the floor for another step and sprained her ankle on the way to the playroom. Lionel Barrymore came gallantly to her rescue. A day or so later, Adrienne packed her trunks, closed the house, and left for Reno. And just as soon as she received those divorce papers, she and Bruce did an off-to-Yuma.

A most recent "freedom" party was given by Bobbe Arnst, who used to be Mrs. Tarzan, and who used to be so crazy about her wandering Johnny that she would cry whenever you mentioned his name—and bawl if you let slip a *Lupe*. But time heals broken hearts and patches frayed nerves and now Bobbe is the gayest of the gay. The night she received her final decree happened also to be her birthday, so she celebrated with a combination birthday-freedom party at the Montmartre night club. She had an immense birthday cake with a replica of Walt Disney's Three Little Pigs dancing around it. (Whether or not the three little pigs were symbolical of Bobbe, Lupe and Johnny is something for you to decide.) Among the cake-eaters were Jimmy Cagney and the Missus, and Boots Mallory and Bill Cagney. Lupe and Johnny celebrated the final decree by a [*Continued on page* 58]

“FOOLISH WIT

Why Should Salaries Be Limited—the Stars Rarely Keep the Money for Themselves?

There once was a time when Olive Borden had serving men and fol de rols that a princess might have envied. Here is Olive at the height of her career.

THE subject of money—cold, hard, metallic money—has never been as important to Hollywood as it is today. And, personally, I'm sorry. Terribly sorry.

Of course it's the code, with its threat of placing a nice, commonplace, top-figure on a salary. And the bank holiday with its salary cut. And the strike. Even Fairyland has been invaded by a stalking ghost of fear with all of these unusual, economic problems. No one understands them out here; no one pretends to understand unless he is talking for publication. Garbo only knows that instead of making $12,500 a week, she may be making $1000; and Neil Hamilton understands that his $1750 may drop to $750; and di-

THEIR MONEY"

By Ruth Biery

Lupe Velez is now a sensible married person, but there was a time when the vivacious, irrepressible Lupe joyously threw away her money. Once she bought 13 fur coats.

Gary Cooper has learned his lesson, and now has a manager, Jack Moss, whose life work it is to say "no" to Gary's impulses.

rector Mervyn Le Roy realizes that instead of collecting $100,000 a year, he may collect only $25,000. And so on.

They're having meetings. Two and three in an evening. The actors congregate at one place; the directors at another; and the writers and the extras and the camermen are all getting together in groups to talk "it" over. Not really understanding much about "it," but feeling a sensation of comfort and hope by just rubbing shoulders with one another.

And they're moving out of their expensive houses and refusing to buy expensive cars and cutting down the number of their servants . . . to prepare for the day when Cinderella may find that her slipper had turned from bright gold to easily-tarnished silver.

Yes, they're going practical. Miriam Hopkins was paying $500 a month rent until a few weeks ago—for the house that Garbo lived in before she went to Sweden. The landlord refused to reduce the price, so Miriam moved. She had to, as her personal manager only allows her $500 to live on—and this sum must take care of *everything*. She never even *sees* the rest of her weekly salary check. Now, she is paying $250 for rent. Gary Cooper was paying $350 for another house that Garbo had inhabited when she first became famous. She had paid $700. But Gary thought $350 too much under *present conditions* and moved way out into the country where he gets a ranch for just a little more than a hundred. Kay Francis has taken a lease on a home for which she and her husband pay $50 monthly. And, for the first time, Marlene Dietrich has a house without a swimming pool, despite the fact that daughter Maria adores the pool. "We will be in Europe for the summer, so what matter?" shrugs Marlene.

The other evening Lupe Velez Weissmuller and Johnny drew up before my home, and Lupe screeched lustily: "Come out and see Johnny's new car." The entire family raced out and stood with "ohs" and "ahs" before a majestic Dusenberg. Our hearts beat a little faster; our eyes gleamed a little brighter. A breath of the old Hollywood had swept up to our door—

"And we only paid $7000 for it. Bought it second hand. Less than a smaller car would cost new. It only has 22,000 [*Continued on page* 54]

UP *from the* THEATRE GUILD!

Alice Brady Made O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra" a Personal Triumph on Broadway. Now, Alice is the Sensation of the Screen.

By Louise Irwin

The great of the stage find "Welcome" on the mat of Hollywood.

IT was midnight and the "Vinegar Tree" company called time out for a little rest and a bite to eat. They issued supper checks to the cast.

"I want three checks, if you please," said Alice Brady.

"Three?" A slight lift of a studio eyebrow.

"One for me," she said, checking them off on her fingers. "One for my maid, Nana, and one for Sammy."

"Sammy?" The eyebrow lifted a shade higher.

"My little dog. He is a bit anæmic and he always has bacon and eggs and toast at this hour!"

"Oh!"

Miss Brady received her three checks and three suppers were subsequently served in her dressing room. Sammy, I am told, approved of the bacon and eggs but found the toast a bit cold.

You cannot write about Alice Brady without writing about her dogs. You cannot talk with her without discussing them. She has four—three wire haired terriers and a lugubrious Scotty. She takes them everywhere with her and suits their convenience in most matters.

"For thirteen years I have not been able to go to England because of Sammy," she told me. "He is the eldest of the four and, you know, when you go over there, they make you put your dog in quarantine for six months before they will allow you to bring him into the country. I have had some lovely offers—fascinating plays with splendid direction and production. But they won't lift that quarantine ban, even for Royalty. The last time I received an offer, they told me that they could arrange to have him kept only twenty miles from London. But it seemed to me that it would be too difficult to drive forty miles every day while doing a play! Especially on matinee days. So I had to decline."

We were in her dressing room and she was slipping out of her costume so that it might be pressed while she had lunch.

"They keep on giving me organdie costumes," she sighed. "If you sit down for one minute the thing is ruined.

"However, I do like parts which allow me to wear nice clothes! I hate drab, uninteresting costumes, however interesting the character may be. I had rather," she beamed at me, "have an interesting costume than an interesting rôle, if

[*Continued on page* 57]

The delightful whimsies of high comedy come only from a fine mind.

Alice Brady in "Stage Mother."

Alice made "When Ladies Meet," and, then, four more pictures as fast as the cameras could turn.

ALL ABOARD FOR WEDDED BLISS

Mr. and Mrs. McCrea Take Off for Better-or-Worse.

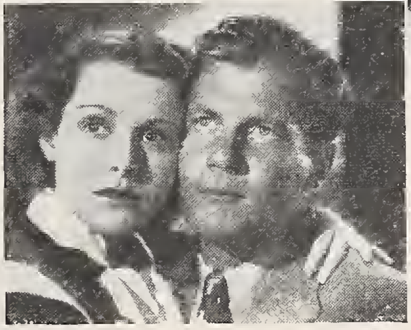
By Ivy Wilson

May the winds of Fortune blow ever pleasantly upon them!

International

LUNCHING with Joel McCrea, Hollywood's happiest benedict, was quite an experience—I found myself meeting a celebrity between each mouthful. t happened that the studio cafe was the place we had decided on for a bite to eat, and a heart to heart chat on the pitfalls of young love and marriage. Every minute some star or director would dash up, until felt that if another person came along o slap Joel on the back, or to ask "How's Frances?", or invite himself to sit down, I would forget I was supposed to be a lady and throw something at them. Joel made at least six unsuccessful attempts to draw a plan of his ranch house on the table cloth for me, but he never got beyond the living room. He did manage to tell me it was early Californian in style and that Frances adored it. "She's becoming quite the ranchwoman," he said as we escaped from the restaurant, and beat a retreat to his dressing room, where there was some degree of privacy and where I did not have to smile sweetly every few seconds at superfluous celebrities.

A photograph of his bride of a few weeks looked down at me from the wall. She reigns supreme—not a sign of another woman's portrait.



Frances Dee and Joel McCrea are now husband and wife—and lovers, too.

Frances and Joel love their ranch situated in a glorious valley the other side of the Santa Susanna Mountains. It stretches over a thousand acres, and herds of cattle graze contentedly in the shadow of the volcanic hills which boast riotous colorings of brilliant reds and yellows, and, symbolical of flaming love, stand guard over the property. The ranch is in a spot that could truly be named Paradise Valley. While they gallop over their broad acres oblivious of Hollywood, people are still wondering about Frances' change of mind. She vowed she would never marry until she had established herself as a film star and her career was assured. Joel despaired of persuading her to say that very important word "yes" (while half a dozen film beauties were sighing for the chance). Joel was one of Hollywood's most eligible young bachelors and many wondered why Frances kept him guessing. She did not say "yes" to Joel's pleadings for several months and then refused to allow their engagement to be announced.

"I am c-c-c-razy about Frances.

[*Continued on page 64*]

The ONE GENIUS

FRANCES MARION

They Pay Her at the Rate of Five Thousand Dollars a Week, and Glad of the Chance; Yet She Has Never Appeared on the Screen.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

The secret of the success of Frances Marion is her sympathy for other people.

"The Champ" was great for Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, and Frances Marion made it so.

SHE has earned millions in Hollywood entirely by her own efforts.

Movie stars turn green with envy at the contents of her pay envelope, the exact figures of which we cannot mention at this moment, what with all the fuss they're making down in Washington.

Studios fight to get her.

Once she is on the lot, producers go home and sleep comfortably o' nights knowing everything will be okay.

Irving Thalberg, the little Napoleon of the film industry, once said he'd rather have her under contract than any other woman. So would everybody else.

Mention her name and big executives get down and knock their heads three times on the floor in reverence. Yet it may be that you've never heard that name. So it now becomes my privilege to introduce to you Miss Frances Marion, the all-time All-American scenario writer.

As a writer, she is unquestioned head of her profession, male and female, and the proof is in the pictures to which her name is signed, and in the box office returns on those pictures.

As a woman, she is a philanthropist, a patroness of young artists, and herself the most brilliant, versatile and accomplished person in Hollywood.

I'm going to let you in on a little secret. I couldn't possibly write about Frances with an unprejudiced typewriter, and there isn't any use pretending I could. I love her

Who will forget "Emma," with Marie Dressler and Jean Hersholt in the parts that Miss Marion's artistry conceived?

Some of the credit for the making of Marie Dressler goes to Frances Marion. She "wrote in" the part to fit Marie in the Garbo picture, "Anna Christie."

IN PICTURES

SHE IS ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S SIX GREATEST WOMEN

too dearly and value her friendship too highly. But—does that make my story less valuable? Does that make my opinion on her less sound? I don't think so. In fact, I'd say just the opposite. Because I've known her ever since we were kids together in San Francisco. We've been in the same game for twenty years. We've gone through birth and death and success and failure together. I've seen Frances under almost every situation it is possible to experience. And so it seems to me when I tell you she is the finest, most honest, most modest woman I've ever known, with the clearest brain and the biggest heart, it ought to mean something. Personally, it makes my life a much more beautiful one to be able to say just this about a woman I know that well. Because we do have disillusionments along the road sometimes, and those friends who stand the test of time and trouble are "jewels in our crown."

I once introduced a very nice girl, who was trying to get along in pictures, to Frances. When we left, I said, "Isn't she grand?" The girl nodded and then said wistfully, "But it doesn't seem quite fair that she should be beautiful, too."

Women who can earn a quarter of a million a year and have brains enough to make most men look like second raters, are not supposed to be beautiful. That's understood. Yet, I have known cameramen to turn away from the star they were photographing and whisper, glancing to the chair where Frances sat with her script, "Gee, I wish Miss Marion'd play some of these parts herself."

Men who have been in love with Frances, and there have been plenty, get you off in corners and tell you that there never was another woman like her, that, in the words of the popular song, "she has everything."

Not long ago I went to the Friday night fights at the Hollywood Legion with Mark Kelly, sporting editor of the Los Angeles Examiner. As we came out we met Frances, who is an enthusiastic follower of all sports, and when I presented Mark to her he said, "If you never did anything except write 'The Champ' I'd still think you were the greatest writer in Hollywood."

In my list of the six greatest women of Hollywood, which, to date, has included Peg Talmadge, the mother of the Talmadges, Marie Dressler, Greta Garbo and Dorothy Arzner, I place [*Continued on page* 53]

Frances Marion at home; she is the mother of two boys. Her latest success is "The Prizefighter and The Lady."

The trophy of the Academy of Arts and Sciences was awarded to Frances Marion for her picture—*The Champ*.

Joan Has One Characteristic Which Beats in her Pulses and Dominates Her Every Moment.

JOAN CRAWFORD was preparing for a scene the first time I ever saw her. In those days of silent pictures, there was always a small orchestra on the set for the purpose of creating atmosphere and inducing mood. Joan sat by the muscians, head in hands, eyes closed, concentrating upon the emotions she must express. The organ moaned and the violin sighed. (It was, presumably, a lugubrious emotion for which she was preparing.) And so Joan sat, a tense little statue, thinking about it.

The director smiled, pointing to her. "She takes it so *hard!*" he said. "You would think that this scene were the most important thing in her whole life, in her entire career. It isn't a big scene in the picture."

Joan was only a little featured player then, recently graduated from "stock." It amused the more experienced people around her to see how hard she tried. Well, that is the way Joan has always taken things. Her life, her loves, her work. The big things and the little things. She has taken them, in actors' parlance, "big." People have laughed at her intensity, they have been impatient with it, they have complained about it. Well, I wish I had it! That intensity is Joan's chief asset.

I talked with her in her dressing room yesterday. "You have to *feel* things," she said. "That is the only important thing in life, really. If you try to avoid emotion, if you try to duck experience, as so many cock-sure young people try to do today, you cheat yourself terribly. It took me a long time to learn that. I used to try to run from life, too. I used to try to avoid the things that hurt me or humiliated me. Now I know how important those things are to me.

"Why, just the business of letting yourself *want* something . . . letting yourself want it with all of you . . . is important. If you don't want things *intensely*, you won't get them. What's more, you don't deserve to get them!

"Certainly you will be hurt. Certainly you will suffer. It doesn't matter. At least, you will be alive; you won't be a vegetable. Learning that has given me a certain sort of peace.

"I am happier right now than I have ever been in my life. I suffered horribly over my marriage. But I wouldn't have missed it for the world. I have passed some sort of milestone. Maybe there are other hazards and more suffering ahead. But I feel—well, safe—right now!"

It occurred to me that this was the first time I had ever heard Joan admit that she was happy. Oh, she was ecstatic, of course, in the early days of her marriage. But there were always things which had to do with her work, other worries. Joan has always seemed to me like a character out of one of Booth Tarkington's books. She has a chronic adolescence which Mr. Tarkington would recognize instantly, I am sure.

Years ago she used to tell me, "I am so unhappy! I stay alone in my apartment and turn on the Victrola and dance and dance and dance . . . . until I am exhausted enough to find a little peace . . . ." Later, when she was married to Doug, she used to drive alone on the desert at night, trying to run away from herself and her troubles.

She has the actor's knack of dramatizing herself and *believing* it. She thought of herself as a great actress and *acted* like a great actress in the days when everyone else thought of her as a pretty little girl who could dance. Well, that is how Joan has dominated her fate, has made her career. By believing in herself, in her capabilities, believing that she was what she wished to be.

Franchot Tone, Joan's most devoted and most favored suitor just now, told me after he had known her only a short time: "She has the most enormous capacity for interest in other people that I have ever seen. Joan has had problems of her own in the past few months. Not only did she suffer from an unhappy marriage, but she was tortured by untrue gossip and unfair reports in the public prints. You would think that she had

"You have to feel things," says Joan. "That is the only important thing in life, really."

Joan has the actor's knack of dramatizing herself.

JOAN CRAWFORD THE MOST REMARKABLE GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD

By Helen Louise Walker

Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford—the much talked of lovers.

enough on her mind with her own problems . . . . But, no! She has to fret about the problems of a dozen or so other people. She is," he added, very solemnly, "a great woman. And that is not an adjective that you use often or carelessly. I think that about Joan."

I don't agree with Franchot. I do not consider Joan a "great" woman. But I think that she nudges it. She has the emotional capacity, the sensitiveness which go with greatness. If her sensitiveness were a little more analytical, a little more mature, if she had more perspective . . . oh, well, I don't know! Who can say, after all, what constitutes greatness? She has one of the most vivid and vital personalities of our time.

She has the emotional capacity which goes with greatness.

Joan has a mother complex. There is no doubt about that. She loves to advise people, guide them, take care of them. Most of the men in Joan's life have been men who needed mothering—and whom she could dominate. Joan has never been attracted to a dominant man.

A prominent writer told me not long ago that he was going to a doctor for a thorough examination. He hadn't been feeling quite fit for some time. "I shouldn't have bothered about it, myself," he said, almost apologetically. "But Joan *insists* that I go. Joan," he added, looking pleased all to pieces, "worries about me. I can't imagine why!"

Joan worries about everyone whom she likes. (I didn't mention that fact to the pleased young man.) The worry and the interest are genuine. She really *cares* whether people are well and happy. Prop boys, script girls, office boys on the lot, all come in for personal interest and attention. I have seen her in a state of almost tearful rebellion because a young writer in whom she was interested was not, in her opinion, receiving the opportunities or enjoying the success which she felt that he deserved.

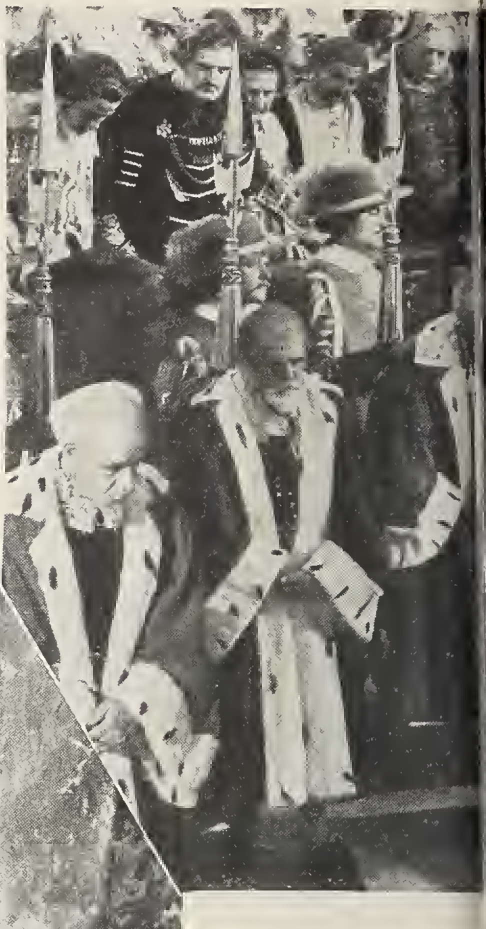
She has an amazing effect upon people—an almost hypnotic power over them. When I visited her yesterday there was, upon the set, a girl who had followed her out here from New York, where she saw her months ago. She has sent Joan letters and presents. She has telephoned her home and practically forced her way through Joan's front door. She had got onto the set by some hook or crook but, from the dour expressions [*Continued on page* 60]

The readers of Silver Screen voted Joan Crawford the Most Popular Player in Hollywood. So Silver Screen sent Joan a Gold Medal. It shows her beautiful profile.

SEEN ON THE SETS OF

Over Hollywood the Rumors Fly—"Trigger" is going good . . . Retakes for "Christina."

By
S. R. Mook



Garbo in the rôle of "Queen Christina," crown and all, behind closed doors at M-G-M.

Lilian Harvey in "I Am Suzanne." The Fox studio is agog with talk of this toboggan slide set, and the girl from the puppet show.

Francis Lederer, in "Man of Two Worlds," has a strange rôle for a matinee idol. Perhaps' he's an actor.

On the M-G-M Lot

IT SEEMS that every month one set stands out in some picture. This month it's the set for a number in the new Marion Davies-Bing Crosby musical called "Going Hollywood," and the number is called "We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines." It's one of the most pretentious and ornate sets I've ever seen.

Marion is in love with a radio crooner — Bing, of course — and there's nothing distinctive about that—thousands of girls are. While he is broadcasting she falls asleep and dreams that she has taken him from the broadcasting station for a walk. Their walk leads them through a field of daisies and sunflowers. The daisies are of different colored Cellophane, each mounted on a steel stem. The stem is hinged at the bottom, where it is hidden in the grass, and, as they walk through them, the flowers sway gently from one side to the other. Passing the daisies, they come to sunflowers, and, at their approach, the sunflowers part, falling over sideways. Through a little picket fence they pass, coming to a little cottage, all covered with roses and vines.

The entire house is made of glass. The walls are glass, some of the furniture is even glass. The bedspread is of Cellophane. The curtains are blue Cellophane with red tie-backs. And it is a complete house down to the most minute detail, except that there's no bathroom!

"Where's the bathroom?" I demand of Bing.

THE HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

"We'll Make Hay While the Sun Shines," sing Marion Davies and Bing Crosby in "Going Hollywood."

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't ake baths," he retorts, and quickly changes he subject. "I haven't seen you since lmer and Gunder's dunking party."

The "dunking party" to which he refers vas the joint christening of his baby and he Richard Arlens'. "I was out to your iouse for dinner Monday," I explain, "but ou were working."

"Humph," says Bing laconically.

I note with interest his costume of white hoes, white flannels and a navy blue coat. Bing, being totally color blind is not usually rrayed harmoniously. Sometimes his garments argue among themselves. Once, for nstance, he appeared in yellow flannel rousers, a red sweater and green coat.

He laughs at my scrutiny, understanding t. "The wardrobe department is what ou might call 'vigilant' out here," he announces.

Our conversation is interrupted by the assistant director, who calls him on to the set to join Marion. If ever I saw a dream girl, she's it. A ruffled white net dress with tiny flowers on it and a big, floppy, white picture hat.

They take their places at the door of the cottage and a machine starts playing the music Bing has sung as they walked through the daisies and sunflowers. As the record nears the end, Bing starts singing in unison with it and continues his singing after the machine is played out. As he finishes, he opens the door and he and Marion go inside.

There are several other choruses, each with a different setting—one of them on a glass island. Somehow I feel that this is going to make even those spectacles in "Footlight Parade" look pale in comparison.

On stage 2, Ramon Novarro, just back from Europe, greets me warmly. But it's too hot to be impressed with anything. Besides, I've got a bone to pick with him. "You promised me three years ago that the next time you gave a concert in your own little theatre you'd ask me. You had one the other night, but was I invited? No!"

"I'm sorry," he apologizes. "I forgot. And it's so small. Only sixty-four seats. Herbert Howe says I never play to empty houses because all I have to do is ask my immediate family and relatives and the place is full."

"Well," I begin, not entirely mollified.

"I want you to meet Vivienne Segal," he says hurriedly, presenting me to an auburn-haired beauty sitting there.

"'ow-che-do," I sputter. And then I remember. She used to be known as the highest salaried singing ingenue in New York. But that isn't all. Memory stirs and I seem to remember her at Warner Brothers in a series of musicals that should have been good but weren't—through no fault of hers.

"What was the picture you and Walter Woolf did together?" I ask.

"You're a nasty, mean old man to mention it," she smiles. "It was 'Golden Dawn.'"

Somebody's always taking the joy out of life, and just as Ramon, Vivienne and I are having a swell time talking over stage plays, Ramon is called for a scene in "The Cat and The Fiddle." The scene is the dressing room of a theatre. Ramon is a composer and one of his pieces is about to be produced.

But all is not well. Frank Conroy, the manager of the theatre where the piece is to play, comes into the dressing room. Ramon is sitting by the door and Charles Butterworth, his secretary, stands by with his customary dead pan.

"Mr. Brieux tells me," Conroy begins, addressing Ramon, "that he is no longer connected with the production. Without his guarantee I must have a week's rent for the theatre—in advance. Ten thousand francs."

"But why?" Ramon asks. "The show's going to be a success."

"Every composer thinks his show will be a *huge* success," Conroy retorts, "and yet—there are failures."

"Bring me a blank check," Ramon orders suddenly, imperiously.

"You have the money?" Conroy is amazed.

"Of course," Ramon lies.

Conroy looks him over dubiously and then goes to get the check.

"But you haven't got ten thous—," Butterworth begins as soon as Conroy is out of the room.

"If the show is a success," Ramon rea-

[*Continued on page 65*]

Milord, the Mechanic!

Making an Educational Comedy. Junior Coghlan, seventeen year old star; Charles Lamont, Director; Andy Clyde, star; "Bobs" Hoagland, the script girl; Bernard Moore, second cameraman; Dwight Warren, chief cameraman; and at the right, Victor Raby. Victor knows cameras and designs microphones, and he gives advice so inoffensively that even directors consult him.

The Technical Men Hold the Destinies of the Stars in their Hands.

By Jeanne de Kolty

Garbo may be aloof to some of us, but she plays on the floor with the cameraman's kids.

BLACKEN a producer's eye, and you'll get a raise.

Step on a juicer's (electrician's) toe, and you'll lose your job.

Hollywood is a strange town, my lads!

So far as the public is concerned, the movies are made up of producers, stars and directors, and Will Hays. True, every film must have a producer of some sort. But there have been tremendous successes without stars. And a good many persons you never heard of are qualified to direct, if given an opportunity.

Getting down to brass tacks, it is the unknown who makes the movies. Without expert technicians, prop men and grips, there could be no successes.

Some years ago Hollywood was shocked when a male star punched his boss, an equally famous producer, in the eye. The player's contract was about to expire. Other studios, certain the producer would not renew, commenced bidding for the star's services. At that time, this particular star was a box-office sensation. Black eye or no, the producer would not willingly lose so valuable an asset. He not only renewed the star's contract, but gave him a substantial raise!

On the other hand, Frank Fay had all the earmarks of a star. He flopped. Many excuses have been given for Fay's failure in his first and only picture. The truth is yet to be told. Fay apparently considered the crew beneath him. He appeared to scorn sound men and cameramen. His attitude got Fay thoroughly disliked by his fellow workers whether he intended it or not. Perhaps it did not dawn on him that the enmity of these "underlings" might prove injurious.

Requested to raise his voice for the sound men, Fay is reported to have answered: "Why should I raise my voice? What are these men paid for if not to catch my lines?" The overworked mike man was forced to move his instrument as close to the actor as possible, to record his voice. At the same time, the microphone had to be so placed that it would not cast shadows on the set. Fay absolutely refused to "stand in" while cameramen lined up shots, and he ignored suggestions of the script girl.

Anyone who saw Fay's picture knows the results. In spite of every effort on the part of himself and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, Fay so far has not had another job in the movies.

Unlike her husband, Barbara Stanwyck is the delight of technicians. Naturally sympathetic, she does her utmost to be helpful to those around her. Barbara has yet to make a poorly lighted or recorded film. Every care is taken in the making of her pictures.

To suggest that inferior work may result from studio feuds is to bring down the wrath of the publicity department on one's head.

"No worker would dare do anything but his best," they explain. "If he did, it would cost his job, to say nothing of his pride."

Nevertheless, a contented crew naturally does better work than a harassed, worried or disgruntled group. Many stars have suffered through their indifference to the "lesser lights" on the set. It stands to reason that one who has proven his merits by years of faithful and satisfactory work will not be fired because of one poor picture.

One might think that a so-called "underling" who deliberately insulted a star would surely lose his job. A classic story of Hollywood involves Catherine Hunter, script girl, and Alice White, star. Miss Hunter is one of Hollywood's best loved script girls. Her helpfulness on sets has resulted in lasting friendships with such stars as John Barrymore and Doris Kenyon.

When Alice White was first promoted from script clerk to star, she went completely "Hollywood." She has since explained that she was scared to death. She

[*Continued on page* 52]

I'VE MET THEM ALL—

The Ones I Like—And Why!

By Harriet Parsons

'VE met them all. From Marlene Dietrich to Mickey Mouse, from Ben Turpin to Bela Lugosi, from Pola Negri Pete the Pup, not ne of 'em has es-ped me—or vice ersa. Yessir, alough she probably esn't know it, I've en been introduced the Melancholy vede back in the ehistoric days when e went to parties.

Bebe Daniels

Ben Lyon

In fact I started eing exposed to the m famous at the nder age of five, hen someone got e weird idea that I uld be turned into child actress. It turned out that I had l the temperament and none of the talent. One unfeeling critic even referred to me as "that wooden child" (meaning, I take it, that I wooden act).

Constance Bennett

Gene Raymond

Mary Pickford

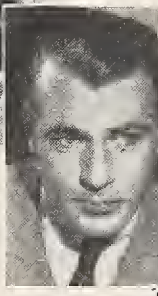
Well, anyway, that's how I hap-ened to ecome a riter—feeling that it as better to an than be panned. But, hile the producers were n the process of finding ut that as an actress I was good hog-caller, I enjoyed he dubious status of aby star at the famous old ssanay studio in Chicago. I was billed as "Baby Parsons" (heaven forgive them) and mong my fellow artists at Essanay were rancis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Walie Beery (courting Gloria Swanson at the ime), Bryant Washburn, and a host of thers.

So you see that from babyhood movie tars weren't any novelty to me. In fact ome of 'em were a pain in the neck. ome of 'em still are. But in the course f my years in Hollywood I've met a lot of egulars, swell people whose friendship or cquaintanceship I prize. Not because hey're movie celebs—but, rather, in spite f that fact.

It wouldn't be possible in one brief tory to mention all of them, so I'll pick just a few at random and tell you why I like them. Maybe the ones I omit won't ask me to their parties any more. Maybe on second thought I shouldn't write this story at all. Still, the rent's due, so here goes. I like—

Billie Dove because she shares my passion for straightening picture frames, cleaning out bureau drawers, and general tidying up. Because when she arrives in a hotel room while traveling, she can't relax till she has every stitch unpacked and hung up. Because she never forgets a friend or betrays a confidence. Because she likes bad puns, good poetry, Frank Sullivan, the Boswell Sisters, whiskey sours, anagrams and staying up all night. Because she has many talents and interests. Because, unlike many beautiful women, she doesn't consider beauty an excuse for dullness.

Bebe Daniels because she has a completely mad sense of humor and makes the world's worst puns. Because, when she took up tennis, she worked like a dog at it. Because, even though she was still a dub, she wasn't afraid to play with the best and took kidding goodnaturedly (from everyone except her husband). Because, after years of being one of the town's most engaged gals and a romantic free lance, she settled down gracefully to married domesticity, but didn't lose her sense of fun in the process. Because she is one of the few stars who has been able to balance a career and matrimony without sacrificing either to the other. And because she is just as interested in her husband's career as in her own.



Gary Cooper

Marion Davies

Lionel Barrymore

Ben Lyon because he has a boyish enthusiasm and intensity. Because, whatever he does, from piloting a plane to taking amateur movies, he does with utter wholeheartedness. Because he loves a good joke, has one of the keenest wits in Hollywood and is an excellent story teller. Because, although Bebe's position in films was considerably more prominent than his when they married, he never allowed professional jealousy to creep into their relationship. And, because later, when, for a while a fickle public shouted his name more loudly than Bebe's, he still didn't allow his career to affect marital life.

Sally Eilers because she is a good sport and regular fellow. Because, though she is young enough to take a kiddish delight in her success, she hasn't let it spoil her. Because, when she returned from her recent triumphal tour to Europe, and Hoot and she decided to get a divorce, she didn't take a swanky bachelor apartment or a big house but went back to the modest bedroom in her mother's house which she occupied before her marriage. Because, although she's only a fair tennis player, she goes at the game with such swell spirit that much better players enjoy a match with her. Because she sends the nuttiest telegrams and calls up at odd hours to tell me insane stories. Because, in spite of her own youth, she has given her small stepdaughter a maternal love and care which have made the little girl adore her.

Kay Francis

Wallace Beery

Billie Dove

Gene Raymond because he is one of the few romantic juveniles who doesn't feel impelled to play Don Juan in private life. Because he is capable of forgetting that he is an actor and doesn't let his film personality intrude itself on his off-screen relations. (Well, hardly ever!) Because, in spite of his good looks and obvious attractiveness, he isn't obsessed with his own sex appeal and doesn't pretend to be on the make for every woman he meets. Because, on one occasion, when a beauteous blonde went for him openly with man-eater tactics, he couldn't conceal his terror. Because he is devoted and attentive to his charming mother without showing any of the unhealthy symptoms of a mother fixation.

Helen Hayes because once, at a dinner party, when hubby Charles MacArthur broke a glass, she murmured wistfully "That's why we're known as the one-invitation MacArthurs." Because, in the midst of hectic, buzzing, 20th century Hollywood she is a still small spot of Victorian charm. Because her madman of a husband is one of my favorite people.

Kay Francis because she is never too busy to give a story to a newspaper or

[*Continued on Next Page*]

magazine writer. Because when you make an interview appointment with her she gives you her uninterrupted time and attention and doesn't have hairdressers, costume designers, interior decorators or friends bouncing in every two minutes. Because, when she was told, not long ago, that an elderly gentleman who was visiting Hollywood had expressed as his one desire the wish to meet her, she dashed miles from the studio on a particularly hectic day to grant his wish. And vamped him completely!

Gary Cooper because, no matter how immaculately groomed he is in other respects, one stubborn lock of hair always strays from the fold and flops over one eye. Because he has a way of sitting, head bent, elbows on knees, and flashing you a sudden twinkling corner-wise glance, as if he were sharing a very secret joke with you. Because he is so darn tall and lanky and has the sheepish manner of a small boy who has just been caught doing some especially nefarious deed. Because his silences are more companionable than most peoples' chattiest moments. Because, though he's rated as the most attractive guy in Hollywood, and 99% of the town's most gorgeous women have gone for him, he's still a big, goodnatured, unpretentious loogan.

Marion Davies because, though she has met most of the great and near great of the day, has been flattered beyond belief by parasitical "friends" and has everything wealth can buy, she still chooses for her most intimate playfellows people who can't possibly advance her socially or materially. Because she stutters like mad when she gets embarrassed or excited. Because she juggles a mean jig-saw puzzle. Because she gets nervous indigestion every time she looks at a horse, but goes riding with her guests to be a good sport. Because she knows how to laugh.

Dick and Jessie Barthelmess because their home life is conducted with sanity and dignity. Because they're so nice and *so* much fun.

Norma Talmadge because she has the courage to live her life as she wishes regardless of gossip and criticism. Because she has a grand spirit of play. Because she tells the darnedest stories. Because she once threw me a birthday party from which I'm still recovering. Because she, and sisters Connie and Natalie, constitute one of the most colorful families in film history. Because she and I once discovered suddenly that we've both always had a suppressed desire to drive a car down the Beverly Hills bridle-path and promptly did it.

Lubitsch because humor and intelligence are written all over what you can see of his funny little face behind that big black cigar. Because, though he is swarthy, paunchy and devoid of physical beauty, he has great charm for women (me among them) and they welcome his attentions. Because his reputation as a super-sophisticate and directorial genius has not robbed him of human warmth and kindliness.

Mary Pickford because she has all the fine, generous, dignified traits attributed to her. Because, when her divorce broke and press sympathy went entirely to her, she sent for her newspaper friends and begged them not to be too hard on Doug. Because, in spite of her great lady reputation, she is a little "mick" at heart with all the wit, gaiety and conviviality of the Irish. Because she used to long to go swimming in the Pickfair pool at midnight and wouldn't because she was afraid Doug would scold her. Because, though she has been Hollywood's social queen for many years, she is simple, sincere and loyal in her friendships, which are legion.

Bill Haines because, beneath his rowdy, sometimes unsavory clowning is a sensitive artistic nature. Because he has accepted the waning of his once great screen popularity gamely and has fortified himself with another career. Because, though he makes fun of himself constantly, he is really deeply serious about his new profession of interior decorating. Because, in his less Rabelaisian moments, he is a genial, charming companion, capable of depth of thought and conversation. Because he's such a darn fool.

Connie Bennett because I can't help it. Because, although she has stood me up on interview appointments, and made me madder than blazes, her charm and simplicity always get the better of me when we meet. Because, whether she actually is or not, she always manages to convince me that she's sincere, and her frankness and out-spokenness are qualities which I admire. Because you have to hand it to the gal for the ruthless directness with which she goes after—and gets—whatever she wants.

Lionel Barrymore because his pose of being an old grouch doesn't fool anyone. Because, though he is possessed of a brilliant mind, a fund of knowledge and a variety of talents, there is nothing of the intellectual snob about him. Because he wears his deserved fame and success simply and graciously. Because, though he has a barbed wit and a biting sense of humor, he is tolerant of the ideas and opinions of those less intelligent than he. Because, at the luncheon given to celebrate May Robson's fiftieth anniversary as an actress, when he rose to pay tribute to May he had genuine tears in his eyes. Because he's a darling.

Skeets and Pauline Gallagher because they're swell playfellows, but most of all because I'm in love with their three year old son, the Duke.

Elissa Landi because she hasn't allowed the glamorous business of being a film star to interfere with her writing and has turned out two novels since she has been in Hollywood. Because, though she doesn't play the social game, she is a charming hostess and on the rare occasions when she gives a party does it with grace and distinction. Because she is one of the best young minds in Hollywood and has the respect of many distinguished intellectuals. Because, in spite of her cool intelligence, she is a warm, human sympathetic companion. Because she loves dogs.

Alison Skipworth because having her as a next door neighbor keeps life from ever being dull. Because she calls me a hussy for wearing slacks and bawls me out for leaving my porch light on all night. Because, though my two yapping dogs and my noisy friends must drive her nearly mad, she hasn't had me arrested for disturbing the peace (yet). Because she is philosophical about her silver Persian's constantly recurring litters of non-Persian kittens and can never bear to part with any of them. Because she's a vital, interesting person and a swell sport. Because, when she gets home unusually early from the studio, she always says gloatingly, "I was a bad girl. They sent me home."

Wallie Beery because he's a big sprawling lovable goof and keeps puppies in the bathtub. Because he once bought a moth-eaten coyote from an itinerant gentleman of uncertain profession and made the mangy beast adore him so, it howled every time he left it alone. Because I love dogs and dogs love Wallie.

I like John Boles and his missus, too, and the Freddie Marches, and Lila Lee and Colleen Moore and Stanley Smith and soft spoken Jimmy Cagney. I like Polly Moran (the blamed fool) and George Blackwood, and Lil Tashman and Eddie Lowe and Lola Lane and Claudette Colbert and Roscoe Karns and Margaret Lindsay. And a whole flock of people whom I'll remember as soon as I put this in the mail. I hope they'll still speak to me.

Some day when I get ready to retire I'm going to write a sequel to this called "The Ones I *Don't* Like—and Why." And then I'm going back to Iowa to die.

FIRST STILL

The new cycle in motion pictures, with all our favorites going *royal*, finds Marlene Dietrich portraying *Catherine the Great*. She is Princess Sophia Frederica, daughter of Prince Christian August (C. Aubrey Smith) and Princess Johanna (Olive Tell.) Later she marries and becomes *Catharine the Great*.

STARS FOR 1934

PAUL MUNI

THE tragedy of Time and a Man has been the theme of a number of wonderful pictures lately, and, in "The World Changes," Paul lives a life that certainly points a moral. Since the celebrated "Fugitive" and "Scarface" any picture with Paul Muni is important.

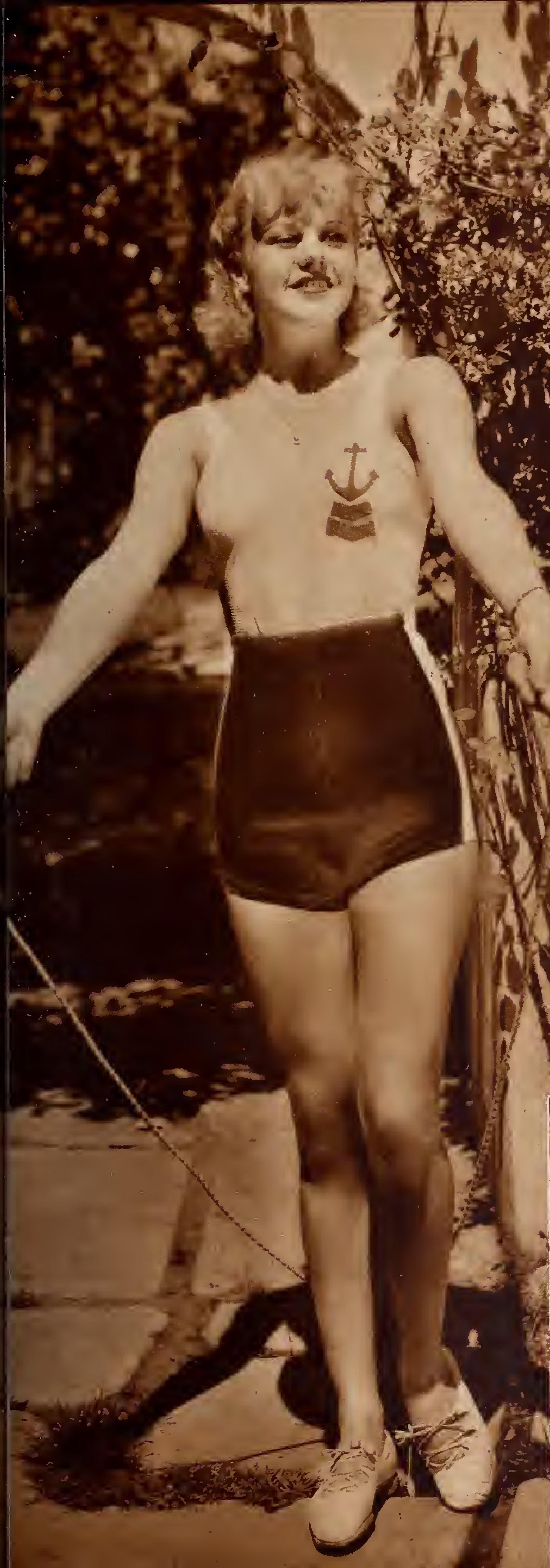
Paul as the youthful plainsman.

Elmer Fryer

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

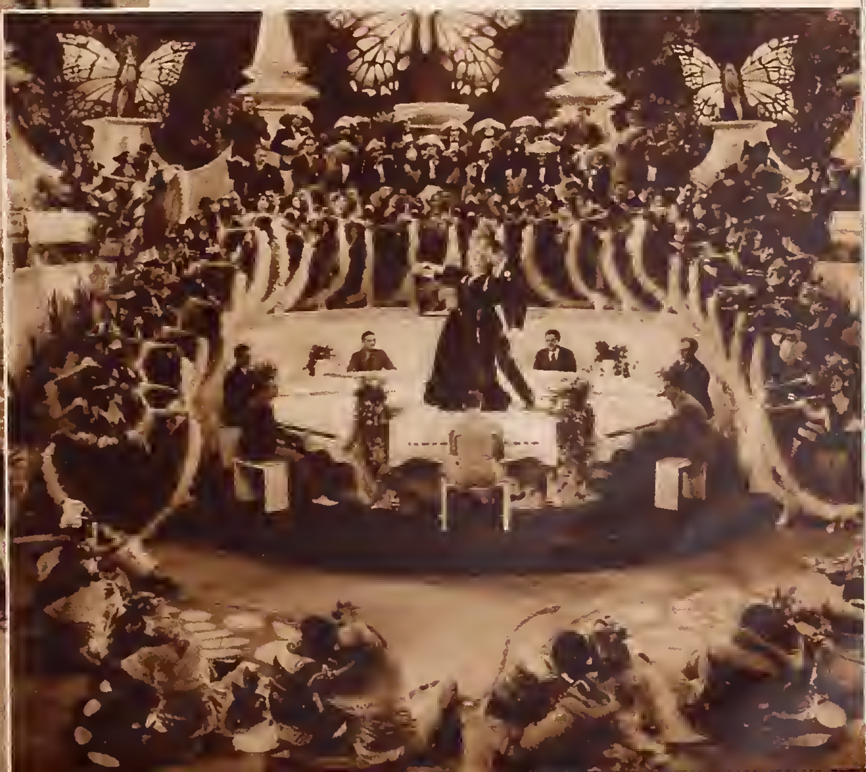
ONCE more Tarzan roams the wilds and swings from bough to bough. Again his mate is Maureen O'Sullivan, but this time Johnny will find a girl who has tasted success. In "Stage Mother" (below), Maureen showed her ability to carry more than her half of the load—and the reviews. Johnny is now happily married to Lupe Velez, just as you expected.



GINGER ROGERS
FRED ASTAIRE

AN OFF-STAGE shot of Ginger skipping rope, loosening up those twenty-two year old knees for her featured part in "Flying Down to Rio." Fred Astaire takes steps to put over this peppy musical. Below, they are dancing all over the seven pianos while the most beautiful chorus in Hollywood forms a tableau. "Ginger" is an abbreviation of Virginia.

John Miehle



Hurrell

JEAN HARLOW

"BOMBSHELL" was delightful. This was Jean's "honeymoon" picture (it's her third marriage) and it received the acclaim of all the critics. Her next will be with Marie Dressler in "Living in a Big Way." It is based on a recent Louis Bromfield short story. "Hardboiled" Jean's scenes with the baby in "Bombshell" were surprising. At left, Jean has the Christmas spirit, and right, the new Mrs. Rosson and her flowers.

MAE WEST

IT SEEMS that Mae's great success in "I'm No Angel" is due to the fact that the women of the country, particularly, approve of her. This is easy to understand for Mae makes fools of the men. There never has been such a success, for a first picture, as "She Done Him Wrong," and Mae's second is breaking that record. She is crazy about diamonds and is unmarried. Mae is the daughter of a one-time prizefighter.

Sally Eilers reading the friendly review on "Walls of Gold."

Emmett Schoenbaum

SALLY EILERS

SALLY is back from making pictures in England and hard at work for Fox. She is married now to Harry Joe Brown, but horseback riding (which she learned to enjoy under the guidance of Hoot Gibson) is still her favorite diversion. Her birthday is right now—December eleventh.

Ann, with Dickie Moore and Otto Kruger, in a sylvan scene from "Gallant Lady."

ANN HARDING
CLIVE BROOK

THE new producing company, "Twentieth Century Pictures," has made "Gallant Lady." It has Ann in the new mood which followed her divorce, and it is Clive's first since "Cavalcade," which is a tough picture to improve upon.

Louise Fazenda as the *White Queen*, ready to greet Alice when she comes "Through the Looking-Glass."

Roscoe Ates as the *Fish Footman*. "There's no use in talking to him," said Alice, "he's perfectly idiotic!"

Edna May Oliver as the *Red Queen*. "Off with their heads," said the Red Queen.

PICTURING—

Alice's Adventures *in* Wonderland

Jackie Searle as the *Dormouse*.

Ford Sterling as the *White King*, who knows about the Bandersnatch.

Alison Skipworth as the *Duchess.* "If everybody minded their own business," said the Duchess, "the world would go round a deal faster than it does."

Sterling Holloway as the *Frog.*

Charlotte Henry as *Alice,* in Lewis Carroll's classic story which is being made by Paramount.

Edward Everett Horton as the *Mad Hatter.* "Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter to Alice.

Clara Bow has the finest eyes on the screen. "Hoopla" is her next.

CLARA BOW

CLARA puts on weight and takes it off again as if it were her ermines. Hints by the "keyhole boys" about Clara's marriage outrage all our ideas of biology. Why wouldn't she make a happy home?

Russell Ball

CLARK GABLE

CLARK recently returned from the hospital, and it is easy to see from this picture that he had a tough time of it. He's beginning to look more and more like Ronald Colman. "Glad to see you back, young feller!" "Overland Bus" brings him to you soon.

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Dancing Lady."

Ernest A. Bachrach

GILBERT ROLAND **CONSTANCE BENNETT** (above)

They have made "After Tonight" for Radio

LEE TRACY **SALLY BLANE** (Below)

In "Advice to the Lovelorn" Sally resumes her career.

Ernest A. Bachrach

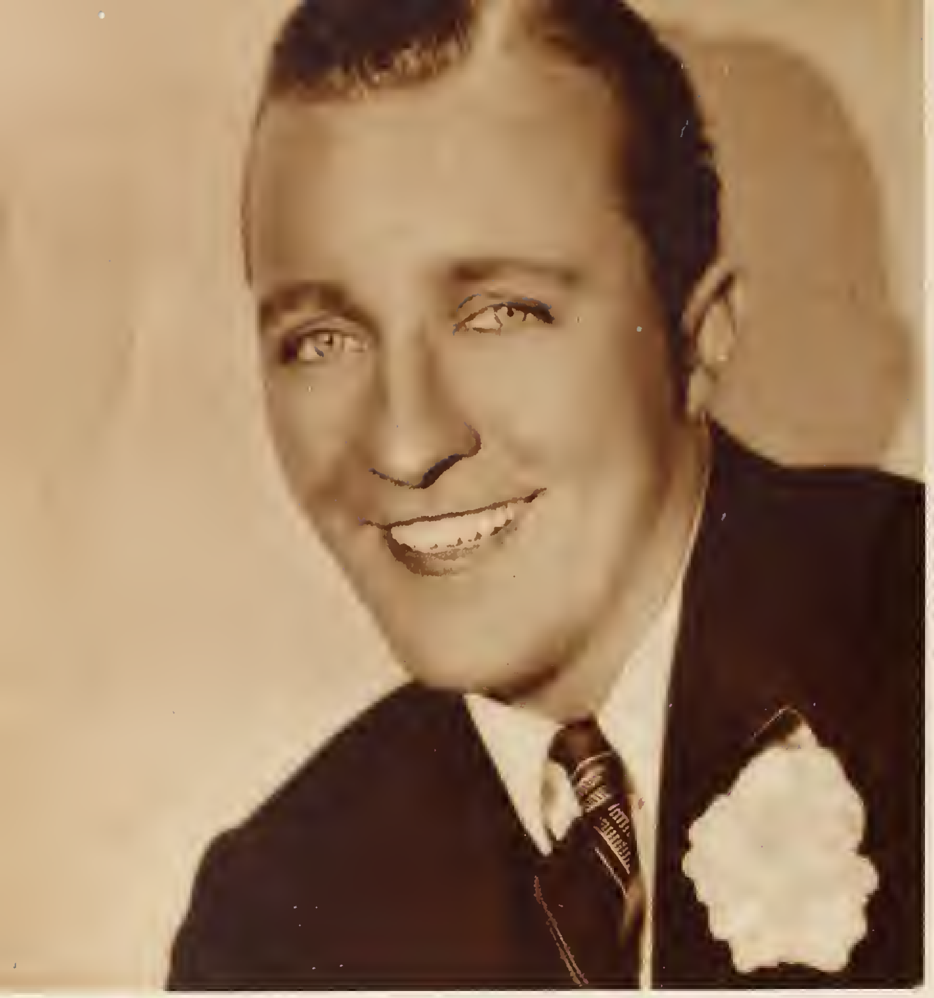
SARI MARITZA **ROBERT YOUNG (Below)**

Lovers in "Beautiful."

DOLORES DEL RIO **GENE RAYMOND (above)**

The love interest in "Flying Down to Rio."

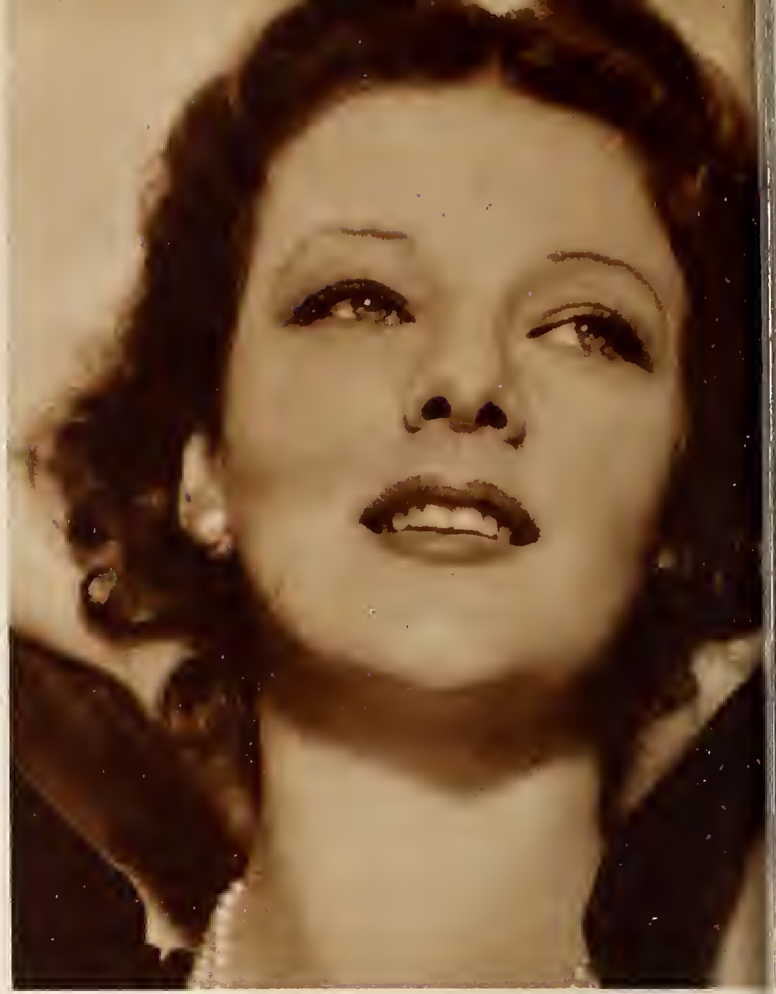
Ernest A. Bachrach



Freulich

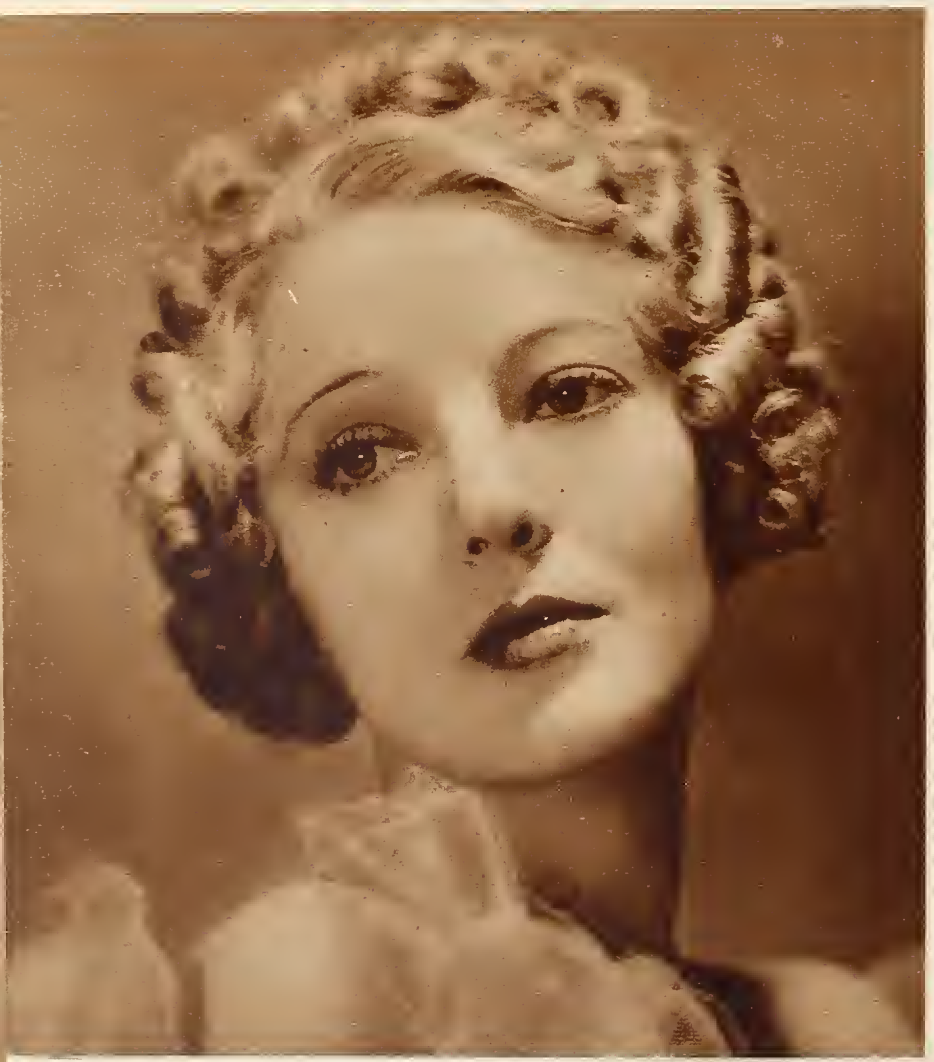
BING CROSBY

Now with Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood."



ELISSA LANDI

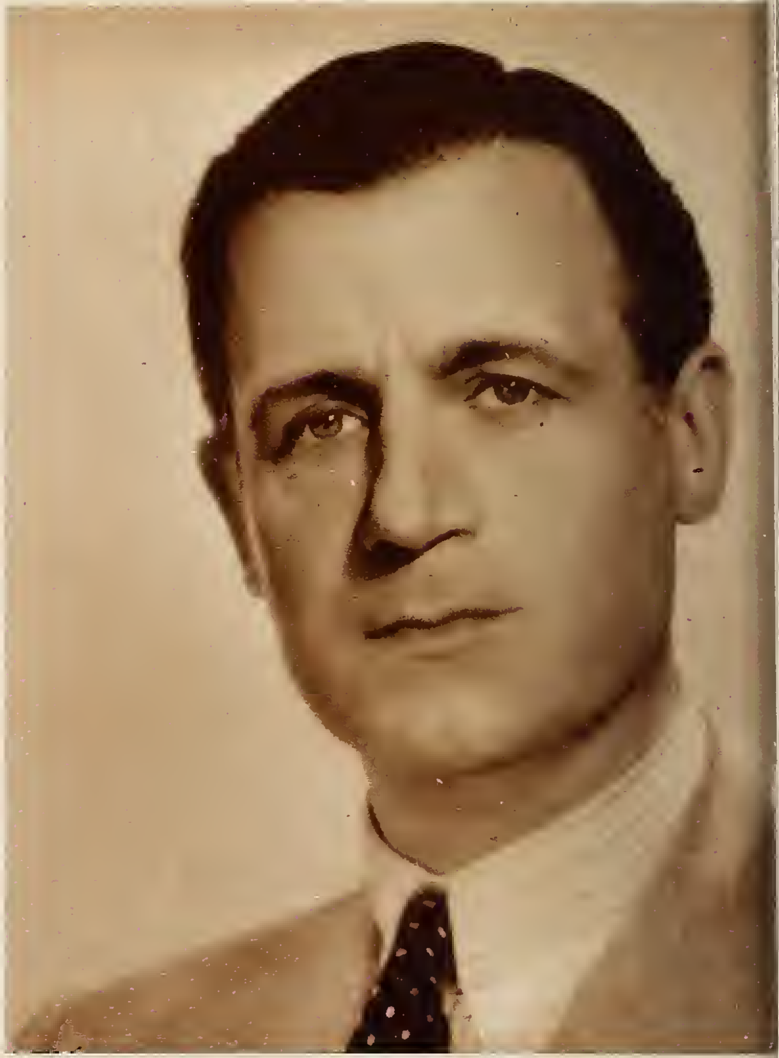
"By Candlelight" is her next.



Russell Ball

DOROTHY MACKAILL

In pictures again.



TULLIO CARMINATI

Broadway's gift to "Moulin Rouge."

KAY FRANCIS

'AS 'EARD THE EAST A'CALLIN'

By Patricia Keats

"On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flying fishes plu-ay—"

"PIPE down, you dope!" a voice roared right under my nose as I tip-toed onto a stage at the Warner Brothers film factory.

Before I had time to go into a first class gasp of surprise with a dash of bitters, there was a discordant crashing piano chord and the contralto voice that had been gaily caroling Kipling's famous song, choked right in the middle of a good "plu-ay."

I saw then that the irate assistant director (why do assistant directors always have to be irate?) had his eyes directed toward a dim corner, where the leg of a grand piano poked around the edge of a piece of scenery —a bit of old waterfall left over from "Footlight Parade" I think.

"Lay off that piano! We're shooting!" It was the assistant director again.

A smartly coiffed raven black head appeared out of the dimness, and a very meek voice said, "So sorry."

The assistant director's eyes nearly popped out of his head, and an expression of horror swept over his face. I thought surely he must be seeing Frankenstein—but no, it was only Kay Francis.

Kay Francis and Ricardo Cortez in "Mandalay," a story of romance in Rangoon.

"Oh, Miss Francis, I—I—I didn't know it was you," he stuttered. "I'm—I'm awfully——"

"Forget it," said Kay with a grin. "I'm used to being shushed when I break out in song. Why I've been shushed out of the best places in Hollywood."

Contrite at having bawled out the star, the assistant director backed away—and into a nice fat Buddha—still apologizing, until the sound recorder dived out of his booth to tell Director Curtiz that he couldn't be expected to catch dialogue if someone on the set was talking when the camera was on. And was the assistant director's face red? And did I laugh? But it was all in the day's work with Director Michael Curtiz, who continued philosophically on his way about making a box office best seller out of "Mandalay." Curtiz has the reputation of being a director who takes his time—never hurries himself or his actors. The best crack about him was pulled by John Barrymore, who dropped in to see the Marathon dancers one night about the end of the endurance test, took a glance at the fairly stagnant couples and cracked, "Why they're being directed by Curtiz."

I never saw Kay so exotically charming as she was that day. She wore a glove-fitting silver gown that didn't spare the details—and such interesting details.

"I'm supposed to be White Spot from a hot spot in Rangoon," Kay explained. "I'm the principal reason why men leave home—and stay away. And this is supposed to be the most notorious night club in Rangoon," she went on, pointing out the colorful Oriental motifs of a huge café set. "And regardez the bar. Wouldn't the Vendome like to have that little number for its next costume party?"

"Is it authentic?" I asked. With all the questions in the world to ask, why do I always pick out such stupid ones? I think it's because when I was in school the idea was to ask the teacher so many questions that she wouldn't get around to asking us any.

"I don't [*Cont. on page 63*]

All the Kay Francis fans will be on the road to "Mandalay."

REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN

THE HOUSE ON 56th STREET

Rating: Tremendously impressive—*Warners*

KAY FRANCIS'S new picture is really something to get all excited over, for it has a dramatic dignity and effectiveness that will leave you awed and subdued. "I want you to live here—always," says Gene Raymond to his lovely blushing bride (Kay) as he shows her their new home on East 56th street, New York City late in the fall of 1905. "Always" murmurs Kay—and you feel that grim Fate is listening, and that "Always" is inevitable.

Kay Francis and Gene Raymond.

They are oh-so-happy there in their imposing 56th street mansion, and a little girl is born to them. Kay, an ex-chorus girl, has never been so happy. Then, one day, she meets again John Halliday, a wealthy admirer, whom she went with before she married Gene. The old lover, bitter because he has lost Kay forever and because his doctor has just told him he can only live six months, commits suicide when Kay refuses to return to him. Bewildered, Kay picks up the gun—and for that she spends twenty years in prison. Gene is killed in the war and her little girl goes to her grandmother.

Released at last Kay meets Ricardo Cortez on an ocean liner, and they become professional gamblers. He brings her back to America where she is publicized as the only woman "black jack" dealer in New York. And the swanky speakeasy where she is employed is—the house on 56th street. Of course it is inevitable that her daughter comes there one evening, gambles too much, and kills Cortez when he threatens to tell her husband of the I.O.U.'s. Kay takes the blame, but William Boyd, the club owner, protects her—"I want you to stay here—always," he says. For swell acting and a good dramatic and logical story you mustn't miss this one.

DESIGN FOR LIVING

Rating: Sophisticated froth that satisfies—*Paramount*

YOU never saw three such charming and delightfully mad—oh divinely mad—young Bohemians as Miriam Hopkins, Gary Cooper and Freddie March. They meet on the way to Paris, traveling third class, and the famous three-cornered friendship begins. Miriam is a commercial artist, Gary is a struggling young painter, and Freddie has a swell collection of unsold manuscripts.

Gary Cooper, Miriam Hopkins and Fredric March.

Miriam decides to become a "mother of the arts," so she moves in with Gary and Freddie and soon makes artistic successes out of both of them. They live "without sex," believe it or not, until Freddie has to go to London to produce his play. With the triangle broken Miriam and Gary can no longer resist falling in love with each other, so everything's quite hotsy totsy until Freddie arrives in Paris unexpectedly and finds Gary away in Rome doing a portrait. So-o-o-o, he and Miriam fall in love. Gary returns unannounced and what a scene, what a scene!

Miriam decides after this that she is weary of the arts and of successful Bohemians, so she marries Edward Everett Horton, who used to be her boss and who has loved her for a long time. Horton takes his bride to America and introduces her to his advertising clients, whom she finds very dull. Of course Gary and Freddie show up eventually and Miriam slips on a mink coat and departs with them—they're off to Paris and the arts again.

You'll find this slightly naughty comedy crammed full of those fascinatingly wicked Lubitsch touches. Gary Cooper shows a flair for comedy, which we never suspected before, and you'll be more crazy about him than ever when you see him sprawled out on the floor or popping his head over screens. Miriam and Freddie and Edward Horton are at their best. Even if you don't like the sophisticated, you ought to take a chance on this.

A MAN'S CASTLE

Rating: Lovely overtones and undertones and shades of Seventh Heaven—*Columbia*

HERE'S one of those pictures that bring out the sentimental in you no matter how hard you try to be a stony-hearted old so-and-so. But you just can't resist the beauty and pathos of a poignantly human romance of two young people. You cooed and smiled, you old sentimentalist, over Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, and now you'll coo and smile over Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy. Theirs is the simple romance of an uncivilized and irresponsible man, whose god is freedom, and a sweet young girl whose instinctive wisdom is as old as sex itself.

The plot is so simple it hardly need be told, but from the moment Spencer picks Loretta up in the Park, where she is faint with hunger, and takes her with him to his little shack in Shanty Town, you are spell-bound by the whimsical loveliness of it. Loretta has never given such a brilliantly sincere and beautiful performance before, and well may she be proud of her "Trina." Spencer's blustering, awkward "Bill" is so realistic that you forget completely that he is acting. Walter Connally, as the ex-minister turned night watchman, Arthur Hohl, as the nasty hypocritical Bragg, Glenda Farrell, as the night club lady who did her best to get Spencer, and Marjorie Rambeau, as the gin-sodden faded lady who saw her duty and did it, make up the most perfect cast that you have ever seen. Not a flaw to be found anywhere. Director Frank Borzage, Loretta, Spencer, and the rest of the cast may take a bow—two bows in fact.

Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young.

FROM HEADQUARTERS

Rating: Grand mystery with a dash of technical details—*Warner Bros.*

"BEHIND the scenes" in a murder mystery—and it's lots more fun than being on the outside looking in. Almost the entire action takes place at police headquarters, and it's very interesting to see the finger experts and the doctor who "loves a beautiful murder" doing their stuff.

The story's about a rich no-good club man, with a couple of little side-lines, who gets shot in his apartment one night. Margaret Lindsay, Dorothy Burgess, Theodore Newton, Ken Murray and Robert Barrat are among the suspect-ees, but every time you think you've got it solved, Lieutenant George Brent from headquarters proves you're wrong. Eugene Pallette, as a dumb cluck of a sergeant, and Hugh Herbert, as a bail salesman, are right there with the comedy. A fast-moving, highly entertaining picture.

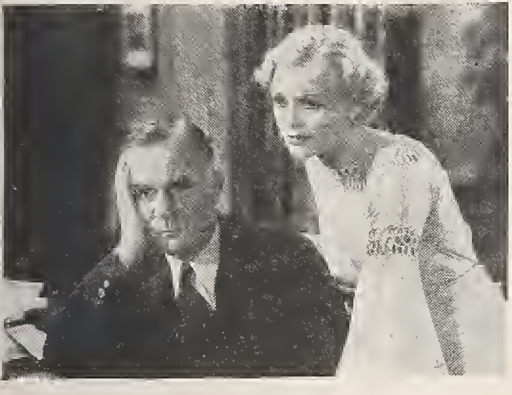
George Brent, Margaret Lindsay and Eugene Pallette.

THE INVISIBLE MAN

Rating: Shivers, smiles and applause—*Universal*

SOMETHING new in horror pictures—a horror comedy. You won't go home and have nightmares after this, the way you did after "Frankenstein" and "Dracula"—but the horror and the mystery are there just the same.

A handsome young scientist discovers a way of making himself invisible, and right there before your startled eyes off goes his head into thin atmosphere, followed gradually by the rest of his body, until nothing's left but a voice. Gr-r-r-r. But the scientist is unable to find the right chemicals to bring him back his visibility and, in the meantime, goes insane with mad delusions of grandeur. He must kill—kill—kill—How will they catch him? How indeed?



Henry Travers and Gloria Stuart.

Claude Rains plays the Invisible Man, but only once do you see his face. Gloria Stuart is his girl, who sticks to him to the end. William Harrigan is his friend, who betrays him. Also in the splendid cast are Una O'Connor, Dudley Digges and Henry Travers.

HAVANA WIDOWS

Rating: Very, very gay—*Warners*

A DOWNRIGHT funny comedy with not a brain fatigue in a reel. And introducing a most riotous comedy team—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell. Joan and Glenda play a couple of gold-diggers who go to Havana to land themselves a couple of millionaires. The troubles they have trying to locate one, even involving the entire police and military force of Havana, make for more furious and hectic fun than you've seen since Gloria Swanson went arty.

Joan Blondell and Lyle Talbot.

Guy Kibbee plays the unfortunate millionaire, who finally gets hooked by the gals; Lyle Talbot is his son who falls for Joan; Frank McHugh is a scheming, drunken lawyer—and to add to the fun there's Maude Eburne, Ruth Donnelly and Allen Jenkins. Such a grand bunch of comics can't be wrong.

THE PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY

Rating: A knockout—*M-G-M*

A CLASSIC of a picture that has everything in it to entertain you, from heavyweight champions to a swell story. Of course some folks would be tickled pink just to see Primo Carnera, the heavyweight champion of the world, Jack Dempsey, the former holder of the title, and Max Baer, the contender to the throne—but besides the Big Three there are Myrna Loy, Otto Kruger and Walter Huston acting better than ever before in a story that's a honey.

The depression is over—good times are here again. And what a surprise Max Baer turns out to be! Why the boy can act as well as fight and, as the punch drunk runner-up for champ honors in the picture, he's simply grand. And how the ladies love him. Myrna Loy, as the night club singer who falls in love with the disarming Max and turns down her racketeer sweetheart, has never been more sincere or genuine—nor more beautiful, we might add.

Max Baer and Myrna Loy.

Otto Kruger, as the soft-spoken gangster who lets Max walk off with his girl, almost steals the picture. And then there's Walter Huston playing the "Professor" who has waited twenty years to pick a winner. Oh, it's all too good to be true. And just in case somebody might be disappointed, nice Director Van Dyke has put a dance sequence in it in which Max and several dozen tasty morsels do a "going to town" that's a knock-out.

CRADLE SONG

Rating: Beautifully sincere and sympathetic—*Paramount*

THE famous Dorothea Wieck (pronounced Veek) of "Maedchen in Uniform" makes her American début in this picture, and again you are privileged to behold the most beautiful eyes produced in Europe. But—if you like action, suspense, and a tasty little murder on the side, this picture is not for the likes of you. For its very slowness and simplicity is its beauty. Dorothea, as a young girl, enters a Catholic Convent and strives to overcome her longing for the outside world and her desire for motherhood. With the other nuns she raises a little waif who has been deserted on the steps of the convent, but in the end she must even renounce her love for the child, now grown, who wants the pleasures of the world and happiness in marriage. Louise Dresser and Sir Guy Standing are splendid. Evelyn Venable is the "daughter" and Kent Taylor her young sweetheart.

Evelyn Venable and Dorothea Wieck.

WHITE WOMAN

Rating: Clap hands, here comes Charlie—*Paramount*

THE chief interest in this picture is none other than our old friend Charlie Laughton, who has been over in England these many months. Charlie gives another of his superb performances in this opus, which, outside of the Laughton and the scenery, is really nothing to get excited about.

Once more we find ourselves east of Suez and west of goodness knows where, and Carole Lombard, so beautiful and so slim, is singing in a honkytonk. She has been blamed for her husband's suicide, and the English governor has just asked her to vacate. Along comes Charlie, playing Horace Prin, the River-King. He owns a lot of land in the interior and there's a lot of unsavory gossip about him. Not caring much about anything any more, Carole marries him and goes to live on his riverboat down among the crocodiles. Here she meets his foreman, Kent Taylor, and falls in love. Charlie Bickford shows up just in time for a good old native uprising, and helps the young folks escape. He stays behind to play poker with Charlie while the natives do their stuff.

Charles Laughton and Carole Lombard.

HOOPLA

Rating: Hot-cha-cha!—*Fox*

CLARA, where's your fan?

This time Clara plays a tough carnival hip-tosser (and baby, can she toss 'em) who agrees to vamp a naive, wholesome young boy—who's visiting his old man at the tent show—for the simple sum of a hundred bucks. Clara does her stuff, even to pulling off her clothes and going in swimming in her altogether, but, just when she's got him all vamped, she decides she's a bad girl and is really in love with the nice boy and she isn't going to be bad any more. Aw shucks! But wait—even if she is a good girl now it doesn't mean that Clara has to put on a Mother Hubbard and start light housekeeping in a kitchenette. Not Clara.

Clara Bow and Richard Cromwell.

In order that her husband can continue to study law, she goes to Chicago and does a snake-hips number at the Century of Progress that would make Sally Rand blush. Just in case you haven't guessed it, this is "The Barker" again, with Clara playing the famous "Lou" rôle that has done right well by Claudette Colbert and Dorothy Mackaill in the past. This time Dick Cromwell plays exceptionally well the part of young Chris—which was done before by Norman Foster and Doug Jr. Preston Fostor is "the barker," and Minna Gombell, his hard-boiled girl friend.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN

Rating: NICE AND HOMEY—*M-G-M*

YOU'LL like Marie Dressler's latest picture. It's as homey and folksy as a family bible, with just enough of the right kind of humor. Marie plays a servant (remember "Emma"?) in a small town New England family, and she plays it with a dignity and a charm that will further convince you that she is a great actress. Lionel Barrymore again plays a country doctor with a horrible, nagging wife and two marriageable daughters.

The neat and pleasant little plot revolves around the paintings left in the family attic many years ago by a struggling young artist named Christopher Bean—and who, years after his death, is "discovered." Of course, Marie turns out to be Chris's wife—and that spoils the plans of Lionel and his avaricious wife. The supporting cast is splendid—including Beulah Bondi as the wife, and Helen Mack as the daughter who manages to marry the man she loves—thanks to Marie.

Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore and Jean Hersholt.

ONLY YESTERDAY

Rating: A LAUGH AND A TEAR AND EXCELLENTLY DONE—*Universal*

THIS picture introduces a new screen star —Margaret Sullavan—who is scheduled for big things in the cinema world, so we hope you like her. She gives a rich, sincere and beautifully sympathetic performance, and her ill-fated "Mary Lane" will haunt you for many a day. If the old heart-strings fairly broke when you saw "Back Street," just wait until you see Miss Sullavan say goodbye to life and her little son in "Only Yesterday." You'll simply bawl.

Margaret Sullavan and John Boles.

The story begins on that famous day in October, 1929, when the stock market crashed, and handsome John Boles, a bit grey around the edges, just can't face things any more. He can hear the careless, inconsequential chatter of his foolish, flighty wife, Benita Hume, and her artificial friends in the next room. John reaches for his revolver, but just then he notices a letter on his desk—a letter from a "Mary Lane" who died the day before . . . a girl he knew for only one night a long time ago. Then a flashback—and you'll see one of the most beautiful love stories ever filmed.

There is an immense cast, with a lot of favorites like Edna Mae Oliver playing only small parts. Besides Margaret Sullavan and John Boles the important rôles are played by Billie Burke, Reginald Denny and little Jimmy Butler. We guarantee you'll like it—even if you don't go for that "tear stuff."

Milord, the Mechanic

[*Continued from page* 28]

was so awed by her sudden rise, she didn't know how to act. The crew, of course, could not be expected to know this. She became decidedly irksome to those who, a few weeks previous, had known her as a mere "scrippy." Catherine Hunter held script on Alice's first pictures. She stood the gaff as long as she could. Then she lost patience. She grabbed Alice by the shoulders, turned her around, and heartily kicked her exactly in the middle of the posterior! Did Kitty lose her job? I should say not! Years of splendid work had proven her value to the studio. Even the little White later admitted that the kick was probably deserved. She and Catherine Hunter are now fast friends.

A film studio is like a huge machine. One weak cog, and disaster may result. Bad lighting, faulty sound, a poor hairdresser or makeup man may prove the downfall of an actor.

Wise is the friendly star; for he will always receive gentle treatment at the hands of his co-workers. Many stories are told of stars who insist upon having their own cameramen. You have probably heard that Garbo has never worked without Bill Daniels at the camera since she became a star. Either Bill turns the crank, or Garbo "tank she go home." The magnificent Swede may snub executives, but she plays on the floor with Bill Daniels' children!

An extra who worked in "Grand Hotel" tells this one. An elderly, frail prop man was scrubbing the floor of the lobby set. Garbo accidentally kicked over his pail of dirty, soapy water. The man shrank back in terror, lest she have him fired for getting in her way. Instead, Garbo laughed at his frightened apologies. She admitted that she was at fault, and knelt down to help repair the damage. No wonder Garbo films are successful! However she treats her equals, she is always kind to those in inferior positions.

That little pagan, Lupe Velez, is the pet of any set she works on. Often Lupe is unkind; but it is the unkindness of thoughtlessness, and never deliberate. Many times I have seen Lupe dance an impromptu rhumba or sing a Cuban ballad at midnight, to cheer up the boys who are exhausted by a hard day's work. During the production of a Universal film, Les Heideman had a birthday. Les is a prop man. He has been at Universal for years. Without him, the studio would be like a cake without icing. How Lupe found out about the birthday remains a mystery. At any rate, she decided that a birthday of Les Heideman warranted a celebration. That evening she danced onto the set with a huge bottle of finest prewar liquor, all wrapped in shining tinsel, for the prop man.

Since her entry into pictures, Clara Bow always insists upon having the same hairdresser. Phil Rosen will not have a woman script clerk unless he can have Connie Earle. When he directed the tremendously successful "Devil's Brother" for Monogram studios, he held up production several days on all sorts of pretexts until Connie was free to work with him. At Educational, Victor Raby is ace high. Educational directors weep when Raby, a technician, is too busy to work on their pictures.

The importance of technicians was more than obvious during the recent studio strikes. Inexperienced outsiders replaced the skilled men who were out on strike. Thousands of feet of film were retaken because of poor photography or sound, and many expensive hours were wasted. The now famous microphone which hit Ruth Chatterton was due to a "green" sound man. Miss Chatterton was working on a scene in which she rose from a sitting position. As she stood up, the microphone was to be raised. The mike man, unfamiliar with his equipment, neglected to raise the instrument. Miss Chatterton hit it with the top of her head as she rose.

A striking example of the importance of the sound man is the case of John Gilbert. In his first sound picture, Gilbert's voice recorded like that of a frightened baby girl. It nearly ruined the star's career. Since then, sound equipment has been improved, and sound men have learned a great deal about their business. John Gilbert is now making a successful comeback. With the aid of an expert sound mixer, and careful work, his voice has been lowered several tones.

If you plan on breaking into the movies, remember and respect the crew. Do what you will to stars and directors; they may think you cute. But with technicians, beware. They can make you, or ruin you forever!

The One Genius in Pictures

[*Continued from page 23*]

Frances Marion very definitely at the head.

In the first place, consistency is a strong factor of greatness. While Frances Marion is still young, there isn't a star on the screen today, who holds a big position, who was at the top when little Frances Marion, still in her 'teens, began writing stories.

She wrote "The Foundling" for Mary Pickford—the picture which actually began the great career of America's Sweetheart. I think she got $125 for the original story and a complete script. Today she is doing the screen adaptation of "The Good Earth," probably the most prized (and most difficult) assignment in this year's list. And the price she is getting for it would have paid the entire production cost of "The Foundling," including Mary's salary.

To understand the great position that Frances Marion occupies in Hollywood, the great achievement that is hers, it is necessary to understand something about the motion picture industry's attitude toward writers and stories.

Now, you have probably read a good many tales about writers in Hollywood, how badly they are treated, how little chance they get to express themselves, how important writers have been engaged and then completely forgotten.

Most of that is boloney. About ninety per cent of it is written by disgruntled authors who didn't make the grade, who found the difficulties of writing for the screen a little too much for them. I have been on the same lot with writers who wrote very, very nasty pieces about Hollywood after they left, and in every case but one the stuff they wrote while at the studio was pretty terrible.

The truth of the matter is that writers today are so important to the screen, that a writer who can deliver can write his own ticket, within reasonable limitations. There just aren't enough good stories to fill the need. (You may have noticed that in attending pictures.) The demand for stories that will make good screen plays is simply terrific, greater than it has ever been. Everywhere you go, it's the same cry. "Have you got a story for Constance Bennett? Have you got a story for Norma Shearer?" Companies are held up, overhead gets bigger and bigger, producers go mad, stars weep—looking for stories. They clutch at a bare idea and spend months, even years, trying to get a real yarn out of it. For instance, I see by the papers this morning that Paramount already has $200,000 invested in trying to get a screen story they can shoot from the book "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." That isn't waste, either. It's sheer desperation.

When you consider that in a good season, the New York theater is lucky to get 40 good plays, 20 successes and five great hits, you realize what it means when Hollywood must have hundreds and hundreds of stories every year.

Maybe you don't know it, but studios have men in every part of the world looking for stories. Huge departments search for old material, read old magazines, translate plays and books from every language, including Eskimo.

Searching for stories is the motion picture studio's greatest and most difficult problem. Without good stories stars can't twinkle and producers can't make money.

SO, when a young woman can quietly and without any fuss, turn out such stories as "The Champ" and "Emma" and "Min and Bill" and "The Big House" and "Blondie of the Follies," you can imagine what she means to a frantic motion picture producer.

There is another thing about Frances Marion that adds to her merits, both publicly and, in my estimation, privately.

It has always been the fashion to hand credit for making stars to directors—Griffith and Cecil DeMille, and more recently Ernst Lubitsch.

But Frances Marion has been a star maker *de luxe* ever since she started.

It isn't the slightest exaggeration to say that without Frances Marion there would have been no Mary Pickford. To bring it up to date, there isn't any question in the minds of folks who know the inside of these things that without Frances there would never have been the great Marie Dressler of today. In both cases, it was Frances' stories which gave these two an opportunity to play parts which achieved greatness. Frances has a great gift for suiting a story to a particular star's talents; in fact I don't know anyone who can do it so well.

The "Wild Birds" Company has been on a trip to the Mother Lode country to obtain atmosphere. In the story Jean Parker and Tom Brown are drudges, who love one another, and ZaSu Pitts is the daughter of a half wit.

Frances wrote thirteen stories for Mary Pickford. Everyone of them were box office smashes. Never, after they separated, did Mary Pickford touch the high water mark of those productions, which made her the greatest figure the motion picture business has ever known.

It was Frances Marion who persuaded Marie to come to Hollywood and give pictures a trial. And she wrote the part of "Marty" in "Anna Christie" exactly to suit Dressler, though no one else believed Marie could play it. In "The Champ" and "Min and Bill" she gave Wally Beery rôles that certainly made him a star.

That's why Frances is popular with every actor and actress, as well as with every producer.

Twice she has won the medal given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best original story of the year. The last time she beat a story of my own called "What Price Hollywood"—but the Academy was right and I knew it and, though Frances was quite upset about it, I wasn't.

Always about her work there is a great and simple and vital humanity. She takes fundamentals, fundamental emotions and people who are so real that you laugh and love and suffer with them. She is never fooled and never swept off the track by fads and fancies, so-called "cycles of public taste," by styles and backgrounds. She tells a great, honest, emotional story and tells it with human touches and dynamic situations. It has not been the custom to recognize motion pictures as an art, but when it becomes so Frances Marion will be considered one of the greatest artists this country has produced.

But it isn't only as a writer that Frances achieves greatness.

Little Frances Marion Ownes, the prettiest girl in San Francisco, wanted to be a painter. I remember when my father first met her—she was about fifteen then—he said to me, "That girl has genius. She'll do something."

She didn't become a painter, because before she got a chance to go to Europe and study, she started to make her own living. But for a couple of years she did all the art work for a big advertising firm in California, and all the posters and twenty-four sheets for the biggest theatrical managers on the coast. She still paints and draws exquisite sketches of her two handsome sons and of her friends.

She is a magnificent musician. When you go to Frances' home, you are apt to be greeted at the door by the glorious strains of a Beethoven sonata or a Liszt rhapsody. With practice and concentration, she would be a concert pianist of the first rank.

Last winter, to give herself a change, she did a radio program under another name. It consisted of imitations of all the radio's best crooners—Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Ruth Etting and Rudy Vallee. It was such a hit that a big manufacturing concern offered her a fine salary to repeat it on their program this year.

AND, she is the best cook I have ever known.

Socially, she doesn't go out much. She doesn't have time. But she loves small gatherings of a few friends, and is one of the most brilliant and one of the wittiest talkers I have ever known. The last evening of my most recent visit to Hollywood, Frances and I went to dine with Ruth Chatterton and George Brent. We sat until the wee small hours and it was an evening I shall not soon forget.

Work, hard work, is Frances' explanation of her success. Of course that isn't the only thing. But she does work as hard as anyone I have ever known. She writes in bed, as a rule, with a pencil, keeps two secretaries busy and can go on for twelve or fourteen hours at a stretch. She wrote the entire script of Mary Pickford's greatest success, "Stella Maris," in 18 hours.

But I think the greatest thing about Frances is her whole-hearted and never-failing assistance and support of others, in her own game or in any field of artistic endeavor. Not only with financial aid but with her great knowledge and experience, she is willing to give a hand to any one who is making a try at any sort of creative work.

I used to call her house the Frances Marion Employment Agency. At one time we used to lunch together two or three times a week. I never went there that I didn't find Frances on the telephone, passionately pleading with somebody to give somebody else a job.

I remember going to her house one morning for breakfast, to tell her about a jam I was in with the ending of a picture I was working on. Her secretary told me that she'd been working all night. When I went up to her lovely bedroom, I found her sitting up in bed, wrapped in a pale green velvet dressing gown, animated and dynamic, showing a struggling young scenario writer how to get around a certain difficult shot in her story.

Several times she has given credit to someone who has assisted her on a story, where it wasn't necessary, and where no one else would have done it, and where the producer objected violently.

Last year she brought a young girl from Germany, a fine pianist, and for a year gave the girl every advantage and every help, keeping her in her own house, paying for lessons, giving her hours to practice.

Instead of going to Europe for a vacation this summer, she stayed home and wrote a book of short stories. They are splendid.

And, with it all, she always has time for the two little boys, Freddie and Billy. The worship they give their mother is very beautiful to see. The great sorrow of her life, the sudden death of her husband, Fred Thompson, world's champion athlete and western star, left her prostrated for a time, but now she keeps only a beautiful memory, that enriches rather than destroys her life and work and happiness.

The thing about Frances that, to me at least, is always outstanding, is her unfailing interest in everything and everybody. She is always excited about something. She is never bored with anyone. She takes every tragedy in the newspapers as though it were her own. I remember one mine disaster, when a number of miners were trapped underground, and Frances didn't go to bed for two days, waiting for news. She didn't know any of the miners—it was just her deep sympathy and close feeling for all humanity.

There just isn't anyone like her.

Because she and Peg Talmadge loved each other dearly, perhaps it won't be out of place to tell here something very touching that happened to me the other night, something that any of you who have been reading my stories about Hollywood's great women may find personal to yourselves.

The first of this series, as you may remember, was a story about Peg Talmadge, the mother of Hollywood.

Norma Talmadge came out to have dinner with me a couple of nights ago.

"I wanted you to know," she said, "that the last thing Peg read before she died, was your story in SILVER SCREEN. It was one of the last things she talked about. She looked at Constance and Natalie and me with that twinkle of hers and said 'I want you girls to read this. Maybe you'll have some respect for me after that.' And she kept the book beside her in the hospital during those last days. It made her very, very happy."

And I thought that might make all of us very happy, too, to know that we—I as a writer, you as the readers who made it possible for me to write that story—had brought sunshine into the last days of a really great woman—Peg Talmadge.

Next to her own daughters, Peg loved Frances Marion. Not because Frances was a great success, a famous and important person in Hollywood. But because, as she once said to me, "Frances has an all-encompassing love for humanity. She understands. That's what makes her a great writer."

"Foolish With Their Money" [*Continued from page* 19]

miles on it—"

Seven thousand dollars for an $18,000 car. My heart sank. After all, it wasn't a bit of the *old* Hollywood, after all. But a proof of the new. It was just one more good, sound, shrewd, careful investment instead of the reckless impulse of a loveable, reckless nature—*Lupe's*.

After Lupe and Johnny had gone, I sat down and faced this new Hollywood—where you begin to hear that clink, clink, clink of metal upon metal in each, single conversation. And as I faced "it," I remembered Hollywood as I had known it before money began to become important. When there was so much money that no one gave it any consideration. Memories floated across my mind exactly as though I were seeing them in a motion picture . . .

FIRST STILL. In her second picture, "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen," Dorothea Wieck and Baby LeRoy will divide honors.

My first visit to Corinne Griffith's home when she was a Movie Queen collecting more than $10,000 weekly. Her bathroom! The ceiling was shirred in heavy, pale pink satin. The fixtures were draped with the same—even to that most unmentionable of bathroom fixtures, *padded with satin*. I stood in that bathroom and gasped and *gaped*. I was thrilled. More thrilled than when I had visited the ancient castles of Europe. For this was a *modern* castle. It was the shrine for a delicate Queen—an *orchid lady* . . . .

And my first, big Hollywood dinner party, given by a prominent scenario writer at a fashionable polo club. Two hundred guests. Producers, directors, stars and writers. Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer heading the table. All sitting according to Hollywood's feudal seating system. Producers at the head, the honor place; stars next; directors and writers. You could tell exactly who was the *most* important and who was next and next by the way they were placed at the table. And the food! Hors d'oeuvres stacked high on immense silver platters. Imported caviar. Numerous kinds of cocktails. Then —eight courses. With squabs under glass. And fish brought in—whole fish, packed in ice. Champagne! I remember that I went home and tried to figure the cost. I couldn't. I didn't know what caviar cost; or squabs under glass or champagne under prohibition. I learned later that the party cost more than $3000.

Then came a mental picture of Bill Haines' dinner party, with the tables banked with orchids. The orchids, alone, were said to total more than $10,000.

And I chanced to be in Harold Lloyd's home after he had installed the magnificent pipe organ. The largest in any private home in the world. I listened to its rich, sonorous tones pour through those forty huge rooms and imagined that I was in another world and that *I* had a house like that with a pipe organ. And I also imagined that I could play it as well as Harold did. Mildred Lloyd, his wife, let me run the elevator up and down. The first I had seen in a private home. I was a grown woman. But I forgot that. I felt like a kid and had that oh-and-ah feeling, such as I hadn't felt it since my daddy first took me to see Ringling Brothers circus . . .

Then came a flash of that night when I had been in my room at the Roosevelt hotel and a young, lithesome, beautiful bit player had burst in to show me a check for $10,000 that Tom Mix had given her. "I—I—he was at the same party I was. He just heard that I'd been ill and out of work and wrote this out. I don't think he even knows my name. Do you think I dare take it? Did he mean what he said—'there are no strings tied to this present'?"

Of course, he meant it. That check was characteristic of the Tom Mix of that day, and it was less than the amount of his weekly salary . . .

And the first time that I met Olive Borden . . . at the Fox studio. The huge car. The liveried chauffeur and footman—yes, footman—jumping to stand on either side of the door. The maid stepping out in her neat, black silk uniform. The secretary next. The mother next. And Olive—swathed in mink—last. Although I know that Olive has little work, today, and very little money; although I know the sad part of that glamorous woman's story—I cannot feel a great sob for her. She has lived in Fairyland. Real Fairyland. She has had everything of which girls dream when they are scarcely out of the cradle. And I have stood on tip-toe to peep into her castle windows. She can close her eyes and remember herself as Cinderella even as I close my eyes and remember myself as a subject bowing before her. And thrill at the memory . . .

And that day on the set of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," when I noticed that the prop-orchids were real orchids. Tables upon tables of them. And the day when H. B. Crouch, jeweller, brought over $100,000 worth of real jewels for Pola Negri—because Pola would not wear imitations, even in a picture. And one of the detectives let me hold the diamond necklace in my hands and press the cold stones to my feverish cheek. Feverish from the excitement of walking through Fairyland even as a humble spectator . . .

And the first time I had luncheon in Marion Davies' dressing room. A bungalow much larger than any house in which I had *lived!* And someone whispered to me that the door knobs in her *real* home at Santa Monica were made of solid gold!

And the day I saw Alice White pay $500 for a sheep dog (the one that was stolen recently); and Lupe Velez $1300 for a rug, when she had a bank balance of $20. But she charged it. And the time I stood on tip-toe, in hushed deference, to lean over the imported clock that had once belonged to Napoleon—in the drawing room of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay. And the day Barbara let me pick a camilla from her rare flower garden.

On the morning following these memories, I went out and interviewed some of the business managers of Hollywood. Those shrewd, meticulous, business men whom the stars have hired to protect them from being "foolish with their money."

I listened very carefully to M. C. Levee, who had been one of our most successful producers at Paramount, First National and United Artists during those days of Hollywood's foolishness. I listened to his statistics, the careful precautions he has taken to protect his clients—Warren William, Dick Powell, Leslie Howard, Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Bruce Cabot and others from "suffering" through such experiences as he, himself, had known as a member of the "foolish" money colony at a time when he drew more than $100,000 as a producer. "I knew poverty," he said. "I had begun as a news-boy in Chicago. When I sold out at Paramount, if I had put $500,000 into an annuity, I would have an income now of $45,000 a year and could be independent and lazy. But I gambled on the stock market. And now I'm trying to give these people the benefit of my experience—"

FIRST STILL. Robert Montgomery and his wounded pal escape from prison, in a sequence from "Transcontinental Bus."

I'm afraid that I interrupted the sane present by remembering those special trains that used to slip out of the studio yards, upon special tracks, to carry executives and stars to previews in San Bernadino. At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for example, the train slipped right into the heart of the lot. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer chef and the waiters, who were accustomed to waiting on Metro's colorful people, and knew their whims and fancies, loaded the filet mignons and special dishes onto the dining car. And the producers and directors and actors ate imported caviar to wile away the one and a half hour trip between the studio and the theatre in San Bernadino. I knew Mr. Levee had been on some of these trips, now discontinued. And I wondered if he didn't wish . . .

Theodore R. Rogers, another business manager who handles the monies of such people as Bebe Daniels, Al Green, Thelma Todd, Sally Eilers, Bazil Woon and others joined Mr. Levee while we were talking. I wished that Rex Cole, who receives the checks for Connie Bennett and Alice White; that Myrt Blum, who cares for George Raft and many more; that Joyce and Selznick, controllers for more than two hundred, and all the other business managers were there, too. For, although they may employ systems of guardianship which vary slightly, their general procedures are exactly the same.

The first thing that they do is discourage charge accounts. "Then if Bebe Daniels walks into a store and sees a fur coat which she loves, she has to think twice. She cannot charge it," Mr. Rogers told me.

Nor could Bebe pay for the coat by check. These business managers must counter-sign checks before they are honored.

When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., went into an automobile show and ordered a new car because, as he said, "I have fallen absolutely in love with it," he had only ten thousand miles upon his sixteen cylinder Cadillac. His business manager refused to okay the order.

Neil Hamilton owned one Lincoln for six years. He took his business manager to ride in a new one, which was being demonstrated. And a few days later, he was riding around in a Plymouth.

Connie Bennett lives upon an inflexible allowance. Her manager stipulates even the household expenses—right down to the amount she can pay for gasoline for her transportation.

One day, Alice White asked me to luncheon. She had to run up to her manager and beg for five dollars. Although he gave it to her, he promised to deduct it from her next week's allowance—which is $50 a week for herself and her house. And Alice has stored her Lincoln and drives a Ford.

One half of Clara Bow's salary goes automatically into a trust fund. Clara never saved a penny during her days of triumph at Paramount until Ben Odell, president of a bank, persuaded her to let him have half of each check the moment it was deposited. And that is how she happened to have a little more than $100,000 in a trust fund when trouble overtook her.

Here is a sample statement such as managers keep for the stars. One star dropped in to get his recently and noticed that his wife had spent $6400 in 1933 for clothes. "Mercy, I'll have to speak to her. That's too much. She must cut down." His salary is over $100,000 yearly. Without such a printed statement, he would have paid no attention and the wife could have bought clothes as she desired.

As I say, I listened very carefully to these managers. "A star who saves $20,000 a year from a $100,000 salary is fortunate. At that, he saves less than the government takes from him, if he is single. The income tax is approximately $25,000 from such an income," Mr. Levee pointed out. "This means that he has approximately $50,000 to live on. I know how that sounds to the average mind. But it is very difficult, even with careful management to make that cover actual expenses."

He went into actual details. Each star has from four to twenty-eight relatives to support. I knew this to be true. Lupe Velez sends more than three hundred dollars a week into Mexico. One half of one per cent of each week's check goes to the Motion Picture Relief Fund; and a certain percentage to other charities. The percentages are shown on an accompanying table. All tabulated; methodical; systematic.

I have no doubt that these managers are theoretically right. They are protecting the stars from themselves. They are saving them from such a situation as Clara Kimball Young finds herself in, today—working for less than ten dollars daily, *when* she can get work. They are weaving a pattern into Hollywood finance and Hollywood life—preparing our people for the day when codes may become actualities, with salaries weighed upon cold, judicial scales.

The stars are accepting the regulations. One of these managers will not allow his clients to buy real estate because his statistics prove that it is cheaper to rent, today, than to own. And his clients follow these statistics. My common sense tells me that these men are right. I know it is foolish for Joan Crawford to redecorate her house two and three times a year just because she wants a change of atmosphere around her. I realize that it is silly for Gary Cooper to give huge parties once a month, as he did when he first returned from Europe; I know it is wiser for Mae West to remain in her furnished apartment, only a few blocks from the studio, and to place the bulk of her $8500 a week salary bonds over the counter of her bank on each, single Wednesday.

I even know that it may be better for the economic world for these people not to make so much money. Although I have always believed (and always will!) that a salesman is entitled to ten per cent of the sale price of his product. That is the way Katharine Hepburn works—and she will probably make more on "Little Women" *alone*, than if she were paid $15,000 weekly.

But it's the *feel* of Hollywood which I do not want to see permanently disturbed by anything as metallic as money. Glamour is scarce in this world. The common-place grows as prolifically as weeds. Orchids are expensive because they are rare. The stars are expensive because they are the exceptions to the common-placeness of existence.

Douglass Montgomery comes from a wealthy family. He has never known want. Yet, now that he has made a great success in "Little Woman," he, too, is starting to save his money. Just when he should be learning to be a bit foolish with it.

When Ken Maynard made his first money in this business, Mary Maynard, his wife, saved five hundred dollars by sacrifice and stinting. She carried it around *in her stockings* for weeks because she did not know how to open a bank account. Neither did he. One day, a friend saw this personal bank, accidentally, and was so shocked that she led the Maynards to a regular bank immediately, to show them how to handle an account. And today, Ken Maynard buys a new aeroplane without even blinking. "I've got enough so that we won't have to starve. Of course, I couldn't live as we do today—"

Of course, he couldn't. And he wouldn't want to. Would Cinderella live in a palace after she stopped being Cinderella? Or would she crawl into a neat, pretty, countrified corner and spend the rest of her days with the blessed, happy memories of when she *was* Cinderella?

Constance Bennett, in a black wig, for her musical comedy part in "Moulin Rouge."

Ah, to be foolish with money. To buy thirteen fur coats with the happy, joyous, childish abandon with which Lupe Velez bought them. To import antiques for which you may have to pay *on installments* with the thoughtless abandon with which Ruth Chatterton imported them when she first signed a contract in motion pictures. And the day before she signed that contract she had *two dollars*. To have strawberries from Florida in December and white lilies in your bedroom out-of-the-lily season—as does (I mean *did*) Joan Crawford. To hire eight guards to protect one child, as does Marlene Dietrich.

I've heard a lot about the redistribution of wealth recently. And I believe in the theory fundamentally. But the old Hollywood always redistributed wealth. With the exception of a very, very few—these people took it in today and tossed it out tomorrow. Everyone benefited when they were *foolish with their money*. And the ones who were up took care of those who were down. Renee Adoree spent her big checks before she got them. Marion Davies, who was still getting them, saw that Renee had every comfort when hard luck overtook her. In the old days, that always happened. But today, with money being made important, when the *percentage* is given to charity . . . it's a different story.

Practically no one in Hollywood had wealth in the beginning. They didn't know about bank accounts and insurance annuities and rock-bound investments. They gambled big. And they usually lost. And had a marvellous, childish carnival-time in the losing. They didn't want to know about them. They were youngsters. Youth. Bubbling, excited, generous, *squandering* youth. They didn't prepare for old age because they were too young to think about it!

And I wonder if this fairyland of ours out here, with its adorable little Princesses and Princes running around dumping their pots of gold helter-skelter, didn't have a lot to do with the huge success of the motion pictures business. After all, didn't we all begin life by wanting to meet a *good* witch who would wave her wand and turn us into Princes and Princesses? And these people whom we saw on the screen had met the good witch. That's why they thrilled us—

I once asked Lupe Velez why she didn't save money. This was in the days *before* Gary Cooper. "But it's so much fun to spend it." Her eyes danced. "I've never known *what* fun. And besides I can't turn people down when they try so hard to sell me things. And I can't say 'no' when people really want something. It's no *fun* to save money. What good does it do anyone piled up in a bank! If the day comes when I am poor, well I have been poor before. What of it? I *love* being what you call *foolish* with my money."

She still loves it. So does Joan and all the others. Only they are *afraid* now. They have become money conscious. All this economic business is making them grow up and think and analyze and summarize and theorize—when there shouldn't be an "ize" in any one of their vocabularies.

I should like to make a little plea to our government. Why don't you *raise* these people's salaries before they have forgotten how to be foolish with money. You get almost half of what they make right back in Washington through taxes. The rest of the world gets almost all of the balance. But if you let them learn about banks and bonds and money that brings interest; if you let them become *sane* about money, I suppose you'll have to cut their salaries. And the moment you do that and they become *sane* rather than foolish—you'll take our orchids from us . . . and our princes and our Cinderellas.

Oh, please, Mr. Government, do not take our one Fairyland from us. Let us go to see our motion pictures and return home to dream that we have died and gone to heaven and live in a house with satin-bathrooms, living rooms with deeply-toned harps and gardens choked with golden fountains.

LISTEN:—

Mae West is a Kentucky Colonel now, Yas suh! Governor Ruby Laffoon of Kentucky bestowed the honor on the Diamond Queen this winter. When Mae was informed by wire what it was all about, she said: "Well, I'll do right by the Governor. Maybe he wants me to help keep his troops under control. Plenty of Navy boys used to flock to my New York shows when I was playing on Broadway, but I never thought I'd join an army."

◆

Before leaving for the East to marry Frances Dee, Joel McCrea was plenty busy trying to get his ranch house built in time to house his lovely wife, when she returned from Virginia. One day he discovered that bath tubs are taxed $25 each! And was he annoyed!

"You're sort of cleaned before you bathe," he grouched.

◆

"Unusual" situations popped up at every turn on the "Alice in Wonderland" set, where Director Norman McLeod certainly had to keep his wits about him. For instance, the characters wearing animals' heads, or masks, frequently couldn't hear their cues. They didn't know when another character had finished talking. So a system of lights was arranged, out of camera range, but in view of the actors. A red light started the Duchess talking, a white started the Cook, and so on.

Up From the Theatre Guild

[Continued from page 20]

you know what I mean. I'll bet that surprises you!"

It did, film actresses having shuddered since Gloria Swanson's early days, at the notion of becoming "clothes horses." Here was one of the most versatile actresses of the American theatre, demanding clothes. Of course, I didn't quite believe her. That is what makes her so interesting and so amusing. A lot of the time you do not quite believe her. She is a study in contradictions, that Brady!

Everyone who knows the theatre knows something of her background. Her father is William A. Brady, who produces plays and builds theatres and is an important figure on Broadway. Her mother was Marie Rene, a dancer, and she disappeared from Alice's life while Alice was still very young. Alice was reared in convents. And, dear me, one fancies that she must have been a problem!

While she was still quite young her father allowed her to play small rôles in one and another of his plays. She never played straight *ingenues*, even in her earliest days. She played young, feminine menaces . . . immature "vamps," as they were called then. Somehow she looked that way. What was more, she *felt* that way. Her father used to berate her and discipline her for dressing like a young lady menace outside the theatre. But he didn't get very far with his restraining of her.

She describes herself now as "a frustrated musician." She wanted to sing in Grand Opera and began to study for it. Her father pointed out to her that it would be years and years before she could hope to earn any money or acclaim in that difficult medium. The young Alice wanted money, so she turned to musical comedy and graduated from that to dramatic rôles. That decision, which was her own, was responsible for the "frustration" of her musical ambitions. But she still mourns a little bit over what might have been . . . and she plays the zither!

She has had a career rich in stage successes. The stark "Bride of the Lamb," "Morning Becomes Electra," "Zander the Great" and "Mademoiselle," to name a scant third of a dozen of them. She came to Hollywood not long ago to convulse the picture going public in "When Ladies Meet" and she is going on to other things.

She said to me, suddenly, "I like pictures. But let's don't go into all *that*. I shall—I mean to—carve out a whole new career for myself here. And it is going to be exciting. I want to live here. I *intend* to live here. It is very different from the theatre, of course. But pictures, since they have learned to talk, have taken on a substance and a vitality, a feeling for drama, which they did not have before. It is easier to trick picture audiences by sheer vividness of personality than it is the audiences in the theatre. But it will not continue to be like that. . . .

"I am going to have a fight on my hands, sooner, or later," she went on, "Because I am going to refuse to be typed. So far, they have been extremely nice about it. After 'When Ladies Meet,' they gave me 'Stage Mother' and 'Beauty for Sale'—rôles as different as possible from my first, successful one. Now, 'The Vinegar Tree' is a little bit like the first one. But that's all right. It's time I went back and it is a swell part and a swell cast.

"They had better take up my option," she interrupted herself, abruptly. "I am having a lot of things done to the house which I rented in Beverly—and I may have to pay for them!"

Appropriately, at this moment, a registered letter was delivered and was duly signed for.

Miss Brady surveyed the outside of it with distaste. "It will be a bill," she concluded. "I shall simply tear it up without opening it. That's what I do with bills!"

"How nice!" I commented, weakly.

"It's all in getting used to it," she declared, airily. It sounded like fun and I thought for a moment that I might try it myself on the first of next month. But it dawned upon me, with a sad reality, that I should never be able to tear up bills with the aplomb of an Alice Brady!

International

Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw. Discussion of their romance is all over Hollywood. Are they married, engaged or "just friends?"

One of the dogs was taking a nap on my foot. Nana, the maid, told me that I needn't be flattered. "That one'll make up and cuddle with anybody!" she informed me. "Now, my little Jessie—she's different. . . . . "

Miss Brady was saying, while the telephone rang and decorators arrived with samples of wall paper and Adrian hung outside the window, waiting for the dogs to quiet before he entered, "In the theatre, you know everybody intimately. Out here, you scarcely meet the people with whom you work in a picture! Back there you sleep until all hours and spend your afternoons and evenings with the members of your cast. Out here you get up at six or something and come to work at dawn, as if it were a factory. Well, it *is* a factory, I suppose. But it's fun . . . . ."

Adrian came in, still a bit timorous of the vociferous animals.

Miss Brady went on talking, quite as if we had not been interrupted by anything at all. "I asked Adrian what he thought of a picture I have on my dining room wall," she informed me, without greeting him. "It *is* a little startling on the sort of paper I have. . . . All he would say was, 'Well, I wouldn't do that, myself! It's interesting. . . .but I wouldn't.' What *do* you think, really, Adrian?" she pled, addressing him for the first time.

"I wouldn't do it, myself," he told her, smiling.

"Oh, well . . . ." she dismissed the matter and went on to plaid wall papers.

As I said before, the woman is a study in contrasts . . . besides being as mad as possible. She economizes almost to the point of penury in small matters and then indulges in the wildest extravagances in sums that count. She buys most of her frocks at "budget shops" where she can be fitted for $14.50 or $19.75. But she has a passion for valuable furs and those she owns are worth a fortune. She wears (over the $14.50 numbers) a chinchilla coat, said to be worth forty thousand dollars. When one of her dogs chewed a sleeve out of it, she said, brightly, "Never mind! I'll have it made over into a cape!" And did.

No meats excepting rare game and, occasionally, fish, are served at her table. If she cannot procure the game she wants in California, she will send any distance and pay any price for it.

She never wants to go home from parties. She will stay and stay and *stay* . . . . until her enormous vitality has exhausted all the other guests. Then she wants to go on to some other place . . . . "where it will be lively." But when she settles down for sleep, she is thorough about that, too. She often sleeps for twenty hours at a stretch and she brooks no disturbance while she is attending to that matter.

She is an avid reader of detective stories but she likes them, as she puts it, "in the raw." She does not like Van Dine because he is "too highbrow." But she has been known to snatch a very raw and cheap detective story periodical from a protesting prop boy's hand, crying, "I'll return it—or pay you for it—tomorrow!"

She has the atmosphere and characteristics which fiction writers would have us believe belong to the great actresses of all time. There is a "Royal Family" flavor to whatever she says and does.

Life has not been all light-hearted bill-tearing-up, professional experiments and obedience-to-whimsical-impulse for her. Her marriage to Jimmy Crane, son of Dr. Frank Crane, was an extremely unhappy one. They married, impetuously, while her father was in Europe one summer—and when Mr. Brady returned, he insisted that they be re-married by a Roman Catholic priest. (Their first marriage was a civil ceremony.) This made it doubly hard for Alice, a devout, convent-bred, Roman Catholic, when she sought a divorce, years later.

The greatest tragedy in her life was the illness of her small son. She suffered a frightful automobile accident shortly before he was born and the lad has been an invalid all his short life. She never speaks of that. She wise-cracks with a sure, sharp wit and buys gay things and talks baby talk to her four dogs (it sounds strangely like the pig-Latin children talk). Only the few people who are very close to her know how she has suffered over that young, invalid son . . . . and only a few know how she has fought and struggled to regain health for him.

She is a gallant woman, that Alice Brady. No wonder that there is something brittle and unreal about her gaiety! But the *insouciance* is a part of her, the impulsiveness and the wit belong, indubitably, to her. Her improvidence is a part of her theatrical heritage . . . and it is one of the most vivid heritages in the world.

She is the most exciting addition to pictures since Mae West. More interesting to the thoughtful, perhaps, than that robust and devastating lady (which is not to say that Mae hasn't given the thoughtful a bit of pause!) She has given us comedy which is *not* the comedy of a Zasu Pitts, a Marie Dressler or an Edna Mae Oliver. She has shown us a versatility comparable (without the poignance) of a Helen Hayes.

She is an actress.

When The Big Night Comes

[*Continued from page* 17]

trip to Las Vegas, Nevada, where they purchased a marriage license good for thirty days—which has now been put to good use.

And Gene Raymond can tell you that the thrill of a lifetime comes when you hear, for the first time, an orchestra play a song you have composed. Especially when it's a first song—and no one ever suspected (except yourself) that you "had it in you." "That," says Gene, "calls for a party." So when Harold Grayson told him that his orchestra would feature Gene's maiden musical effort at the opening of the Embassy Club recently, Gene, as proud as a new papa, was right there with a party of friends. Gene wrote both the music and the lyrics for "Brief Moment." And if he follows this up with more ditties the Gershwin boys had better beware. Gene's guests, who shared in his success as a composer that night, were his mother, Mary Brian, the Cedric Gibbons (Dolores Del Rio), the Ralph Bellamys, and all three of the Jesse Laskys. Gene spent most of the evening dancing with Mary Brian, the sweetheart of Sigma Chi, which means that Gene can be a social success now that Mary has smiled upon him. The event of the evening was the lei of tuberoses around the neck of the gorgeous Del Rio—um um—such fragrance.

An incident during the Hawaiian trip of "Four Frightened People." Here are William Gargan and Claudette Colbert paddling about searching for atmosphere.

Mae West celebrated her new Paramount contract, with the lift in salary after the phenomenal success of "She Done Him Wrong," by buying a couple of new diamonds. And the night after the preview of "I'm No Angel" she bought herself a seventeen karat solitaire. Whoops! The Diamond Queen! In fact the only grouch Mae ever had with Boogey, her pet monkey who died recently, was that the little fellow just would insist upon swallowing a few diamonds occasionally. And, apropos of Mae's great weakness for diamonds, they are telling a funny story on her about town these days—they're saying that Mae can take 'em, but she can't give 'em. Mae was supposed to present a diamond studded belt to the winner of the main event at the fights the other night, but for the first time in months she failed to show up at the Olympic stadium. It was announced that she was sick, and Georgie Raft presented the belt to the disappointed winner, who wanted to get it from Mae. When a reporter finally got hold of the West gal over the phone and demanded to know why she didn't show up, she said, "I told 'em I was going to bed for ten days. What's the excitement? He gets the belt and I get the sleep." Yeah, Mae just can't give away diamonds.

When Jack Oakie's option was renewed this last time he gave his mother a car and chauffeur. Gary Cooper bought his mother a silver fox scarf and himself a horse. Every time her option is taken up Miriam Hopkins buys another acre for her farm in Connecticut. Marlene Dietrich takes a European vacation and Jack La Rue brings another one of his sisters (there are five in all) to live with him in Hollywood. Jimmy Cagney built a swimming pool when his option was picked up, Robert Montgomery and Spencer Tracy went in for polo ponies and Joan Blondell built a playroom and a guest room onto her mountaintop home. Max Baer celebrated his Metro contract by buying the biggest and boldest car that has skidded on the Hollywood Boulevard car tracks since the days of Valentino. Wally Beery celebrated the boost in salary, and the new contract, by buying an eight passenger plane, and taking Clark Gable and his wife, and Leila Hyams and her husband, on a trans-state hop.

The biggest night in Georgie Raft's life so far was when "Night After Night" was previewed down at the Paramount Theatre in Los Angeles. Georgie, practically unknown to the public, was starred in this picture, which is always a dangerous thing for an unknown. The public can so easily make that peculiar sound which the Americans quaintly call "the bird"—and a movie career is ruined. But the audience liked Georgie that night (and Mae West too, incidentally), and gave him a great big hand at the end of the picture. Georgie was so proud he could hardly keep from dancing in the lobby. He had to blow off steam, so he gathered in as many of his pals and fellow workers as he could find in a hurry, and away they went to the Cocoanut Grove, and from there on to the night clubs to "make a night of it." After that audience reception Georgie knew "the big bad wolf" wouldn't be at his door for a long, long time.

When Kay Francis' option was picked up with a generous raise, and Kenneth MacKenna's last directoral effort was pronounced "okay" by his bosses, Kay and Kenneth decided to give a party. They called it "a-putting-an-end-to-those-rumors" party. Ken's theatrical work had kept him away from Hollywood most of the year, and naturally Kay couldn't be expected to sit home night after night twiddling her thumbs, so, of course, there were rumors all over the place that it wouldn't be long before one member of the family went to Reno. So, just because they were re-united in Hollywood quite happily once more, and would like to put an end to those rumors, Kay and Kenneth threw a Barn Dance at the Vendome that was something to talk about. Everybody came as a farmer—and *everybody* came. There was a lovely Grade A cow among the guests whose manners were most impeccable—which is more than can be said of the manners of some of the other guests. Gloria Swanson, dressed as Huckleberry Finn, proved a most annoying brat, as she had a water pistol which she used on everyone—and to make it all the worse it wasn't water that splashed over your face, but milk. John Gilbert, celebrating a new Metro contract and the lead in the Garbo picture, was gayer than he has been in years, and wifey Virginia Bruce was right there to help him celebrate. Along about dawn a couple of celebrities took socks at a couple of other celebrities, so it was pronounced a most sensationally successful party.

And hardly had Hollywood gotten the hayseeds out of its hair before it had to go and get all dressed up again, and go back to the Vendome for the Bowery Ball. Ah, indeed, the Bowery Ball was a super-colossal celebration. The party was given by Darryl Zanuck and William Goetz to celebrate the first release ("The Bowery") of the newly born Twentieth Century pictures. Everyone was requested to come dressed in a bowery costume of the early nineties. The Vendome became Chuck Connors' saloon for the evening, with sawdust and free lunch and red checked table cloths and cuspidors. Mr. Zanuck, in tights, with exquisite tatooing over his chest and back, was an obliging host, for he did everything to entertain his guests, climaxing the evening with an adagio dance that was the funniest thing that has ever been seen in Hollywood. Ricardo Cortez and director Archie Mayo tossed him about like a rubber ball, and believe us—he could take it. Georgie Raft dressed as Steve Brodie, broke out with his famous Charleston, which he used to do in Jimmy Durante's night club in New York. Sally Eilers, as a Salvation Army lassie, along with her husband, Harry Jo Brown, and about ten others arrived at the party in an old-fashioned tally-ho drawn by four black horses—and did that give a thrill to Sunset Boulevard! Jean Harlow and her groom, Hal Rosson, made their first party appearance since they were spliced in Yuma, and Jean looked too too cute in a little blue bathing suit of the Gay Nineties vintage, with panties and everything. It was interesting to note that when hubby Hal said, and right when the fun was at its height too, "Let's go home," Jean went without a single demur.

About the most original costumes of the evening were worn by Constance Cummings and her author-husband, Benn Levy, who drew up to the Vendome on a bicycle-built-for-two. The Levys were all dolled up as a couple of burlesque queens, with wigs and bosoms and thighs padded beyond recognition. You could hardly tell them apart—we mean the Levys. Lil Tashman came as Lily Langtry and was a beautiful dream in about ten pink ostrich plumes and a pink gown that billowed and billowed and billowed. Jeanette MacDonald was another vision as Lillian Russell and led the Grand March (a nice old time-honored custom that came into its own again that night) with host Zanuck, who covered his tattooing with a satin cape so as not to cause offense to the beauteous Russell. Miriam Hopkins was cute as a Jackie Cooper newsboy, and George Bancroft made a swell bum with a red beak. Another bum with a black eye was Russ Colombo, who was celebrating the success of his first preview the night before, "Broadway Thru a Keyhole."

One of the high spots of the party was when Kay Francis decided she was quite weary of dragging a train and a bustle, so she removed her dress and spent the rest of the evening in white shorts. The effect was quite bizarre as she failed to remove her big black be-plumed hat. Another high spot was when it was discovered that two real tramps, who were just passing through the city on their way to no place, dropped in uninvited to enjoy the festivities. Their tramping clothes looked so much like the old bowery, that the two bums entered without any questions being asked, and had a wonderful time with the beer and free lunch until somebody got suspicious. Janet Gaynor, who wasn't invited to the party, kiddingly informed Mr. Zanuck that she and the Irish were raiding the place—but the Irish evidently found something better to do that night, for the raid didn't come off. It was after this party, and after he had taken the Countess di Frasso home, that Lyle Talbot ran his car off a precipice and almost killed himself. Outside of that it was a gay night for everyone—including the two bums.

The Marx Brothers celebrated the preview of "Duck Soup" and a new picture agreement with Paramount by attending *en masse* the opening of the Dunes in Palm Springs. Many other stars spent a merry week-end there—including the Charlie Butterworths, the Harry Jo Browns (Sally Eilers), the Ben Lyons (Bebe Daniels) and the Dick Arlens. Neither Charlie Butterworth nor Groucho Marx managed to tear themselves away in time to attend the Screen Actors Guild meeting held in Hollywood on that Sunday night. Charlie wired Eddie Cantor, president of the Guild,

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"Sorry not to be at meeting but am taking advantage of a week-end and three blondes" Groucho Marx wired, "Sick with flu and can't be at meeting but bitterly opposed to the sixty-five cent haircut."

When the last bit of footage on "Hoopla" was in the "can," the world's most famous redhead—the one and only Clara Bow—drew a big sigh of relief and threw a party to celebrate "the end of it all." Clara just doesn't like making talking pictures, she's scared to death of the mike, and she hates all that dieting and exercise to keep the right weight. So it was a grand time to celebrate—especially as Producer Al Rockett and Director Frank Lloyd had told her that "Hoopla" was the best picture she had ever made. But Clara had had one sad experience at giving parties, for when she gave one at her home not long ago, more and more strange people showed up, so this time she decided to give it at the smart Cafe de Paris on the Fox lot. She had her portable dressing room backed up to the entrance of the cafe, and the back removed from it, so that the guests had to enter her dressing room and get "recognized" before they could go to the party—no crashers this time. The decorations were baskets of chrysanthemums and crutches. Crutches had sort of become the insignia of "Hoopla," because, while it was in production, the director, Frank Lloyd, broke his leg, Gene Cornman, the photographer, cut a deep gash in his, and the head camera man sprained his ankle—and all were on crutches during most of the picture. The guests were the cast and the crew, for the most part, and included Preston Foster and the Missus, Minna Gombell and her husband, Joe Sefton, Dick Cromwell and Katherine DeMille and Herbert Mundin—and of course Rex Bell, the ball and chain.

The smallest party ever held in Hollywood was given by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to celebrate his departure for London and English pictures—soon after his separation from Joan. He invited no one but Joan, and the two of them had a small table in a shadowy corner of the Cocoanut Grove, and talked and danced together all evening. The next day Doug caught the Chief.

Well, it's sort of boring around here today. Do hope an option is picked up this week—and we can go to a party.

Joan Crawford

[*Continued from page 25*]

of assistant directors, she was not going to be allowed to stay there very long.

"But what is it you want of me?" Joan asked her, in real bewilderment.

"I just want to look at you!" the girl told her. She had crossed a Continent for that purpose, and she was obviously a girl who had not very much money.

Yet, Joan cares more than anyone I have every known about what people think of her. She reads every word that is written about her and usually cries bitterly over it. When she was married to Doug, and the gossip about them was making them both so unhappy and so uneasy and so suspicious of one another, I said to her, "Why don't you take a vacation? Why don't you, for one month, read nothing that is printed about you anywhere? Why don't you try to get a perspective on your own life and your own situation without looking at yourself constantly through other people's eyes?"

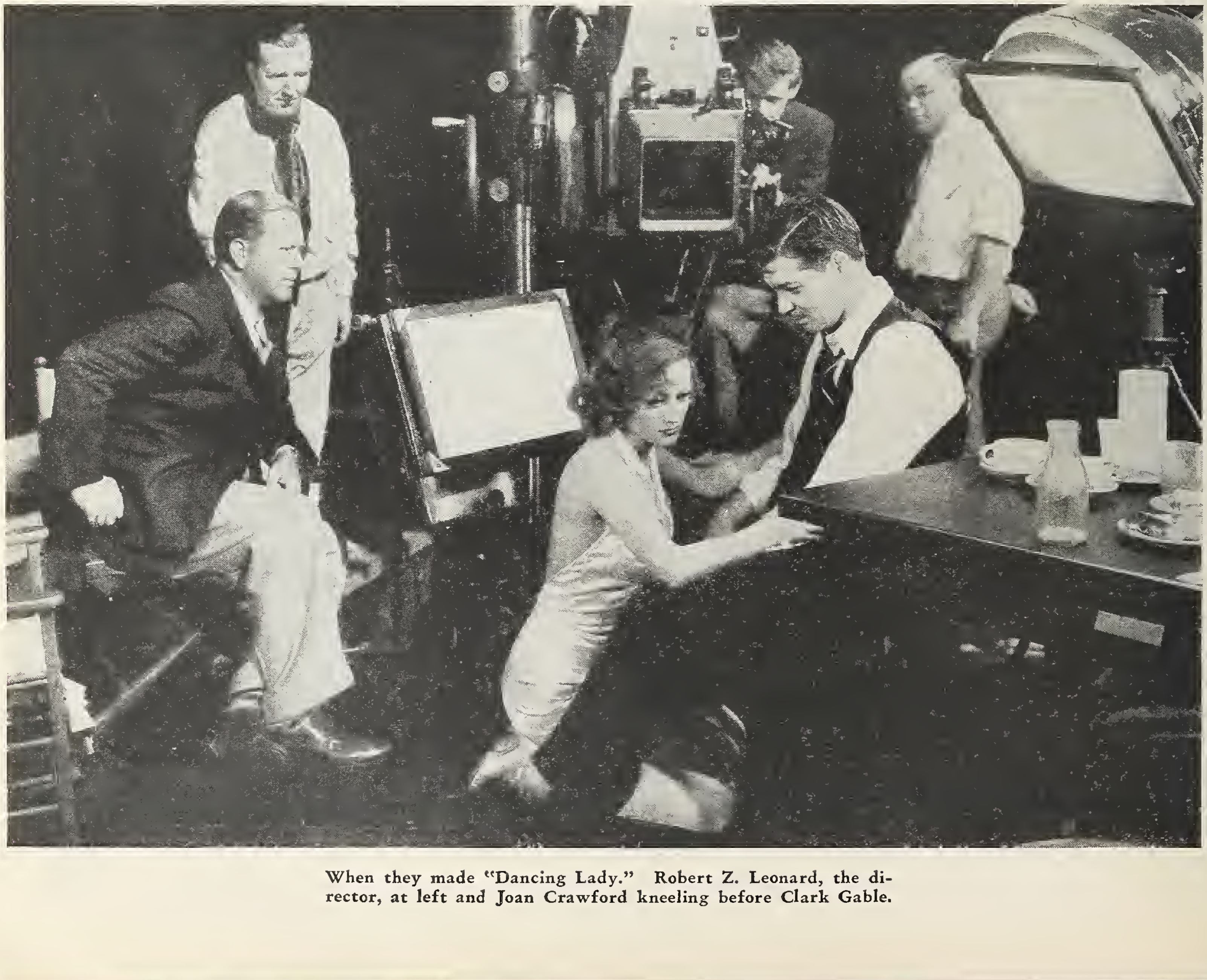
"I'll do it," she declared. "You are perfectly right when you say that that is one of the main things which is bothering Doug and me. We keep on reading this stuff. . . . I shan't open a magazine or a newspaper for a month . . . and maybe I can persuade Doug not to open one, either."

As we left the studio to go our separate ways, Joan stopped at a newsstand and bought seven magazines. My last glimpse of her showed her flipping the pages, eagerly, looking for items which mentioned her.

She never goes to parties if she can help it. She suffers from actual stage fright.

"That awful moment when you enter a room full of people! Everyone looks at you. I always think that they are talking about me, that they don't like me, that perhaps they are making fun of me! I spend hours before I go to a party, nerving myself for that ordeal of entering the room. I suffer horribly afterward. I am *sure* then, that they didn't like me. They didn't like my frock. They thought that what I said was stupid. . . . It's awful!"

That is ego, of course. She wants ap-



When they made "Dancing Lady." Robert Z. Leonard, the director, at left and Joan Crawford kneeling before Clark Gable.

Kay Francis

[*Continued from page 49*]

know about it's authenticity," Kay obliged. "I've never been in Raugoon. But shall I tell you about the time I was in Hoboken? No? All right, then—look at that crooked stairway. They tell me that there's one just like it in a famous Shanghai night club."

I gazed in dismay at a flight of steps that rose steeply to a balcony on which several tables were placed. The steps were set at uneven intervals, which is an old Oriental custom I learned. And they looked pretty tough going if a person had to navigate them in a hurry. You'd have to do an old-fashioned schottische—one, two, three, hop—to obtain the best results.

Kay had to leave then to do a short scene in which she only had to dance across the floor in the arms of Ricardo Cortez—which is a break for any girl, if you ask me. Ric is still one of the most sought after young men in Hollywood, though his attentions lately seem to have centered on a young society woman named Christine Lee. But only last year this time Ric and Joan Crawford and the gardenias were tangoing night after night at the Cocoanut Grove and the Gold Room—and what a fascinating couple they made on the dance floor. But let's not belittle Kay. Slithering out there in the Cortez arms she made the Red Headed Woman look like a high school girl, and the Worst Woman in Paris like nothing so much as a rank amateur.

At the various tables around the dance floor were enough nationalities represented to start a new League of Nations. Cute little Chinese serving girls in yellow silk pajamas; Burmese ladies with their quaint hair dresses looking like shiny black onions perched atop their heads; Hindus, immaculate in occidental clothes, with their white turbans adding an incongruous touch; trim English subalterns in stiffly starched mess jackets, looking like a lot of Doug Jrs., and Bruce Cabots at the Grove; flashily dressed white girls of uncertain nationality representing the Rangoon *demi-monde*. And on a small stage was a group of Burmese dancers posturing in time to the weird strains from a native orchestra. And when the Burmese posture they posture.

Warner Oland, clad in loose fitting white linens, crossed my range of vision.

"Aha, I see it all now," I said. "Ricardo Cortez is the hero. Warner Oland is the crafty old villain who is setting the head vamp in this naughty dive on Ric's trail. Ric probably has some important papers which they mean to get, or a rare old emerald worth millions that the Maharajah of Hotspot gave him for saving a dozen or so of his wives from drowning in the sacred pools. Plot number 6." (I was mistaken. I discovered later that it was Plot number 7.)

"No, ma'am," said Ric. "I'm no hero in this picture. I hero so rarely these days that I'm neglecting my profile. I'm the heavy again, worse luck. Just a soldier of fortune who sells the girl who loves him—Kay, of course—to Warner Oland for a shipload of guns he hopes to sell for fancy prices to the natives. Oland wants Kay for the head gal in his joint here. (Imagine swapping Kay for a lot of old guns—why Mr. Cortez must be mad.)

"You see," Ric continued, "I'm an utterly bad villain. Later, I decide I want my girl back, and I follow her when she tries to go straight, and when she turns me down I commit suicide and make it look like murder, and she's arrested and——"

"Wait a minute," I shouted. "You're breaking my heart. I want to get out before all that starts happening."

"You don't have to worry," Kay assured me, freshening up her make-up for the next scene. "We go on location tomorrow and all the dirty work is done on a river boat up near Stockton, which, unfortunately, is over a night's ride from Hollywood. We took some early scenes in the picture over on Catalina Island—which also is a bit far for commuting. I wonder what the location chooser for this picture has against me."

I found out that Lyle Talbot had been chosen for the leading man in the picture. He plays a young doctor with an unsavory past who meets Kay on the river boat when she is trying to run away from Oland's dive. The part had been originally intended for George Brent, but for some reason or other Talbot had been chosen to succeed him. Lyle had just gotten home from the hospital, after his terrible automobile accident, the day the studio called him, and although he was still pretty weak and shaken up he promised to take the plane for Stockton the next day. The old trouper instinct. The show must go on. But inasmuch as Lyle still has a gash in his head and his arm in a sling the script writers had to get busy and do a little explaining for a battered up leading man in their story. Lyle and Kay did a swell job together in "Mary Stevens, M.D.," so, personally, I'm darned glad Lyle has the part. He gets more and more popular in Hollywood every day—and the nurses at the hospital reported that while he was there he received more wires, telephone calls and flowers from women than any young actor who had ever sniffed their chloroform. The Countess di Frasso's flowers were very much in evidence.

A call for "Lights" and "Quiet" and Kay was back on the set again to do her "tripping" scene down the jerry-built stairway, and I'm here to tell you it was a real "trip." Hollywood's best dressed actress started down the steps, looking languidly toward the dance floor. One heel got caught in the train of her gown, and down she came, bumpity bump BUMP. And pride goeth before a fall.

"*-*-*-" said Miss Francis.

Director, cameraman, assistants, extras, dancers, everyone, even I, rushed forward to help her.

"Hurt?" Director Curtiz asked solicitously.

"What do you think?" Kay groaned rubbing a tender spot. That same spot which has been so well featured in "The Bowery" and "The Fire Chief."

But Kay refused to let a little thing like that make her call off work for the day. She really was considerably bruised, but as she remarked to me, "The bruises aren't where they show."

As if that wasn't enough excitement for one day, right on top of Kay's tumble, in walked Secretary of the Navy Claude Swanson and a gang of Admirals, piloted by a Warner Brother. Now, whether the U. S. Navy is going to continue to be dry or not, I don't pretend to know. It's been a long time since Secretary Daniels limited the navy's grog to straight grape juice. At any rate I am sure Secretary Swanson's eyes sparkled a bit when he spied the elaborate bar at the end of the café set. Kay must have noted the sparkle, too, for she led the distinguished visitors over to the bar and cordially invited them to have one on the house. There was a click of soles on brass.

But ah—their illusions regarding the movies must have been rudely shattered that day, for after one sip at their mint juleps, served in honor of the Secretary, who is a Virginian, yas suh, I noticed they

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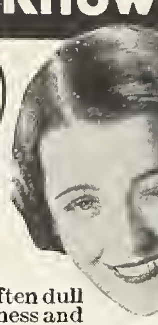

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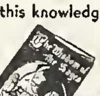

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all set them down as if each and everyone contained ginger ale—and, shiver me timbers, they did.

The Sec and the Admirals were good scouts, though, and posed for pictures, and all of them tried to get as close to Kay as possible (but I don't think she slipped her telephone number to any of them), and the photographers had a field day.

When the last gold braid had disappeared I again sought out Kay and demanded to know the finish of "Mandalay." After all, there was just a chance that it might not be Plot number 7. There was a slight suggestion of Plot number 9.

"After you fall in love with Lyle Talbot, the renegade doctor, and have fought off the villainous Cortez, and he has committed suicide and made it look like murder, and you get arrested—then what?" I asked.

"If you want to know how I get out of that mess and at last get around to a happy ending, you'll have to wait until you see the picture on the screen. It's much too good a story to spoil for you."

Which I call a mean trick on a trusting gal—and now I've got to wait a month to see whether it's Plot number 7 or 9. But from what I saw of the glamorous Kay, no matter what plot it is, I wouldn't miss seeing that picture. I've never seen Kay more fascinating and enticing, and if the men don't go for her in a big way in her rôle of "White Spot" I'm going to quit guessing.

All Aboard for Wedded Bliss

[*Continued from page* 21]

In other words," confessed Joel, "I love her—and I have never said that before. Of course one naturally loves one's wife—but when I first admitted to myself that I really loved Frances—I felt it was a most precious thing, something different, something apart." He looked at me searchingly. "Do I sound Ga-ga? Heaven forbid! Parading one's love is dangerous business. Sometimes it ruins everything." Joel looked up at her photograph as though he expected to hear Frances say "Sh'sh."

Frances fought shy of marriage because she thought it might interfere with her career. I would have liked to have talked to her about her plans but Joel warned me, "Frances refuses to talk. I should not have talked so much either," and he looked a bit worried, "but when a fellow feels as happy as I do he wants to jump on the roof tops and shout it to the world. Don't think for a moment that I allow myself to betray that feeling to the public in general. When we go places I try not to annoy Frances, or make a show of myself by gazing into her eyes with that 'can't live without you' look. I have seen others do that. It makes a couple look silly. Love is cheapened when it is put on parade. Perhaps we're a bit old-fashioned about it, but Frances' mother is quite a stickler for conservative behavior and my family is very conventional, so I suppose we are apt to try to put the brakes on our own emotions."

Joel is so obviously happy, and is trying so hard to curb his enthusiasm over finding himself married to the girl he loves, that it would be amusing if it were not so sincere. Frances is a slip of a girl five feet three, with steady blue eyes and brown hair that grows off her forehead in such a way as to make an aura for her intelligent face. It is that cool intelligence that is going to make a fight to sail safely over the stormy seas of a Hollywood marriage. "Exhibiting happiness sometimes brings disaster" is a remark attributed to Frances by one of her intimate friends.

"I know," said Joel, "that there's plenty of trouble for us to steer clear of in marriage. I'm not blind to the disastrous divorces that happen every day. I gasped, with all the others, when the papers came out announcing that Mary Pickford's happiness was hanging in the balance. Everyone is still wondering what really happened to wreck Bill Powell's marriage to Carole Lombard. Of course it makes a chap stop and think. I don't know the recipe for sure fire matrimonial success but I'm going to try to find one." Joel's eyes had a faraway look—he seemed to be summing up the future. "Anyway, now that I've been lucky enough to convince Frances that it's worth trying—I feel our careers will not be hurt by our adventures into matrimony. It was her splendid work in "An American Tragedy" that made me notice her.

"I first met her, though, while she was being photographed for some publicity pictures at Santa Monica. She was in a bathing suit. I didn't know her without make-up. Someone said 'would you mind posing with Frances Dee?' 'All right,' I said, 'where is she?' 'Right in front of you.' Was I embarrassed? I apologized, and we posed for a few pictures. I don't think I saw her again until we met on the set of 'The Silver Cord.' Then I almost disliked her. She seemed to have a flippant little way about her. Laughed and chatted in a frivolous manner. Later, I learned this is to offset her shyness and embarrassment in being with people—she is afraid of her natural disposition getting her a reputation for being 'high hat.'

"She is a splendid actress and it was a joy to watch her work. I felt I was watching the real Frances—although of course she was acting—but somehow she appealed to me intensely and I tried to see beneath the mask. Her fine intelligence and her simplicity began to show up. That's the wonderful thing about Frances. Her simplicity. It has always been the keynote of everything for me and I believe that if we can retain our genuine love for the simple joys of life this mutual characteristic will help us cheat old man divorce."

Several weeks before Joel and Frances stood before the minister in Rye, New York, and pledged themselves "for better or for worse," they made a trip to San Francisco for a personal appearance at one of the local theatres. They dined together and danced to the dreamy strains of Ted Fio Rita's music and, although anyone could see that it was a case of ardent young love, no engagement ring gleamed from Frances' tapering finger. Joel had all his cards on the table but she was not showing her hand. This bears out her best friend's statement that Frances wanted to think well before she stepped up to the altar with Joel. She is a girl of deep feeling and great ambitions. She was determined on having a successful film career and it is quite likely that a strenuous fight was going on between Frances, the actress—and Frances, the woman.

The woman naturally dreamt of a fireside, a cradle, and the man she loved—with the world shut out. Joel McCrea has something about him that would make any woman think it would be rather a wonderful thing to be just his wife. Of course, the actress must not think of cradles and simple home joys—and the outside world called so persistently that, for a while, its song drowned out the lullabies that should be the theme song of a happy marriage, even in this modern world.

Frances was wise in delaying her marriage until she felt very sure of herself. Hollywood marriages seem to shatter the love that precedes them. Courtship is a happy period and when the goose hangs high it is a wise young couple that makes the most of it. Joel and Frances were snapped by several photographers as they boarded the plane for that San Francisco trip and, the following day, newspapers stated that they were on their way to be married. Joel laughed and dismissed it with the remark, "Newspaper men must be in the matchmaking business." Frances denied vehemently that there were to be any wedding bells in the near future but Joel was optimistic and kept building his ranch house with an eye to a feminine occupant.

"Funny, isn't it? But I have put my love for my wife through every test," said Joel. "I have imagined every situation that could rise in everyday life, such as some stubborn illness befalling either of us—some stroke of bad fortune, a serious accident—would any of these things change our love—or would it survive? Some might think me a bit morbid, but I think it is better to size up everything that could happen to a young married couple, and then try to visualize just what we would do under such circumstances. Would we still love each other? Would we grow tired? I can truthfully say that I love her in such a way that it would stand the gaff of any of the misfortunes I've mentioned. It would seem that our marriage should weather the storm. Some people think our careers will suffer. That's rot! I'm just as interested in Frances' future as I am my own. If she comes home dead tired and wants to stay at home or even not be bothered seeing me—I understand. Neither does she expect me to go gallivanting around if I'm all fagged out from a hard day."

They are both extremely sensible young people—and idealists too—so they should have a good chance to make a success of a marriage that was well considered. There were many arguments pro and con in the household of Dee and McCrea. Their respective mothers wisely looked on from the side lines and let the young ones decide for themselves. Frances knew what she wanted—so did Joel. They have decided that they will have to do a bit of sacrificing, one to the other.

Frances wants a career and Joel wants home life and babies—yet they want to make each other happy, and they know that the only way is to make the necessary sacrifices as the need crops up. If they can keep faith with each other their happiness is assured.

Seen in the Hollywood Studios

[*Continued from page* 27]

sons, "the check will be good. If it isn't I can't go back to Shirley (Jeanette MacDonald) and if I can't go back to Shirley I might as well be in jail."

"What are you doing here today?" inquires Director Bill Howard of Vivienne when the scene is finished.

Realizing that directors are sometimes human I obligingly move off.

There's another swell set out there at M-G-M. "The Vinegar Tree," which stars Alice Brady. In its way it's just as pretentious as the one in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," which I told you about a few months ago. This one is a French provincial house with real grass growing on the stage. They dug up a whole lawn, sod and all and transplanted it to one of the sound stages. It's watered every night and the sun-arcs furnish it with light to keep it growing.

There are dormer windows and gables jutting out all over it. The roof looks like it is thatched—but it isn't. It is tile that has been specially treated to make it look authentic—and mouldy. Scattered through the grounds are beds of tulips, iris, snowballs, asters, dahlias, a few lilac bushes and almost every other kind of flower imaginable. Some of the beds are bordered with low hedges. Apple and peach trees are in bloom and yellow rambler roses climb all over the house.

The cast, Alice Brady, Mary Carlisle, Katherine Alexander (fresh from the New York stage—and why?), Lionel Barrymore, William Janney, and Conway Tearle, are seated around a breakfast table on the porch. The furniture is white wicker with blue upholstering and white cords about the seams. The table cloth is the same color blue as the upholstering on the furniture and it, too, has a white fringe.

La Brady, the lady of the house, is charmingly gowned for breakfast in a blue and white checked taffeta dress. I catch her eye and smile widely but she looks vague. She doesn't remember me! And we had such a swell interview just last week. There is a song in Novarro's film called "Try to Forget." I'm going to write one called "Try to Remember" and dedicate it to Alice. Well, she's still swell—but what a blow to a Mook's conceit.

Mary Carlisle comes over to shake hands and that consoles me no little.

"How thin you've got!" I exclaim, determined not to let my chagrin over Alice mar my disposition.

"I've been dieting in wholesale quantities," Mary explains and adds, "I fainted this morning." And me not there to catch her. Truly, it's not my day.

This story is *so* mixed up. Katherine comes home from Europe with her jaded lover, Tearle, and wants to be with him but can't take him to her apartment. She wires her sister, Brady, to ask if she can come up there. She and Tearle arrive separately—as strangers. Brady is also the mother of Mary Carlisle, who has just had a fuss with her boy friend, Janney, because he thinks she needs more sophistication. Brady is a flighty wench who never gets anything straight and she thinks Tearle was once one of her lovers. How-

Ramon Novarro in his picture, "The Cat and the Fiddle," with Frank Conroy and Charles Butterworth. The musical pictures are a break for Ramon.

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A scene from "The Vinegar Tree," in which Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore are co-starred. It is the screen version of a popular Broadway success.

ever, Mary throws herself at Tearle and he is tempted, despite his forty-two years. Alexander is furious, Brady is both furious and alarmed, and neither of them can do anything about it because they'd let the cat out of the bag if they did.

They're at breakfast when Janney arrives. He's had to come up on a coal car because he's broke, and he's a sight. He looks like a ragamuffin.

Brady gets the brilliant idea—and at breakfast, of *all* times!—that one of them should leave the room and the others select some object. Then the absent one is called back and by asking questions that can be answered with "yes" or "no" is supposed to guess the object they've chosen. Janney is sent out of the room so he can wash up. When he comes back he begins his questioning.

But Alice being a nit-wit (though, only in the picture, I assure you), gives it away and Janney guesses it the third question. Brady can't understand that she gave it away. "It's wonderful," she simpers. "He guessed it in three questions. However did you do it?"

It's a grand scene and a grand picture. Alice is great, of course, and if you don't think Billy Janney's acting has improved by leaps and bounds, wait until you see this.

"Dancing Lady" is still shooting and so is "Tarzan and His Mate." The latter promises to rival "Rasputin" in length of production. It's on location today. And, of course, Garbo is still the Swede recluse and public be served or no public be served, no one is allowed on the "Queen Christina" set.

At the Fox Studio

JAUNTING across Overland Avenue to Fox, I'm still having high blood pressure over not being able to get on the Garbo set and narrowly miss colliding with a brewery truck—a 4% one.

Once inside the studio I cool off, though, because the first set I'm ushered onto is supposed to be the stage of a theatre, and the setting is a winter scene in Switzerland. It's one of the most stupendous I've ever seen set up on a stage and, curiously enough, the stage is no larger than those in regular theatres. For that reason, those carping critics who got squeamish about the prologue numbers in "Footlight Parade," will have to find something else in this one to find fault with. It is called "I Am Suzanne," starring Lilian Harvey.

On the stage, high up, almost in the flies, is a Swiss chalet. Winding around it, precipitously steep, is a toboggan slide. There are lots of perfectly gorgeous looking girls on the porch and steps of the chalet—and a few nondescript looking men.

At the lower left of the stage are some tables with people sitting at them and a few waiters wandering around. The cloths on the tables are blue and white checked. Nearly every tablecloth I've seen on a set this month has been checkered, so they must be quite *de rigeur.*

Finally the lights are adjusted and the director calls, "Ready!" For a second there is confusion as the people stop what they were doing to take their places, and the curtains are drawn. "Action!" orders the director and everything moves like clockwork. The curtains part and we see two octettes of girls and boys skating into the scene on iceskates. Down the toboggan at breakneck speed come a couple of sleds filled with people. A group of children are dancing in a circle around a bear. The people on the porch and steps of the chalet, those at the tables, those in the windows of the house, are singing. Suddenly there is a hush and down a rope, strung from the top of the theatre to the stage, slides Lilian Harvey. She takes her bow and launches into a ballet.

It's colossal.

You may wonder what leads up to all this. It's very simple. Hard times have come upon the little puppet theatre in Paris run by Gene Raymond and his father, Murray Kinnell. Their centuries old theatre is not making money. Gene decides to find out where the people are going and what they want. He ends up at the big, popular revue theatre around the corner and the scene I've just described is what he sees.

If you want to know what comes next, consult your movie primer. "I am Suzanne" is plot number one. But who cares about plots in musical comedies.

From Miss Harvey's set I wander on to another stage and find another semi-musical, "Jimmy and Sally," which was supposed to star James Dunn and Sally Eilers. Only Sally decided the part wasn't worthy of her efforts, so they put her into a Western picture with George O'Brien, where she'd have a chance to act more—if not longer. And Claire Trevor, whom I introduced to you a few months ago when she was playing with George in "Life in The Raw," gets Sally's spot in this picture.

The scene is another night club. It is a large room and Gus Arnheim's orchestra has been engaged for the picture. At one end is the orchestra platform, with gold drapes around the front and lavender velvet ones forming a semi-circle in back.

Jimmy Dunn and Lya Lys in "Jimmy and Sally," the Fox picture which serves to introduce this new feminine player.

A blonde is standing down front crooning into a mike. She's crooning so low that even when you stand a few feet away you can't hear her.

At first I thought it was Claire looking very exotic with her hair parted in the middle, slicked down on each side and drawn back.

"Is that Miss Trevor?" I ask.

The maid gives me a pitying look. "*That* is Miss Lys," she announces majestically.

Well, and so what? I can imagine a lot of things worse than being mistaken for Claire Trevor.

It seems that Jimmy is a publicity man for the Marlowe Meat Packing Corporation and Claire Trevor is secretary to the advertising manager. They have apartments across the way from one another and Jimmy eats most of his breakfasts with her. They have an "understanding" (ah, Understanding, what sins are committed in that name!) but he never quite gets around to the marriage idea.

He evolves a publicity stunt which draws publicity all right—and a lot of unwelcome damage suits as well. He gets the gate.

Now Pola Wenski, a cabaret entertainer (Lya Lys) at the Rendezvous, also entertains Mr. Marlowe on the side. (I tell you, these meat packers are terrific!) She is deeply impressed with the publicity resulting from Jimmy's stunt and insists that Marlowe engage him to make her famous—or infamous.

Jimmy promptly plans a *swell* stunt. He gets a broadcasting keyhole columnist—Clyde Dilson—(and is it possible they could mean Winchell?) to confide to his ether public that "Pola Wenski, beautiful blonde at the Rendezvous, has fallen in love. That may not seem unusual but it will when I tell you the man she is *cuhrazy* about doesn't even know it, nor has she ever met him. She cherishes a big yen for a gangster and, not to confuse you, I'll add that he's the most dangerous and handsomest public enemy at large."

Half a dozen mob leaders each figure they're "it," and they all, with their body guards, call that night at the Rendezvous. Jimmy is there with Jed Prouty, and it's to them Lys is crooning.

The scene finished, Jimmy dashes up. "Hi, lug," he hails me in his customary fashion.

"Hi, yourself," I retort. "I haven't seen you in a month of Sundays."

"Gosh, how you get around," he comes back. "I've been away for two or three months. You sure get the news while it *is* news, don't you?"

"You *could* 'phone a guy you know and say 'goodbye' or 'hello,' " I whine.

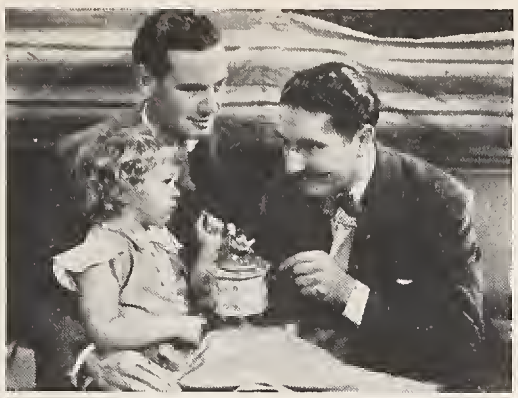
"Well," he soothes me, "just so you'll be on the inside I'll tell you now that as soon as I finish this picture I'm going back to New York to do some more personal appearances. Now don't say I never gave you an exclusive story."

Thanks, Jimmy, and you see what I'm doing with it, don't you? You—you—you *lug!*

Right next door to the night club set is the interior of a sleeping car on the Orient Express. The picture is called "Seven Lives Were Changed," and here's how.

The train pulls out of Ostend and thunders across Europe carrying a strange cargo of passengers, among whom are: Heather Angel, dainty, lovely variety dancer, to whom life has been unkind. She is en route to Constantinople—almost penniless. She looks forward to her dancing job. When she faints from hunger it is the kindly but timid Norman Foster, wealthy young merchant, who takes her under his wing, tells her of his business, his hopes and plans, and provides her with food and a stateroom. Then he proposes marriage and lives in ecstatic happiness until the shadows of others cross their paths.

Roy D'Arcy, thief, pickpocket and murderer, fleeing from his latest crime, boards the Orient Express.



In "Seven Lives Were Changed," Norman Foster, Little Marianne Edwards and a music box share honors with Roy D'Arcy. It is D'Arcy's first appearance since the silent pictures.

Ralph Morgan, seemingly a quiet English school teacher vacationing in the Balkans, is in reality a powerful Communist leader returning to his homeland to lead another uprising. About to be arrested when the train reaches the Jugo-Slavian border, he slips an incriminating letter on to Heather Angel, which leads to her arrest.

At the moment, Norman and D'Arcy are in the compartment with little Marianne Edwards. While Norman is entertaining Marianne with a toy music box, D'Arcy picks a purse in the compartment. Charming fellow.

There isn't any dialogue in this particular sequence but it's a gripping story and proves that the wages of sin is death.

At R.-K.-O.

AT THIS studio "Flying Down to Rio" is in production, but they're only rehearsing.

"I can't be running back and forth to these studios all the time to catch scenes," I grumble to Thornton Freeland, the director. "If you want to get in this department this month, you'll have to shoot the number now."

But Thornton knows me and, confound it, nobody who knows me ever takes me seriously. He just grins and says "June (June Clyde, his wife) was asking the other night why you never drop in to say 'hello.' "

I'm going away somewhere—somewhere where no one knows me and I'll be respected.

One of the most stupendous sets I have ever seen has been erected for "Man of Two Worlds," in which last season's matinee idol, Frances Lederer, makes his screen debut. It is stark tragedy—the saga of an Eskimo who guides some Englishmen in their quest for rare animals. As a reward, he is taken back to England with them, and falls in love with an English girl. Recovering from an illness, he sees her in the arms of her fiancè and the shock is so great he faints and has to be taken back to bed. On the mend, though still weak, he attempts to make love to and possess her. She screams and rains blows on him. Thoroughly disillusioned, he returned to his native Greenland, his mother, wife and son. But as time passes he finds himself comparing his environment and family to the other life he has known. His failure to possess the white girl becomes an obsession. In the end, he goes out into the storm, sends his spear hurtling through space and permits the snow and cold to force him to the ground—and death.

The wall between two huge sound stages has been knocked out to make room for this one set. Huge mountains of ice have been thrown up. They're made of plaster

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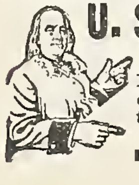

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of paris and wire matting, but they're painted white with faint blue shadows, giving the impression of immensity—and the vast distances of the arctic. Artificial snow covers the ground and a couple of wind machines not only faithfully reproduce the sound of the unceasing northern wind, but also keep the snow whirling.

Lederer, clad in the regulation Eskimo outfit, takes his place at the far end of the set, high up in the hills of ice. A wire, painted white, so it won't photograph, has been strung the length of the stages. His spear has a couple of eyebolts fastened in it and the wire runs through these. The wind machines start, and the snow whirls. Suddenly he heaves the spear and it goes hurtling through space, missing the camera by inches, fixing itself in a couple of planks erected to stop it. Lederer looks after it sadly for a moment and then sinks to the ground. The snow gradually covers him.

It is a masterful piece of acting and a gripping story, but just why the studio officials should have elected to use the most romantic figure on the stage today in such a part is another of those questions that constantly perplex everyone connected with the industry—except the heads of it, who seem blithely unconcerned.

The only other picture shooting over there is "Long Lost Father," starring the peerless John Barrymore, who goes right on making pictures despite anything I can do about it.

"You'll have to wait here a minute," my guide informs me as we're about to enter the stage, "until I see if we can get on this set."

He leaves me and returns a few minutes later. "One of the assistants says we can do anything but speak to his highness."

Well, I've lived fifty—I mean, twenty years without speaking to Mr. Barrymore so I guess I can survive. And, anyhow, I once split a quart of champagne with Ethel and nobody can take *that* away from me.

The scene is the office of a restaurant. There is no furniture in it but a desk, a desk lamp, a continental telephone, office chair, a couple of file cases and a few pictures on the wall.

John, looking very head-waiterish in gray striped trousers and a frock coat, is seated at the desk with his famous fishy look in his eyes. At a corner of the desk stands E. C. Clive, a cockney Englishman.

E. C. Clive and John Barrymore in "Long Lost Father," Radio's sure-fire picture.

"You wanted a job, didn't you?" Barrymore demands.

"Yes, sir," says Clive.

"Get him a waiter's kit," says Barrymore, apparently addressing the thin air, because there's no one else there, "and have *him* serve the eggs."

Now, I ask you: Does that make sense? And what possible connection can eggs have with a long lost father?

At Paramount

AROUND the corner from R-K-O, I bump into Jack Oakie, Jack Haley, Lew Cody and Gregory Ratoff (the same one who once resented Glenn Tryon referring to him as "talent," and who told Glenn that in New York they referred to him as "genius." I guess I'd better add that the whole thing was in fun or a nitwit in Washington named Carol Behrle will be writing me an indignant letter of protest).

They're making a scene outside the studio gates for "We're Sitting Pretty." This is the picture that co-stars the first two. Haley is one of the best known comedians in New York, and, before his arrival, all Oakie's friends had a great time kidding him into believing Haley would steal the picture.

"What's it all about, Jack?" I ask Mr. Oakie.

"Waal, my partner (indicating Haley) and me are a couple of vaudevillians trying to get to Hollywood, but we got no dough. So we get out on the road and give it this (giving me the hitch-hiker's sign). We finally get here but it does us no good. We can't get into the studio. So we park outside the gates and——"

Lew Cody, Gregory Ratoff, Jack Haley and Jack Oakie in "We're Sitting Pretty." You wouldn't think it was a girl show from this scene.

"Action," yells the director.

Oakie and Haley bust up to the gate. "We *got* to get in here," Oakie explains but the gateman pushes him out with a nasty expression. They're using a real gateman and I've seen that same expression many times when I've tried to get in myself. Just then Lew Cody (whom Oakie says is the Schulberg of the picture) and his agent, Ratoff (whom Jack describes as a "flesh peddler"), come along.

"Listen, Tannenbaum," says Cody, "you're a good agent but you don't know a thing about casting."

"I still say Freddie Marvin could play that part," Ratoff insists. "He's just a baby."

"Baby, eh?" Cody sneers—and *how* he can sneer. "He's been voting for five years." Cody gets into the waiting auto but just as Ratoff prepares to follow suit, Oakie and Haley, who have been watching openmouthed, rush up and stop him.

"Say, Mr. Tannenbaum," Oakie sputters.

"Yeah?" comes in a frigidaire tone from Ratoff.

"We're Parker and Pendleton," Oakie announces in a tone implying that more need not be said.

"All right," Ratoff squelches him as he shakes off Oakie's arm and gets into the car, "I'll use your brooms."

The expression of bewilderment and utter unbelief on Oakie's face as Cody and Ratoff drive off is something I'll long remember.

Inside the studio I find a little number in production called "A Girl Without A Room."

The picture is just starting and I don't think they've quite got the plot settled yet (just wait until *Mr. Glogauer* finds out about *this!*) but it's an elegant set. It represents an artist's studio on the Left Bank in Paris. My guide and I pick our way through a lot of roofs set on stilts and come, finally, into the studio. I glance back towards the maze through which I've just threaded my way, only, being inside the studio, I have to look through a window and it's a little startling to see nothing but the roofs which seem startlingly real without the stilts. The place is simply filthy (if I ever even *hear* of a tidy artist the shock will carry me off). One one side is a wooden cupboard and on the other a platform for the model to pose on.

"A Girl Without a Room" is one of those Paris studio pictures. Walter Woolf and Marguerite Churchill.

Marguerite Churchill, who used to be so mousey, has now gone in for sex in a big way and her formerly chestnut tresses are a Peggy-Shannon red. She stands on the model's dais clad only in a pair of teddies and a polka-dot robe. Walter Woolf, whom I mentioned as having played in "Golden Dawn" with Vivienne Segal, and who has one of the most glorious baritone voices on the American stage, is the artist.

"May I quit now?" asks Marguerite.

There is no reply as Wally goes right on with his work. Suddenly hiccoughy Charlie Ruggles enters, without the formality of a knock. "Tchk, tchk, tchk," says he, taking in things at a glance.

"What do you want?" Woolf asks, none too cordially.

"The bottle of brandy you borrowed while I was out," Ruggles answers as though it were ridiculous to suppose he'd come for anything else.

"May I quit now?"

"At least, I didn't disturb you when I took it," Woolf retorts, ignoring Marguerite. "Why don't you knock before you come in?"

"If you insist on my knocking (pun intended)," Ruggles assures him, "then I must say that (indicating Woolf's painting) is the worst picture I've seen since my folks took the painting of Aunt Agatha out of the living room in 1912."

"Look," says Marguerite, "if you don't mind, I'll quit now."

"Uh? Oh, sure," Walter responds.

"Cut," the director instructs.

I'm dying to ask Marguerite about these rules for a successful marriage that she and George O'Brien have formulated but, after all, you can't just bust up to a perfectly strange young woman and ask her if she thinks her marriage of two months' standing is going to be saved by a few rules.

I feel more at home on the next stage because Freddie March is there and Freddie and I have been friends for years. But, drat it all, he's no fun today. "I've had the flu," he mutters. "I've still got a temperature of over a hundred and I ought to be in bed."

"Well, why aren't you?" I ask.

He gives me a disgusted look and then for a moment the March humor breaks through. "Haven't you learned yet that the show *must* go on?" he demands.

The "show" in this case is "Chrysalis." Freddie is a professor at a university and Miriam Hopkins, daughter of wealthy and divorced parents, is infatuated with him. Her mother, learning of the affair, sends the family lawyer to investigate Freddie.

Freddie is in the living room of his apartment—a living room furnished with a heterogeneous assortment of chairs—one upholstered in red leather, another in needlepoint while a third is in the Jacobean style. A large table is placed endwise against the window, which boasts nondescript draperies. A draughtsman's board with a T square and some paper on it is just back of the table.

Suddenly there is a knock at the door and Freddie goes to answer it. William Collier, Sr., stands there beaming. "Mr. Ellis?"

"Yes," Freddie admits.

"This is delightful," Collier announces, standing in the doorway and glancing about the room.

"I'm very busy," Freddie announces. "Could you come back tomorrow?"

"Won't stay a minute," Collier returns, pushing into the room, smiling so blissfully, his manner so suavely assured that March can't stop him. "I'm Jeremiah Halman, legal advisor and close friend of Mrs. Farrell—Lyda's mother."

"Oh," comes from Freddie.

"I presume you know Lyda Farrell (Miriam Hopkins)?" Collier persists.

"Well—yes," from Freddie.

"May I sit down?" Collier has the decency to ask.

"Of course," says Freddie, and adds, "You would anyway."

He's right. Collier already has the easiest chair in the room picked out.

On the United Artists' Lot

TWENTIETH CENTURY has two going: "Advice to the Lovelorn" and "Born to Be Bad."

The former is graced with the presence of Lee Tracy, Sally Blane (just back from Europe and two or three princes and millionaires), and Adalyn Doyle, a pretty newcomer who gets her first break in this picture. She used to be Katherine Hepburn's stand-in. Douglas Churchill, portly representative of the New York *Times*, is acting as technical advisor on this picture. Doug's penchant for resting is well known and I wondered how he would be able to stand the gaff of picture work. "I should have a stand-in so I could relax more," he grumbles.

Adalyn Doyle, Lee Tracy and Sally Blane in "Advice to the Lovelorn." Tracy is the best newspaper man on the screen.

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"A sit-in, you mean," opines the director derisively.

It seems that Lee is a breezy reporter on the Los Angeles *World,* who gets put in charge of the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column because he's always drunk and can't stay on any other job. He's furious and wants to quit so he can marry Sally Blane and go to work in her father's garage. But the managing editor won't let him go because he has a contract. So he starts to kid the column, but only succeeds in boosting the paper's circulation.

Ashamed to tell Sally what he's doing, he announces he can't quit because a poor old reporter named Gaskell (Gaskell is really the managing editor) is dying of lung trouble and is the father of six motherless children. Gaskell, according to Lee, is too sick to do his own writing so Lee has been quietly doing it for him for a long time. Fortunately for them Gaskell can't live more than six months and then Lee will be released from his heroic sacrifice. Lee figures he'll be fired before then.

The lie works until Sally accidentally learns who Gaskell really is, and that he is the owner of a sixteen-cylinder automobile but no children. Then she sees red.

As I put in an appearance on the set, the place is bustling with activity. Downstage is the reception room of a large newspaper office. There is a railing to separate the sheep from the wolves or, rather, the visitors from the employees. Inside the rail is the switchboard and Adalyn busy plugging up holes, etc. Through the plate glass windows can be seen reporters in the outer office scurrying around, typing, chatting and doing all the other little things reporters do when they're supposed to be working. Sally, in a blue-gray coatsuit, with mole collar and hat to match, and long dark gray silk gloves coming up to her elbow, is pacing impatiently up and down by the switchboard. Then Lee bursts through the door with hands outstretched towards her. "Honey!"

"Hello," says Sally indifferently.

"Why've you been hiding out on me?" Lee asks. "I've been calling you for weeks."

"Is there some place where we can talk?" Sally wants to know, ignoring his questions and cordiality.

"Huh?" says Tracy and then he gets it. "Wait a minute." He rushes through the swinging gate to the switchboard and sends Adalyn out to powder her nose.

It's a typical Tracy part and for those of you who are not Lee's fans there are a couple of spots in the picture where he gets beaten up unmercifully.

———

"Born to Be Bad" stars Loretta Young, Sally's sister.

Harry Green and Loretta Young in "Born to be Bad." Loretta is becoming a very important young lady.

Loretta is a hard-boiled dame with a hard-boiled young son. She's had to fight her way throuph life and I've an idea that the son is the result of her having loved "not wisely but too well." When he is run over by a milk truck, driven, curiously enough, by the president of the company so he can better acquaint himself with what's going on in his company, Loretta gets hold of a shyster lawyer. They concoct a scheme to make the boy's injuries seem much worse than they are so that they can collect big damages. Their plot is discovered and the boy taken to an orphanage, only to be adopted later by the president of the milk company (Cary Grant).

Loretta tries to get the boy to run away with her but that plot, too, is discovered. When Cary upbraids her, she pretends to faint and is put to bed in one of the rooms of his home. She immediately summons her lawyer—none other than Harry Green.

Despite all the recent milk wars, dairying is still a profitable business if one can judge by Cary's home. The room is done in a dead white. The furniture is French period. On the bed are Italian cut-work sheets, no less. Loretta is on the bed, too, looking very lovely in a turquoise blue velvet negligee with a lace yoke and lace sleeves.

"Let's go," suggests Lowell Sherman, the director.

Harry takes his place at the foot of the bed. "Listen to me," he adjures Loretta. "I'm talking to you like you was my own daughter—my own flesh and blood. Such an opportunity a girl *never* had. Don't worry. You'll get your kid back and fortune besides. And even if de kid got killed," shrugging his shoulders, "positively you wouldn't be so well off."

"Well, what is it?" Loretta demands, running a nail file over her finger.

"It's no trick," Harry explains. "It's simply a matter of pushing a button. "The trick," winking, "is for *you* to get him to make love. *But,*" holding up an admonitory finger, "just to get him to make love is not enough. It's got to be the wrong kind of love. If he says, 'Darling, I love you'—that means nothing. *But* if he says, 'Darling, I got to have you—I can't stand it' and you get him panting like a fox—*that* means money in the bank."

Loretta thinks it over for a moment and smiles. "All right. Go ahead and get your contraption."

Poor Cary. He's always being framed.

I wish you could get a load of Director Lowell Sherman. A vision, positively, if I ever saw one. His dark sun glasses, worn inside as well as out, make him look quite *distingue.* His costume of khaki shorts, yellow sweater with practically no sleeves, and white wool golf stockings with clocks of orange and black diamond shaped figures running up the sides, do nothing to distract attention from him.

Over at Universal

I WILL look this place over and my day's stint will be finished.

"By Candlelight" is the first picture that engages my attention at the oldest factory in the business. This is the story that John Gilbert was reported to have written and that he was so anxious to make at M-G-M. It is the story of a butler (Paul Lukas) who amuses himself in the absence of his master, a philandering prince (Nils Asther) by wearing the latter's smoking gown, drinking his liquor and smoking his cigarettes.

En route to Monte Carlo, where the prince has sent him to ready his (the prince's Villa) so that he may elude a couple of irate husbands in whose homes he has—er—meddled, Paul encounters the maid (Elissa Landi) of the Countess Von Rischenheim (Dorothy Revier). Each seeing the coat of arms of their master and mistress on the luggage, believes the other to belong to royalty.

He persuades her to visit him at his master's villa the next evening, receives her in the prince's dressing gown, dress shirt and evening trousers. Elissa is modestly gowned in one of her mistress' most elaborate costumes. Suddenly the lights go out. Frozen with terror, Josef sees the prince, unexpectedly returned, enter the room in the servant's livery, bearing champagne and candelabra—their customary procedure, only with the rôles reversed, when the prince is on the make.

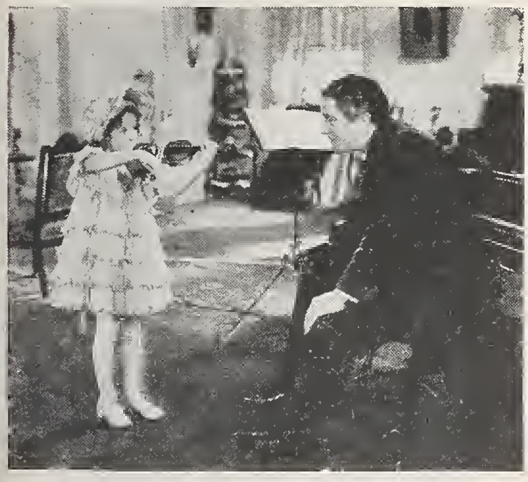
The prince, from the first, doubts Elissa's supposed high station and, during Paul's absence from the room, treats her with such familiarity that, thoroughly frightened, she flees, dropping one of her mistress' jeweled slippers on the terrace where it is found by the abject Paul.

The scene my fast dimming eyes encounter is the hallway in the villa. It is in severe white. Suddenly the outer door opens and Paul enters, the dressing gown still much in evidence, and carrying the jeweled slipper. Through the door can be seen palm trees and the silvery moonlight. He closes the door, crosses the hall into the bedroom, leaving the latter door open. Through the doorway we see him toss the slipper and dressing gown on the bed, don the coat of the prince's dress suit, turn and leave the room.

What happens next? For the answer to this great mystery see the picture when it is shown at your nearest theatre, as I must confess I can't help you out. But with three foreign actors—Lukas, Landi and Asther—playing a continental farce, you'll get your money's worth.

* * *

"Beloved" is the story of a boy (John Boles) whose father used to have a three piece orchestra play him to sleep every night in order to instill a love of music in him. Ten years later the Baron (John's father) has been killed and John and his mother are living in Charleston, S. C. The mother gives music lessons. Another ten years pass and so does the mother. John continues giving lessons. Among his pupils is the daughter (Gloria Stuart) of some wealthy Charlestonians. They fire John when they learn that he, a nobody, wants to marry their daughter. Then the Civil War breaks out and he goes to fight for glory and for country (the South) taking with him Shirley's promise to wait for him to the end of time—if necessary. Fortunately it isn't. When the war is over he comes back, and as her people have lost all their money she's no better than he and they are married forthwith and immediately. The years treat them none too kindly. In his heart is the desire to write a great symphony but the desire is not fortified with the ability.



Joan Pierce and John Boles in a scene from "Beloved," a Universal picture. This shows the sound pictures at their best.

He continues giving violin lessons at 25c to $1 a lesson. We pick him up in the midst of a lesson. It is a shabby little room, although it contains a beautiful antique highboy.

John, his hair graying with the years, sits on the piano stool facing a little girl in a poke bonnet and ruffled dress, the ruffles edged in green ribbon, who holds a violin, and bow.

"Now, Joan," he smiles patiently, "let's do the G scale. Come on, now."

There is the wheezing, scraping noise a tyro makes in drawing a bow across the strings of a violin.

"Just a moment, darling," he interposes when she finishes, "let's keep it up to tempo. Try it again now." And he manages to look interested as she does it. "That's fine," he encourages her. "Now, can you remember the C scale?"

I can only remember the young genius in "Humoresque," who, while struggling for recognition, was forced by circumstances, to give lessons to dolts who never would be able to play as well as he—who never would appreciate nor love music as he did. And as I watch John struggling to appear interested in something he loathes, I remember a line in one of Philip Barry's plays: "Expediency's heel on the neck of inclination. Most men lead lives of quiet desperation."

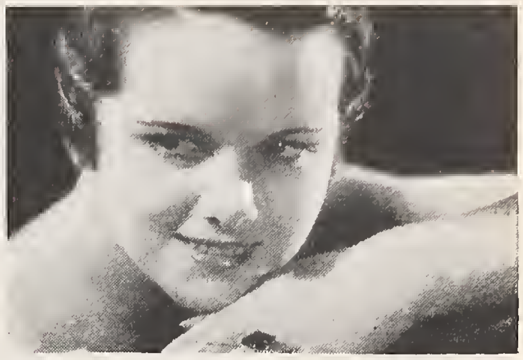
Shirley Grey, Edmund Lowe and Onslow Stevens in "Bombay Mail." Exciting, too!

Fortunately the whole picture is not in this sombre mood. Boles sings two songs in it—songs written by the director—Victor Schertzinger.

* * *

Maybe when you see "Bombay Mail" you can follow the plot. I must admit I cannot make head nor tail of the synopsis of the story. It has to do with nobility, secret service agents, an expert in poisons, an intoxicated news photographer, an Eurasian crook, the Maharajah of Zunjore, a *bon vivante* and gambler, his associate, the Pundit Garnath Chundra and a salesman of plumbing fixtures—to say nothing of Shirley Grey, Edmund Lowe and Onslow Stevens. Now, I ask you, could you—in ten words or less—outline a mystery plot involving all those people? That's what I thought.

At the moment the scene is taking place in the governor's private car on the Bombay Mail train. That, too, is all in white. There is a white desk in a corner, a long white table in the centre of the car, white chairs, white Venetian blinds over the windows, white curtains,—even Eddie Lowe is in a white suit and Onslow Stevens' is light in color. I wish some of these scenic designers would some day discover there are other colors in the chromatic scale. Remembering it myself, I long for the good old days when George Bancroft's lavender bedroom was the talk of the town.



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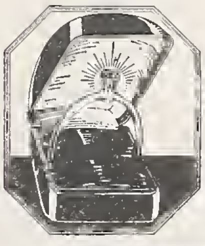

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But to get back to our mutton: Eddie Lowe, as Inspector Dyke, has been holding Onslow Stevens and Shirley (who have, of course, fallen in love with each other) for the murder of some of the other passengers. As the train nears Bombay he discovers their innocence.

"By the way, Hawley," Lowe remarks to Stevens, "the reason I asked you to remain was that a man in the guards' van this morning asked me to give you this," handing Onslow his tobacco pouch which contained three valuable rubies that had been stolen from him.

Last on the list, thank heaven!—is "Cross Country Cruise," which stars Lew Ayres. These studios kill me. Here they had Lew Ayres under contract for years and did absolutely nothing with him after "All Quiet On the Western Front." They release him, Fox signs him, and immediately Universal has to borrow him back for a part which, apparently, no one else can play.

This picture is just starting. It opens in the eastern terminus of a transcontinental bus line. Passengers are milling about, waiting the departure hour.

June Knight is there waiting for her boy friend, Alan Dinehart, who has promised to marry her, but who didn't bother to explain he is already married to Minna Gombel. When Alan finally arrives, his ball and chain is right with him. And I must say, Minna isn't any too hard on the eyes in the outfit she has on—a tweed coat-suit. Alan tries hard to explain things to June but doesn't make much headway. And, after all, there isn't much he *can* say, under the circumstances.

Alice White, a sexacious chorine, is also there. Learning of June's predicament, Alice gets big hearted and gives her her ticket, explaining that she can use her wiles on the bus driver.

I'll say she can. She's got on a sexy little black satin dress with a white tie and a black felt hat. I'm dying to ask her about her lawsuit with Estelle Taylor and her ruskus in court with John Warburton but I guess it's just not my day because she doesn't mention it and I haven't the nerve to.

"I'm wearing stockings in this picture," she announces. "It's the first time in five years I've had any on and I don't know what to do with them."

"Roll 'em," I suggest but she only gives me a disgusted look and starts talking about the new Actors Guild.

I turn hopefully to Lew. "Are you playing the bus driver in this picture?" I query, remembering how he loves to play colorful parts.

"No, I'm only a rich man's son again," he mourns.

"Well, tell your valet to get you some garters then," I snap, glancing at his socks, which are flapping around his ankles.

"Say, Dick," he suggests, "have you ever tried being nice to people?"

"Yeah," I retort, "one day when I wasn't feeling well I was very nice to Chester Morris and what happened? Before I was nice, *I* used to be asked out there to dinner four or five time a week. Now I'm lucky to get my nose in the door once in six months. It doesn't pay."

"Maybe you're right," says Lew gloomily.

"Hey," my guide cuts in. "Are you going to spend the night on this set? It's half past six already."

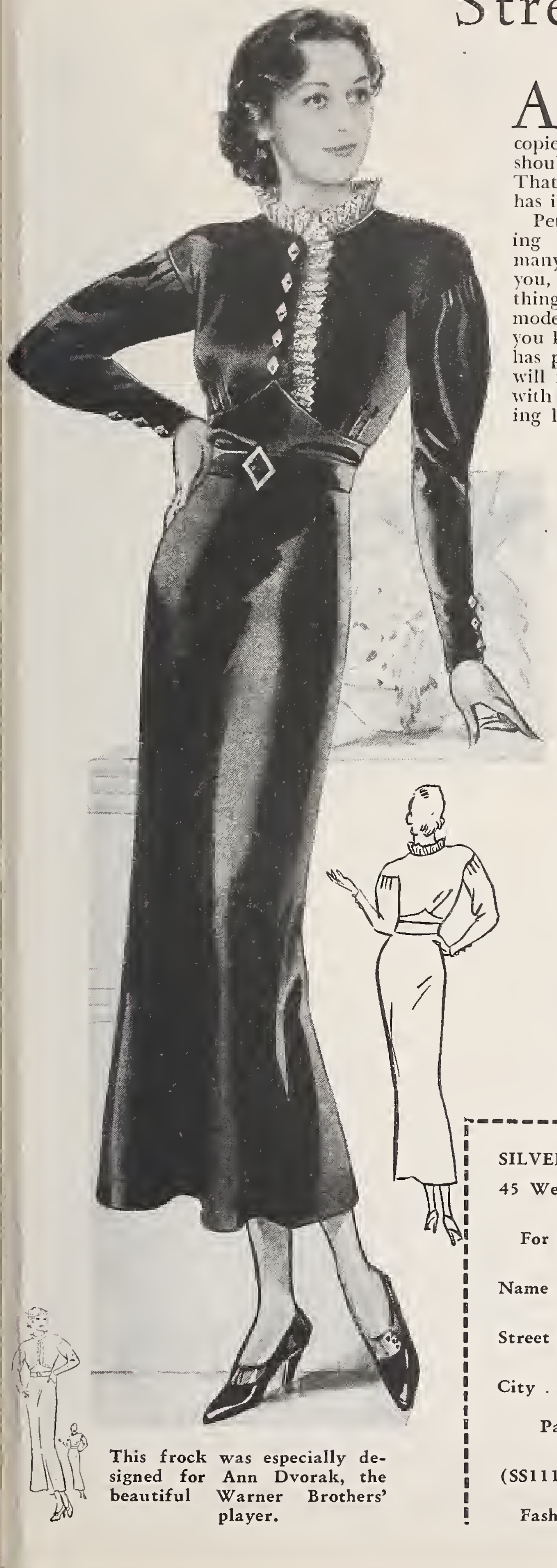
"Say," I mutter, "have you ever tried being nice to people?"

"Yeah," says the churl, "but nobody liked me that way."

"All of which just goes to prove," I reflect as I drive wearily home, "that you never know which way to part your teeth. Here today and deaf tomorrow."

Ann Dvorak

Selects Her Street Dress



A PIQUANT frock, created by an American designer for a beloved film star, and, in turn, copied for all smart American women, should make us sit up and take notice! That is the big surprise SILVER SCREEN has in store for its readers this month!

Petite Ann Dvorak is pictured wearing the frock that has captured so many feminine hearts—and wouldn't you, this very minute, give most anything to have such a jaunty little model in your wardrobe? You can, you know, for our pattern department has prepared an exact copy of it, and will mail it right out to you together with a complete, illustrated, dressmaking lesson that is the easiest thing to follow. Just clip the coupon and send it in to us with fifteen cents in coin.

Miss Dvorak's frock is fashioned of one of the new pebbly crêpes that are all the rage this season, in the most luscious shade of blackberry, with white net ruching to frame the face and accent the front bodice closing. Notice, too, the sleeves are full, but moderately so, and the fullness placed much lower; and there is not one seam to mar the slender hip line. Those lovely new mirror buttons are used—and they are really unusually smart.

You may order Miss Dvorak's frock, Pattern SS111, in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. For size 16, 3¼ yards 39-inch fabric, and 1 yard ruching are required.

Many more attractive styles are ready for your inspection in SILVER SCREEN's big, attractive pattern book. Hints on accessories, the new fabrics, etc., are also featured in this helpful book. Price of book, fifteen cents. Book and pattern together, twenty-five cents.

SILVER SCREEN, Pattern Dept.,
45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

For the enclosed . . . . send to

Name . . . .

Street Address . . . .

City . . . . State . . . .

Pattern of Ann Dvorak's dress

(SS111) Size . . . .

Fashion Book? Yes or No . . . .

This frock was especially designed for Ann Dvorak, the beautiful Warner Brothers' player.

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Love—Romance—Popularity—may all be yours thru this amazing system. Free Booklet, SECRETS OF MOVIE STARS, tells Secret Methods of Movie Studios to develop Personality and Sex Appeal. Learn to attract the opposite sex—to enjoy perfect love! If over 16, write for Free Booklet, containing endorsements of Movie Stars and explaining how easily YOU may gain their magnetic power. No obligation! **FREE BOOKLET**

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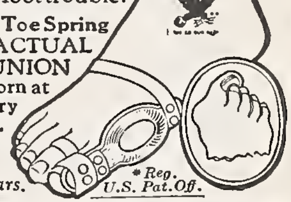
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The Final Fling

Sterling Holloway with Lee Tracy in a scene from "Advice to the Lovelorn."

OUR editorial enthusiasm has been stirred by Sterling Holloway, not so much for any particular character that he has played, as for his canny understanding of timing.

He pauses with apparent diffidence, and this hesitation in his speech focuses the attention upon him. After he has halted the movement for a second, he smiles a personality smile which makes people remember him. Well done, Sterling!

It reminds me of an instance that happened when Charlie Chaplin was making a scene, and a friend of ours was playing a bit part in it. When his moment came, he held it cleverly for a second, then went on with the action. Chaplin, standing near the camera, noticed the trick and put his hand in front of the lens. "Oh, no," he said. *"You're* fast, *I'm* slow."

Only an artist can appreciate another artist. Only a kindly person can understand kindness. The reason "Lady for a Day" was a great hit was because its theme of generous thoughtfulness is a universal trait among movie-goers.

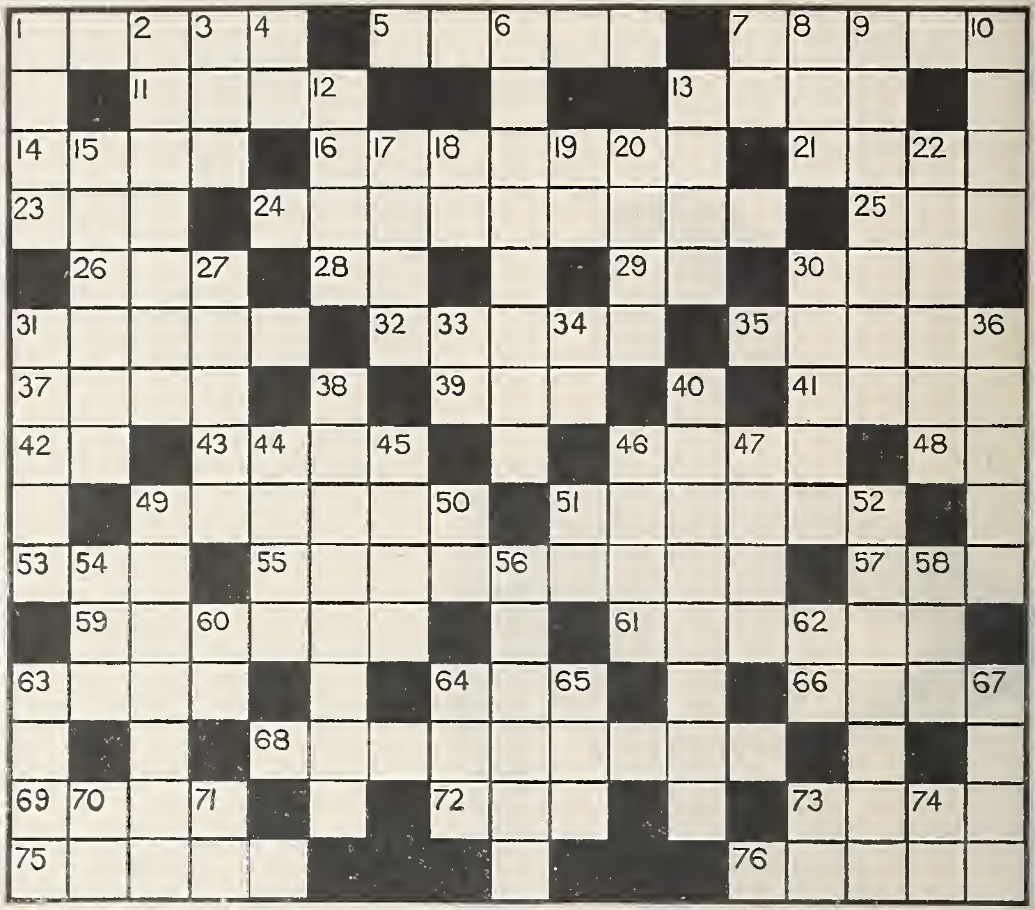
Only the nicest people are movie fans.

Happy New Year!

The Editor

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

1 The girl who resembles Ann Harding so much
5 He is now appearing in "Midshipman Jack"
7 The "Baron" himself
11 An instrument of eight strings
13 She was the author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
14 A body of men trained and equipped for war
16 A radio crooner now in Hollywood
21 Pack or lay away
23 The head (humorous)
24 Being present
25 A masculine first name
26 To strike (slang)
28 A thoroughfare (abbr.)
29 Our continent (abbr.)
30 A cone bearing tree
31 He played opposite Janet Gaynor in "Adorable"
32 A mountain nymph
35 The most loved of the screen actresses
37 The pal of Amos
39 Everyone
41 To stagger
42 His next picture is "Day of Reckoning" (initials)
43 A Biblical masculine name (abbr.)
46 Melody
48 North Latitude (abbr.)
49 The resting place of Noah's Ark
51 He gave an excellent portrayal of "Voltaire"
53 A wooden implement used for steering a boat
55 Jean Harlow's latest picture
57 Possesses
59 A European country
61 A church festival
63 To impair by use
64 Organ of hearing
66 One of the Moore brothers
68 One who works in a quarry
69 Beverages
72 To extend or lengthen
73 Rib of a leaf
75 A manner of singing common among the Swiss
76 Where one of the greatest battles of the World War was fought

•

DOWN

1 May Robson's lovely daughter in "A Lady for a Day"
2 Her latest picture is "Brief Moment"
3 Chilly
4 A former wife of Jack Dempsey (initials)
6 The busy secretary in "Footlight Parade"
7 An Italian River
8 Goddess of Dawn
9 He is Joan's dancing partner in "Dancing Lady"
10 He is married to Lilyan Tashman
12 Performs
13 A starlet
15 Constance Bennett's hero in "The Woman Spy"
18 The (Fr.)
19 A degree (abbr.)
20 To hold by any moral tie
22 A recent bridegroom
27 The head of the city's government
30 Sums paid for journeys
31 "Queen Christina"
33 The sun god
34 A well known politician
36 She appeared with Doug Jr., in "The Narrow Corner"
38 He came back to the screen in "S.O.S. Iceberg"
40 She is appearing with John Boles in "Only Yesterday"
44 Nickname of the great home run king
45 Title for an elderly woman
46 A woody plant
47 He's in "Beautiful" with Ann Harding
49 Dressed
50 One of the crazy Rimplegars in "Three Cornered Moon" (initials)
51 Expression of delight
52 We are anxiously waiting for her next picture
54 A period of time
56 He so ably aided the "Duke" in "A Lady for a Day"
58 Skill
60 Expression of hesitancy
62 A great cowboy hero (initials)
63 Her next picture will be "Madame Spy"
64 Before
65 A cereal
67 His name is so often coupled with Joan's
70 Behold
71 A direction of the compass (abbr.)
73 A southern state (abbr.)
74 Into

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

G	I	N	G	E	R	■	N	R	A	■	L	E	S	L	I	E
I	■	E	■	M	A	C	D	O	N	A	L	D	■	I	■	L
L	E	W	I	S	■	R	■	N	■	S	■	W	Y	N	N	E
B	A	T	■	■	D	U	R	A	N	T	E	■	■	D	E	A
E	T	O	N	■	A	D	O	L	P	H	E	■	K	E	E	N
R	■	N	E	R	V	E	■	D	■	E	R	W	I	N	■	O
T	O	■	W	E	I	R	D	■	B	R	I	A	N	■	O	R
■	R	■	S	A	D	■	O	P	E	■	E	R	G	■	M	■
H	A	L	■	D	■	I	N	A	N	E	■	R	■	F	I	R
E	L	O	P	E	■	F	A	G	I	N	■	E	R	A	T	O
A	■	G	A	R	Y	■	L	E	T	■	A	N	O	N	■	U
T	T	■	R	■	O	D	D	■	A	M	I	■	B	■	I	L
H	O	P	K	I	N	S	■	F	■	A	L	B	E	R	N	I
E	N	■	E	C	■	C	A	D	D	Y	■	A	R	■	T	E
R	E	A	R	E	D	■	S	R	O	■	H	A	T	T	O	N

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TAR? DIRECTOR? AUTHOR?

Which Deserves the Credit—Page 24

Silver Screen

February

0¢
ANADA
CENTS

NRA MEMBER
WE DO OUR PART

Ruby Keeler

JOHN
ROLSTON
CLARKE

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DIVISION

9 OUT OF 10 WOMEN

Suffer Pain—Needlessly

•

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically

•

"I SAW JANE YESTERDAY. SHE WAS ONE OF MY BRIDESMAIDS AND NOW—POOR THING—SHE LOOKS OLD ENOUGH TO BE THE MOTHER OF THE OTHER GIRLS—
NO WONDER—SHE HAS SUFFERED FROM SO MANY HEADACHES SHE IS BOUND TO LOOK OLD. WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER TO TAKE HEXIN?

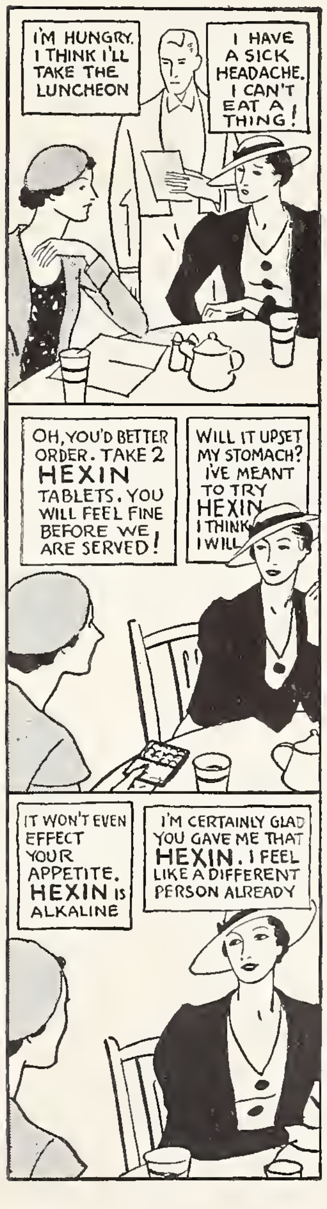
What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become conjested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1) blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.


I'M HUNGRY. I THINK I'LL TAKE THE LUNCHEON
I HAVE A SICK HEADACHE. I CAN'T EAT A THING!
OH, YOU'D BETTER ORDER. TAKE 2 HEXIN TABLETS. YOU WILL FEEL FINE BEFORE WE ARE SERVED!
WILL IT UPSET MY STOMACH? I'VE MEANT TO TRY HEXIN. I THINK I WILL
IT WON'T EVEN EFFECT YOUR APPETITE. HEXIN IS ALKALINE
I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU GAVE ME THAT HEXIN. I FEEL LIKE A DIFFERENT PERSON ALREADY

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS *ALKALINE* (non-acid).

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GOOD NUMBERS FROM PARAMOUNT

"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Four frightened people fleeing into a tropical jungle to escape from a plague-ridden ship . . . shedding their good manners with their clothes . . . casting civilization aside, being once more, "Male and Female." The people—Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, William Gargan. *The director*—Cecil B. DeMille.

"SIX OF A KIND"

Six riotous comedians, out for fun . . . six larcenous picture-snatchers, stealing laughs from each other, six grand mirthmakers in a story made for mirth. The six—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. *The director*—Leo McCarey.

NO MEN ALLOWED

"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"

Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams . . . a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson . . . the lover — Douglas Montgomery. *The director*—Richard Wallace.

Paramount Pictures

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town

GARBO'S TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE SCREEN

The Garbo thrill is back in your life! The Garbo beauty, the soul-stabbing allure of the greatest screen personality of all time! Millions have waited, and they will be joyful that her first glorious entertainment "QUEEN CHRISTINA", a drama of exquisite passions, is unquestionably the most romantic story in which she has ever appeared.

GRETA GARBO in "Queen Christina" with John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Young, A Rouben Mamoulian Production, Associate Producer, Walter Wanger

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REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD
FEBRUARY 1934
VOLUME FOUR
NUMBER FOUR

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Representative

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

PAGE
THE FOUR BIG SHOTS OF HOLLYWOOD.............PATRICIA KEATS 14
They "Gross" the Most at the Box Office
THE GIRL WHO WAS THE FIRST MOVIE STAR..............ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 16
Mary Pickford, Ruler of Hollywood
GLORIA STUART..............JACK JAMISON 19
She Models a Plan for a Successful Married Life
THE LOVELIEST STAR..............ELIZABETH WILSON 20
Marlene Dietrich Proves Herself the Reigning Beauty
"N. G. IN THE GARAGE BUSINESS"..............MURIEL BABCOCK 23
Warner Baxter Failed First
STAR? DIRECTOR? AUTHOR?..............MYRTLE GEBHART 24
Which Deserves the Credit for Great Screen Successes
STARS ON THE JOB..............S. R. MOOK 26
A Survey of Activities All Over Hollywood
NOW:—LETTERS FROM THE STARS.............. 28
Send your Letters to your Favorite Star
THEY DANCED THROUGH THE STUDIO GATES....JAMES M. FIDLER 48
The Successful Newcomers Are Talented Dancers

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE OPENING CHORUS.............. 5
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?".............. 6
OVERTURES TO BEAUTY..............MARY LEE 8
Summon Modern Science to Your Aid
REVIEWS—IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS.............. 10
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS.............. 13
REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN.............. 50
SILVER SCREEN PATTERN DEPARTMENT.............. 73
Now You Can Dress Like Myrna Loy
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE..............CHARLOTTE HERBERT 74
THE FINAL FLING..............THE EDITOR 74

ART SECTION—Stars For 1934

JOAN BLONDELL, OUR FAVORITE INGENUE.............. 31
TOM BROWN AND JEAN PARKER.............. 32
CLAUDETTE COLBERT, QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE.............. 33
KATHRYN SERGAVA, THE SLAV BEAUTY.............. 34
JANET GAYNOR, SWEETNESS AND SUCCESS.............. 35
JACK OAKIE, SITTING PRETTY.............. 36
JOHN BARRYMORE AND HELEN CHANDLER.............. 37
ANNA STEN, A NEW STAR.............. 38
NORMAN FOSTER AND HEATHER ANGEL.............. 39
MARION DAVIES, THE FOLLIES GIRL.............. 40
LUPE VELEZ, MADCAP.............. 41
HAL LE ROY, PERT KELTON, IRENE BENTLEY, SIDNEY BLACKMER.............. 42
ELIZABETH YOUNG, RALPH MORGAN, JOHNNY MACK BROWN, MURIEL KIRKLAND.............. 43
"CHIC," THE NEW STYLES.............. 44
GRETA GARBO, A CHARACTER PORTRAIT.............. 45

COVER PORTRAIT OF RUBY KEELER
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The OPENING CHORUS

Thelma Todd in a "transformation," with a white strand of silver threads among the raven tresses. A beauty spot in "Hip Hips Hooray."

THE annual opening of the swanky Hollywood Mayfair at the Beverly Wilshire (from eleven P. M., to five of a morning) served up a lot of romances along with the scrambled eggs and little sausages.

◆

Gene Raymond and Marian Nixon were so much "that way" about each other that they danced every dance together, as did the attractive Madge Evans and Tom Gallery. Marian Nixon's "ex," Eddie Hillman, was giving the rush to pretty little Mary Carlisle. Carole Lombard was there with Russ Columbo, the Countess di Frasso with Lyle Talbot, and Sylvia Sidney with B. P. Schulberg.

◆

Others all dressed up in their best were the Freddie Marches, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, Una Merkel and Ronald Burla, Lupe Velez and Johnnie Weissmuller, Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna, Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer, Fay Wray, Mary Brian, Sally Eilers, Mary Pickford, Georgie Raft, Richard Cromwell, and many others . . . . . .

◆

Gary Cooper is so popular that all the stars in Hollywood want him for their pictures. The next to get him will be Marion Davies in the thrilling "Operator 13" . . . . The Loretta Young-Spencer Tracy romance goes on and on—and aren't you just crazy about them as a love team in "A Man's Castle?" . . . . And Clark Gable is now making love to Claudette Colbert in "Night Bus" . . . .

◆

Lee Tracy's first public appearance at the Brown Derby after his little Mexican fracas called for a big demonstration, with hurrahs and backslapping.

"You're Telling Me?"

The Editor Learns a Thing or Two.

What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise, will be awarded prizes. $15 for first prize, $10 for second prize, and $5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

ZaSu Pitts is our head comedienne. She holds in her gentle hands big money possibilities for the producer with the right story.

First Prize

"WHILE the phenomenal success of such pictures as 'Lady For a Day,' 'Henry, the VIIIth,' and 'Little Women' gives hopeful signs of an upward trend in intelligence, the general run of movies remains far from brilliant. The picture-going public has too often been told that it is mentally fourteen years of age. Probably a large portion of it is just that; but it hardly seems necessary for movie-makers to turn out tripe and mush aimed deliberately at that portion. Sheer human mediocrity will account for a sufficient percentage of stupid pictures for those who want nothing better," writes J. S. H. of Rhode Island Ave., N.W., Washington, D. C.

Broaden out, J. S. Joe E. Brown's cry for help in "Son of a Sailor" is the high point of soul calling to soul.

Second Prize

MRS. JOE MILLER of N. Graham St., Charlotte, N. C., writes: "'Little Women' played here to a packed house for an entire week. It was only on the last day that I was finally able to slide into a back seat in the balcony. Doesn't this prove conclusively that the general public has not lost its taste for a clean, dignified picture? Then, where do producers get the idea that it takes hot, sexy shows and suggestive titles and posters to drag us in?"

Please credit Katharine Hepburn.

Third Prize

"THREE cheers for Helen Hayes!" shouts Dorothy J. Cooley of Bingham, Me. "Wasn't she just marvelous as the wife of Clark Gable in 'Night Flight?' Didn't she act like any woman while waiting for a loved one? Running around singing, fussing about the table, and finally trying to eat. Oh! it was so pathetic when she imagined he was there eating with her. She kept getting more and more worried, and finally hysterical. Her emotions were so human and natural that it certainly tore my heart strings. Please give us more of Helen's suffering."

One order of suffering coming up.

"I'VE often wondered why we haven't seen our great operas adopted for the movies, writes Marie Joby of East 50th St., New York City. "How about the glamorous Garbo as *Isolde,* irresistible Lupe Velez as *Carmen,* the alluring Joan Crawford as *Camille,* delightful Janet Gaynor as *Gretel,* and the fascinating Hepburn as *Tosca?"*

Perhaps you missed Fra Diavolo—"The Devil's Brother." It was delightful.

"THE movies educate a man in more ways than one," writes A. M. Tousley of Chestnut St., Kansas City, Mo. "They educate us to the different strata of society, how each one acts and lives. We gain the technique of studying our fellow man, and learn the qualities for good citizenship."

Now where does Mae West come in on that?

"WHY don't the producers make more pictures like 'Paddy,' 'Pilgrimage' and all that kind instead of the leggy ones?" asks Janice McGirr of Mapel Hts., New Lexington, Ohio. "They'll find out that they will get more business."

You're partly right. The three great successes of 1933 were "42nd Street," Mae West and "Little Women."

FRANCIS L. BRYANT of East Broadway, Enid, Okla., writes: "I saw a picture where Elissa Landi and Warner Baxter were dancing at a night club. They appeared to be walking rather than dancing, in the same spot, and in a circle. I ask you is that the way to dance? Or, is it just that I don't know how?"

On and on, and not getting anywhere—it must have been symbolism or the Dance on the Grindstone.

"CAN'T something be done to keep Greta Garbo single?" asks Grace H. Frampton of Locust Street, Charlottsville, Va. "She is our most romantic artist, but the day she marries she will lose much of that *romantic appeal* to many of her most devoted fans."

We forbid the banns!

"THE saying that 'History Is Bunk' may be justly applied to the misrepresentation of 'Cavalcade,' wherein Noel Coward has laboured to portray the people of the England that is passed in a totally false light, writes Barbara Fletcher of Dickson Road, Blackpool, England. "'Cavalcade' is unreal. This unreality is due to the crowding together and undue prominence of national events, which exclude the normal private life of the Marriotts."

Noel Coward, a prophet without 'onor on 'igh 'oburn 'ill.

"A GOOD looking actor would make just as good a cover for Silver Screen as an actress," writes Dan Newberry of Capitol Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

It was tried years ago, but that was before men were so handsome as now.

"GRETA GARBO probably is a great actress, but all this ballyhoo about her mysterious silence gives me a pain," writes Dorothy Griffin of Tehachapi, Calif. "If it isn't the 'Real Life of Garbo' today it is 'The New Garbo' tomorrow or 'The Only True Story of Greta Garbo' or something."

Then you ups and writes a letter about her. Tsch-Tsch!

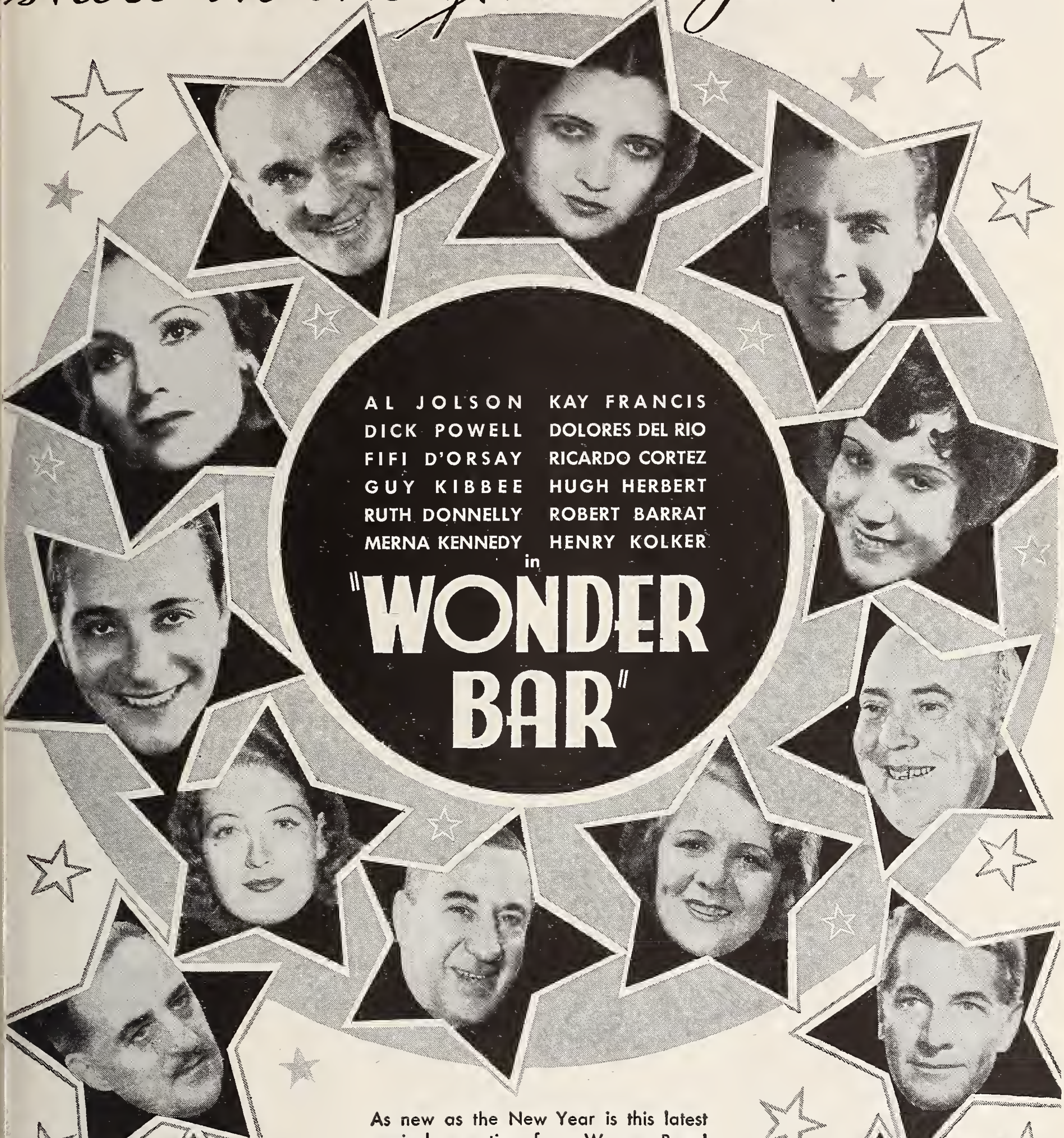
"THERE were no dramatic scenes nor extravagant settings—it was a story that could happen to you or me," writes Ann North of Dixie, La., of a Helen Hayes picture.

Ah, the story possibilities in you and me!

"NOW that the United States has finally recognized Russia, I suppose that the producers will be doing a 'Reel Rushin' Business.' All right! A few Soviet pictures will be interesting," writes Ruth King of Hamilton Ave., Cranford, N. J.

Or the Chauve Souris. Wonderful!

Now see all these Warner Bros. stars in one glorious picture....



AL JOLSON
KAY FRANCIS
DICK POWELL
DOLORES DEL RIO
FIFI D'ORSAY
RICARDO CORTEZ
GUY KIBBEE
HUGH HERBERT
RUTH DONNELLY
ROBERT BARRAT
MERNA KENNEDY
HENRY KOLKER

in

"WONDER BAR"

From the Directors of "Footlight Parade"—**LLOYD BACON** and dance numbers created and directed by **BUSBY BERKELEY**

As new as the New Year is this latest musical sensation from Warner Bros.! Hailed by six nations as one of the most novel of all stage hits, now at last it comes to the screen, bringing with it an utterly *different* conception of pictures with music! All the flash and glamor of "Gold Diggers" and "Footlight Parade", plus scores of surprise features! Your theatre will announce it soon as its most important attraction in years!

5 Brilliant New Songs by "42nd Street's" Famous Composers—**AL DUBIN** and **HARRY WARREN**
A First Nat'l Picture

Corns
SORE TOES
CALLOUSES—BUNIONS

MEDICALLY SAFE

Quick Sure RELIEF!

Lasting relief follows in ONE MINUTE after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to corns, sore toes, callouses or bunions! Gone is the nagging friction and pressure of the shoe on the sore spot. The soothing effect of these thin, protective pads relieves the irritated nerves, heals inflammation and soreness; prevents corns, tender toes, blisters and abrasions from new or tight shoes.

Remove Corns and Callouses quickly and safely by using Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks,* included in every box. Double value now at no extra cost! Get a box at your dealers today!

Get the Corn Size for corns and sore toes; Callous Size for callouses and sore heels; Bunion Size for bunions and sore insteps; Soft Corn Size for corns between the toes.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

PUT ONE ON—THE PAIN IS GONE!

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DR. SCHOLL has formulated and perfected a Remedy or Appliance for every Foot Trouble, guaranteed to give relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 35—W. Schiller St., Chicago.

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DEAFNESS is MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf. DRUM

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 426, 70 5th Ave., New York

OVERTURES TO BEAUTY

"Is that so!" says Constance Cummings, "what's wrong with this number?"

By Mary Lee

THE indoor beauty season is on! Too many of us are prone to let our skins *go* during the summer, because they naturally look better then, what with a becoming tan, and plenty of tennis, and swimming to keep the circulation all stirred up and *alive!*

But, oh dear, in the winter! We're faded, and we look pasty. We find that summer make-up looks a bit garish. If we're out-of-doors much, our skins get chapped and flaky. If we stay indoors, the steam heat dries our skin out, and makes our hands and face itch like anything. Even our hair seems to lose its life and lustre. And all this comes just when we want to look our best for the social season!

Constance Cummings, who came back from England not very long ago, says she realizes now why it is that English women really have the most perfect complexions in the world. Over there the air is always moist and soft, both indoors and out, for steam-heated houses and apartments are not as common as they are here. Naturally, English women are not troubled with "dry skins" such as we are in this country.

Constance took great care to protect her skin from the change of climate and air when she returned. She stocked up her beauty shelf, as I am advising you to do, and went to work to retain her lovely complexion.

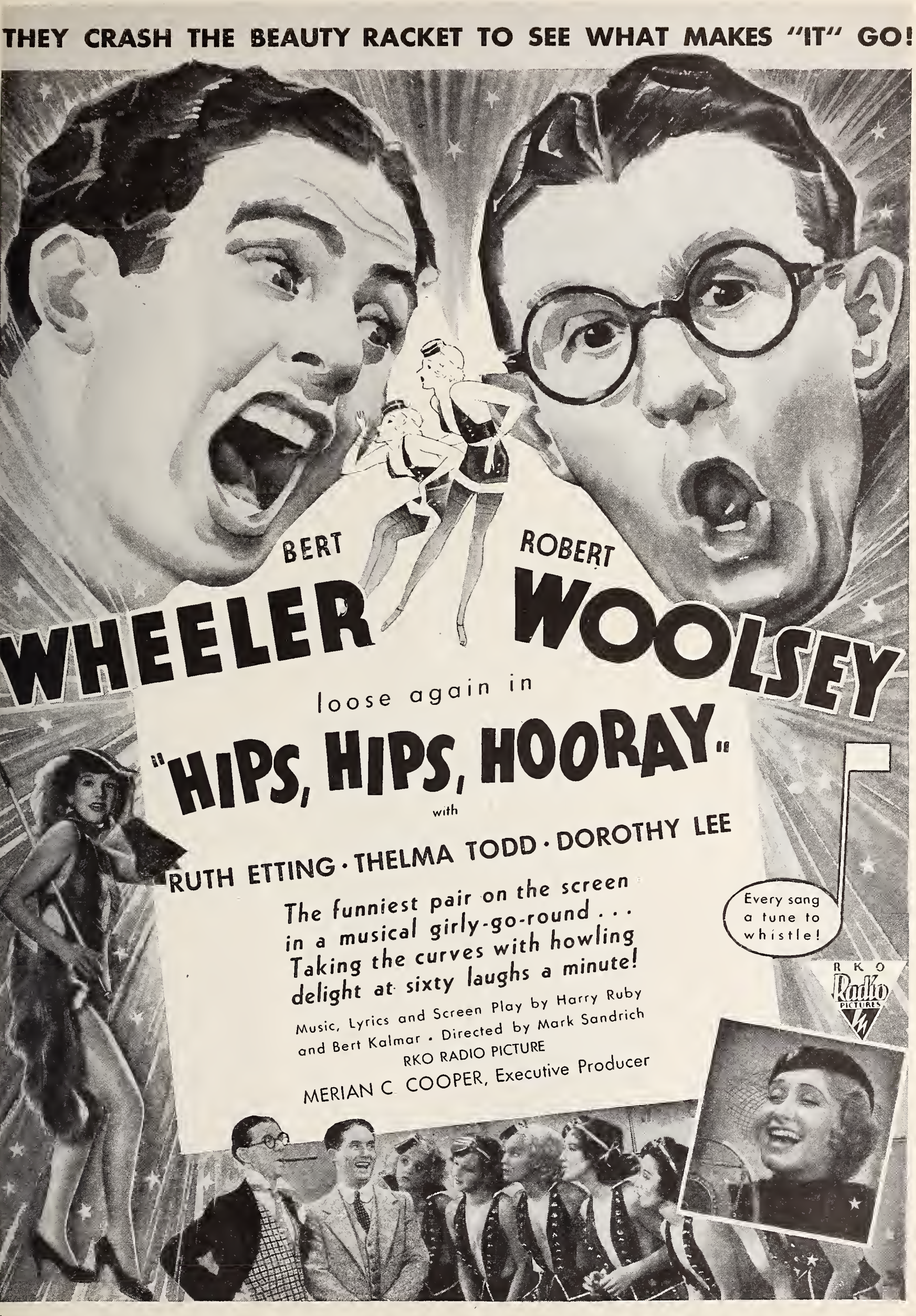
Of course, you can't depend entirely on what comes out of a cosmetic jar or beauty shop to do the trick. You must work out a complete beauty regimen. Drink lots of water first of all, for the old system needs plenty of that during the winter. Take lots of exercise, in the fresh air, or in front of an open window, if that's the best you can do about it. Be sure to use only a mild soap for cleansing, and be sure to rinse it off thoroughly. Then follow with a gentle cleansing cream to complete the job.

These cold bleak days also demand that you use a protective finish under your make-up, before going out. Dorothy Gray makes an excellent one, in tones to match your skin. Jane Cloud, the creator of a new line of creams and cosmetics, also has one that she calls her "Cream Before Make-up." It disappears quickly into the skin, without leaving it greasy at all, and it holds the powder beautifully, without caking it.

Be Beautiful. Summon Modern Science to Your Aid.

Incidentally, if you use astringents, be sure that

[*Continued on page* 55]



THEY CRASH THE BEAUTY RACKET TO SEE WHAT MAKES "IT" GO!

BERT **WHEELER** ROBERT **WOOLSEY**

loose again in

"HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY"

with

RUTH ETTING · THELMA TODD · DOROTHY LEE

The funniest pair on the screen in a musical girly-go-round . . . Taking the curves with howling delight at sixty laughs a minute!

Music, Lyrics and Screen Play by Harry Ruby and Bert Kalmar · Directed by Mark Sandrich

RKO RADIO PICTURE

MERIAN C. COOPER, Executive Producer

Every song a tune to whistle!

RKO Radio Pictures

Prompt Relief from Skin Irritations

Pimples
Clogged
Pores
Itching
Eczema
Chafing

Don't be a "stay at home", ashamed to go places, because your complexion is marred by pimples and blackheads—or because you are embarrassed by some itching condition of your skin. Adopt the safe, simple Resinol treatment as your external aid in restoring skin health.

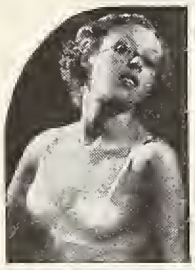
Just cleanse your skin well twice daily with the pure, non-irritating lather of Resinol Soap. Rinse thoroughly, pat dry, and generously apply soothing Resinol Ointment to the broken out, smarting places. Then see how quickly the irritation is relieved and the skin becomes clearer, smoother and finer.

Use Resinol freely anywhere on the body—no parts are too tender, no surface too irritated to receive its soothing medication.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Get them, start the treatment today.

For a free sample each of Ointment and Soap write Resinol, Dept. 3-D, Balto., Md.

Resinol



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REVIEWS

IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS

Clark Gable doesn't need the rifle—the movie critics are all very friendly. Claudette Colbert is to be in his arms next, in "Night Bus."

AS HUSBANDS GO—Charming. (*Fox*) Lavish settings are provided for this domestic comedy, the chief protagonists being Helen Vinson, Warner Baxter, Warner Oland.

BLOOD MONEY—Good. (*UA*) A jaded society girl out for a thrill—a prominent underworld character willing to give it to her! Melodrama featuring Geo. Bancroft, Frances Dee, Judith Anderson.

BOWERY, THE—Very Entertaining. (*20th Cent.*) Wally Beery, Geo. Raft and Jackie Cooper strutting gaily through a yarn of the Gay Nineties, in which a spade is called a spade, *if* you get what we mean.

BY APPOINTMENT—Fair. (*Chest.*) A quadrangle affair instead of the familiar triangle—but we can't say "the more the merrier." (Lew Cody, Sally O'Neil).

CARNIVAL LADY—Fine. (*Goldsmith*) Staged in an authentic carnival setting, this has action, drama and good acting to recommend it. (Boots Mallory, Allan Vincent, Donald Kerr).

CHARMING DECEIVER, THE—Good. (*B. I.*) Our own Constance Cummings, more charming than ever, having top-spot in a comedy made in England.

CHIEF, THE—Fair. (*MGM*) If Ed Wynn is one of your favorites, you'll like this. Dorothy Mackaill makes a comeback in it.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN—Fine. (*MGM*) Marie Dressler dominates in this satire on greed laid in drab New England. Lionel Barrymore plays opposite.

COLLEGE COACH—Splendid. (*WB*) No yawns while you watch this football picture which visualizes the sport as a racket, not a game. (Pat O'Brien, Lyle Talbot, Ann Dvorak.)

CRADLE SONG—Very beautiful. (*Par*) Poignant story of a nun whose longing for motherhood is vicariously gratified. (Dorothy Wieck).

DAY OF RECKONING—Good. (*MGM*) A domestic embroilment, with a melodramatic twist, featuring Richard Dix, Madge Evans, Una Merkel, Stuart Erwin.

DESIGN FOR LIVING—Highly sophisticated (*Par*) A diverting comedy about three charming people who vary the "conventional code" to suit themselves. (Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Gary Cooper).

DINNER AT EIGHT—Superb. (*MGM*) Don't bother about the food. It's the impressive cast that counts. And what a story! If you miss this, you're crazy. (Dressler, Harlow, the Barrymores, Beery, Evans, Billie Burke).

DUCK SOUP—Amusing (*Par*) There's no use relating the "plot" of a Marx Brothers' film. For those who like the pranks of these four "lads" the fun is fast and furious.

EAT 'EM ALIVE—A Thriller—Harold Austin takes us to the desert and shows us actual conflicts between various species of reptiles.

EMPEROR JONES—Excellent. (*UA*) Eugene O'Neill's magnificent character study of a negro porter who becomes ruler of a Caribbean island. Paul Robeson, the famous singer, is perfect in the title role.

ESKIMO—Unusual. (*MGM*) Director Van Dyke takes the bows for this fascinating story filmed in the Arctic with native talent. Malo (the lead) is certainly destined for "matinee-idol raves."

FAREWELL TO LOVE—Charming. If you are partial to exquisite scenery and tender melodies, see this foreign film starring Jan Kiepura, the tenor so effective in "Be Mine Tonight."

FROM HEADQUARTERS—Good. (*WB*) Learn how the police solves its murder mysteries! The details are authentic—the plot romantically embroidered. (Margaret Lindsay, Geo. Brent, Eugene Pallette).

FRONTIER MARSHALL, THE—Good. (*Fox*) A George O'Brien western that is way above average. (Geo. E. Stone, Ruth Gillette, Berton Churchill).

FOOTLIGHT PARADE—Splendid. (*WB*) Greet our old pal Jimmy Cagney in a high-powered musical extravaganza—along with Ruby Keeler and Joan Blondell.

GOLDEN HARVEST—Fine. (*Par*) The title isn't symbolic—it's really a story of the soil, and a mighty interesting one at that. (Chester Morris, Dick Arlen, Julie Hayden, Genevieve Tobin).

GHOUL, THE—Fantastic. (*Brit. Gaumont*) A horror film starring Boris Karloff. Will prove fascinating to those who love odd mysteries.

HAVANA WIDOWS—Amusing. (*WB*) Guy Kibbee as the millionaire victim of such attractive grafters as Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell.

HELL AND HIGH WATER—Good. (*Par*) Another romance of the water-front—with Dick Arlen as the cynical captain with a heart of purest gold.

HER SPLENDID FOLLY—Fair. (*Progressive*) If you like romance modelled on the "from rags to riches" variety, this is down your line. (Lilian Bond, Theodore Von Eltz.)

HOLD THE PRESS—Only Fair. (*U*) Tim McCoy lays aside his sombrero for the fedora of a pseudo detective-newspaperman.

HOOPLA—Good. (*Fox*) Clara Bow as the hot-cha circus dancer who falls in love with the tough barker's naive young son (Dick Cromwell).

HORSE PLAY—Fairly Amusing. (*U*) Slim Summerville, Andy Devine and Leila Hyams in a film that takes us from a Montana ranch to a London drawing room.

HOUSE ON 56TH STREET—Splendid. (*WB*) A stirring society-drama that will repay you for deserting the radio. (Kay Francis, Gene Raymond).

I'M NO ANGEL—Grand Fun. (*Par*) After "She Done Him Wrong" Mae West needs no recommendation. She's her own best advertisement!

INVISIBLE MAN, THE—Fine. (*U*) An enthralling film about a scientist who makes himself invisible. If you enjoy the bizarre, don't miss this tale by H. G. Wells. (Claude Rains, Gloria Stuart).

KING FOR A NIGHT—Good. (*U*) The tragic story of a minister's son who becomes a prizefighter. (Ches. Morris, Alice White, Helen Twelvetrees).

LADIES MUST LIVE—Just Fair. (*U*) June Knight is given a chance to sing and dance in this story of a Broadway showgirl. Neil Hamilton in cast.

LONE COWBOY—Fair. (*Par*) Send the children to see this Western—Jackie Cooper has the leading role. Lila Lee and John Wray in cast.

MAN'S CASTLE, A—Very lovely. (*Col*) A shack on the waterfront is Spencer Tracy's "castle," and to it he brings homeless Loretta Young. But that's only the beginning . . .

MAN OF SENTIMENT—Fair. (*F.D.*) Marion Marsh, Bill Bakewell and Owen Moore in a three-cornered love affair which ends happily.

MASTER OF MEN—Good. (*Col*) Jack Holt as the dominating influence of the steel industry. Watch his swift rise and swifter fall! In cast, Walter Connolly and Fay Wray.

MIDNIGHT—Fine. (*U*) A unique murder-mystery drama, cleverly directed and acted. Cast includes Sidney Fox, O. P. Heggie, Henry Hull.

MY LIPS BETRAY—Good. (*Fox*) Ah! A mythical kingdom romance! With the foreign importation, Lilian Harvey—and John Boles donning a uniform for the occasion. There's music, too.

OLSEN'S BIG MOMENT—Slapstick comedy. (*Fox*) El Brendel as a goofy janitor and Walter Catlett as a perennial drunk furnish many amusing situations.

ONE YEAR LATER—Exciting. (*Allied*) A dramatic idea, handled with a novel twist, the setting a fast-moving train. Good cast includes Mary Brian, Russell Hopton, Donald Dilloway.

ONLY YESTERDAY—Splendid. (*U*) An unforgettable love story, exquisitely directed and acted. (Margaret Sullivan, John Boles, Billie Burke).

PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY 8th—Superb. (*UA*) Don't miss this! Chas. Laughton makes the much-married king a vital, living person, to be remembered long after your history-book idea of Henry has faded from your memory.

PRIZEFIGHTER AND THE LADY, THE—Excellent. (*MGM*) One of the most entertaining films of the season. Fine cast includes Myrna Loy, Max Baer, Otto Kruger, Walter Huston.

ROMAN SCANDALS—Excellent. (*UA*) Never a dull moment when Eddie Cantor's around. In addition you're treated to extravagant settings, joyous tunes, gorgeous girls. (Gloria Stuart, Veree Teasdale).

SHIP OF WANTED MEN—Good. (*Screencraft*) With a peaceful Pacific island looming just ahead, chivalry towards a casual refugee leads these men back to port and unmerited arrest. (Fred Kohler, Dorothy Sebastian).

SITTING PRETTY—Fine. (*Par*) Jack Oakie and Jack Haley (of the stage) make a swell comedy team in this very entertaining musical. Ginger Rogers and Thelma Todd as the gals who lead them astray.

SON OF A SAILOR—Amusing. (*WB*) Hilarious film with Joe E. Brown as the mirth-provoking sailor. With him are Jean Muir, Thelma Todd.

SONS OF THE DESERT—Fine. (*M-G-M*) A field day for all good Laurel-Hardy fans. And those who prefer the antics of Charlie Chase will not be disappointed, for he's among "those present."

TAKE A CHANCE—Good. (*Par*) A popular Broadway musical turned into a moderately entertaining film. (June Knight, James Dunn, Buddy Rogers).

WAR ON THE RANGE—Good. (*Mon*) Little boys will love this Tom Tyler Western—and adults who are in the "mood" may have a good time also.

WAY TO LOVE, THE—Fine. (*Par*) It's always great fun traipsing the Parisian Boulevards with Chevalier—even though this story somewhat dims his usual sparkle. Ann Dvorak has feminine lead.

WHITE WOMAN—Fair. (*Par*) Even Chas. Laughton couldn't lift this story of the tropics above the average. Carole Lombard as the lady who suffers picturesquely.

WORLD CHANGES, THE—Extremely interesting. (*WB*) An American "Cavalcade" beautifully portrayed by Paul Muni, Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee.

WORST WOMAN IN PARIS—Fair. (*Fox*) A continental comedy, not so naughty as it sounds—but it has its moments. (Benita Hume, Adolphe Menjou).

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Fine. (*B.I*) Filmed in England by Monty Banks, an American, and featuring Thelma Todd (another American) and Stanley Lupino, this musical has haunting tunes and beaucoup comedy.

When "Going Hollywood" was previewed, Bing Crosby got the big applause. Few realize what a compliment that is to the fairness of Marion Davies, the star of this picture. In November, Silver Screen printed Walter Wanger's brilliant forecast that Bing would crash through!

Reduce...

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

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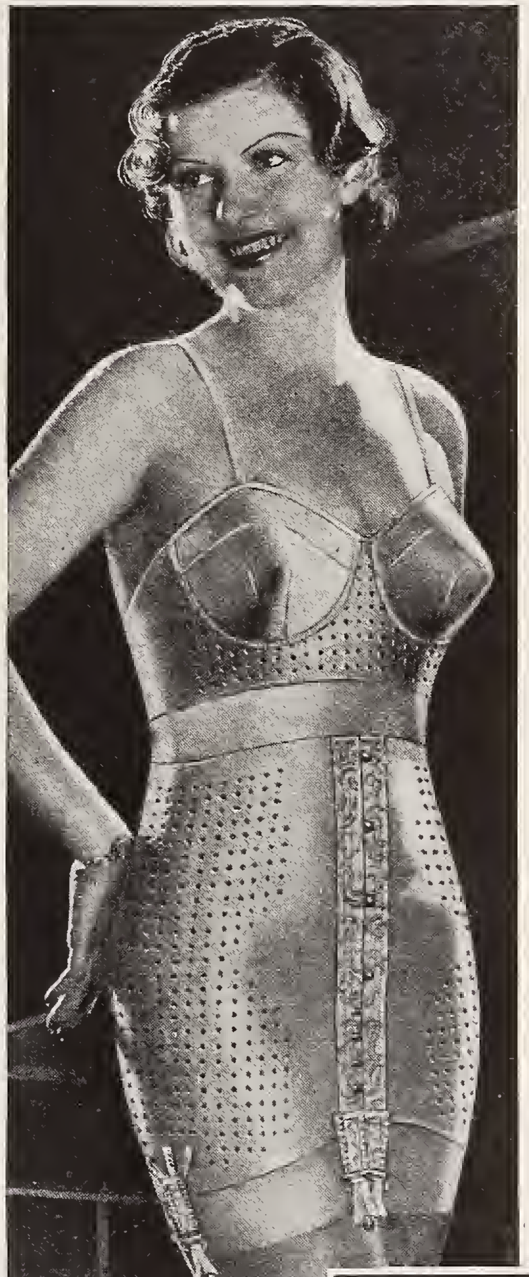
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

. . . OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!



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. . . writes Miss Jean Healy

■ "It massages like magic", writes Miss Carroll . . . . "The fat seems to have melted away", writes Mrs. McSorley . . . . "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian . . . "Reduced almost 20 pounds", writes Mrs. Noble . . . "Without your girdle I am lost", writes Mrs. Browne.

WE WANT YOU TO TRY the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

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■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

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Day-Dreams come True for Joan · · · with her Lovely CAMAY COMPLEXION!

2 "I'm even pleased with myself! Now that my skin is lovelier, I can compete in looks with other girls."

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Turn all your day-dreams into fact! Don't miss the good times that are due you! There's fun in life for the pretty girls—for the girls with Camay Complexions!

ALL LIFE IS A BEAUTY CONTEST

For—like Joan, the girl above—you, too, are in a daily Beauty Contest. At a party, a dance, as you walk down the street—wherever you go—your beauty, your charm, your skin are judged by the searching eyes of men and women.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as petals and down. Then gallant remarks and sincere compliments will be a daily occurrence.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is your ally. Use it faithfully for one month, and very soon you'll detect a new perfection in your skin.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low!

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.

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CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

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CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

SILVER SCREEN

Topics for Gossips

Rumors are the Ripples When a New Star Rises From the Hollywood Sea.

Rochelle Hudson is with Will Rogers in "Mr. Skitch." Emily Skitch (Rochelle) leads Romance a merry chase as the family flivver bumps across the country. It's all a part of this transcontinental picture cycle.

IS JIM TIMONY, Mae West's manager, going Hollywood? He has been wearing nothing but derbies ever since he came to Hollywood, and suddenly he bursts forth on the Eve of Thanksgiving in a lovely brown felt with a snap brim—no less. He admits it's the first he ever possessed. Which brings to mind that old crack Walter Winchell once made about Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton. Has Mae West's success gone to Jim Timony's head?

◆

THE whole Paramount studio was in a great uproar the other day. Some one even laughed on the von Sternberg set! The Marx Brothers up to a new prank? No—Baby LeRoy (whose vocabulary is still practically zero) had just said to his director: "I'm mad." And was Paramount proud. They'll probably start a "Bright Sayings of Children" department as soon as LeRoy learns a few more words.

◆

CONNIE BENNETT and her Marquis are seen everywhere together again—and those old meanies who said Hank would never come back after his last trip to Paris are having to eat their words.

◆

JEAN PARKER, whom you'll always remember as "Beth" in "Little Women," claims she has never been in a beauty parlor but once in her life.

◆

MARLENE DIETRICH has a weakness for tuberoses and for bright-colored sports scarfs. She has fifty of these sports scarfs, all purchased in Paris last fall.

◆

WITH the recent epidemic of secret elopements and "yumping off to Yuma," all the Hollywood columnists got as nervous as a setting hen. They didn't want to be "scooped" by their fellow reporters on any of these movie marriages, so they simply made life miserable for the stars under suspicion. Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw were reported married, or about to be married, dozens of times—and the same with Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill. But it was Madge Evans who really came in for most of the hounding—one columnist even going so far as to announce the wedding date for the following month. But the little item that amused Madge most of all appeared in the "low-down" column of a local trade paper. It said, "It wouldn't surprise us at all if Madge Evans and Tom Gallery had been married for some time."

To which paper Madge immediately sent a wire: "Maybe it wouldn't surprise you, but it would certainly surprise me."

◆

AND Bill Cagney reports that he didn't even know there was such a person as Boots Mallory alive until he read in the papers several times that he was engaged to her. So he thought he had better look into the matter, especially as he has plenty of the Cagney curiosity. And, bless your soul, one look at Boots and Master Bill knew he would never be happy until she became the Missus. So "those whom the gossip columns have joined together let no man set asunder . . ."

◆

BECAUSE he has a bad memory for telephone numbers, Joel McCrea spent the most hectic hour of his life one afternoon recently, and almost had his first quarrel with Frances Dee. Just within the short space of sixty minutes he lost his temper, was pinched three times for speeding, and had to do a lot of explaining to his bride. And it all happened because, like all Hollywood actors, he changed his telephone number and forgot to remember it.

"This is Joel McCrea speaking," he told the information operator. "I've forgotten my new phone number. Will you please tell me what it is?"

"Mr. McCrea has an unlisted number and I'm not permitted to give it out," the operator demurred. "Besides, dearie, that's an old gag. You'd better think up another one if you want to get McCrea's number."

Banging down the receiver, and uttering he-man invectives, Joel jumped in his car, and dashed for home. But on Sunset Boulevard, which is carefully patrolled, Joel was stopped three times by traffic cops, who insisted upon writing out three little slips of paper inviting him to give a personal appearance at the Los Angeles Court House.

Seeing red, feeling blue, and in a black mood, Joel eventually arrived home.

"I just came home to tell you I can't come home," he growled at Frances Dee. "I have to work at the studio. And what the —— is the —— number of our telephone?"

◆

FIFI DORSAY finds herself, these days, in a terrible predicament. Her marriage to Maurice Hill has been announced at least six times, and every time Fifi has had to call it off on account of work.

"I have the man—I have the license—I have the ring," says Fifi, "but I haven't the time."

Sounds like a song to us.

◆

BEFORE she left for New York, Katharine Hepburn gave every member of the "Trigger" cast a present—something to remember her by. From the lowliest prop boy to the featured players, no one was overlooked. One of the most appreciative recipients was the cat who steals a lot of Hepburn's scenes in the picture. Madame Tabby got a big box of catnip.

◆

NEVER bet with an Albertina Rasch girl! Before one of the big games in Los Angeles, Bing Crosby made three five-dollar-bets with three of the Albertina Rasch ballet girls, who are now tripping it at the Metro studio. The girls all lost and Bing won, and he arrived at the studio on Monday to collect his fifteen dollars. But there were about thirty girls on the set who all looked just alike. Bing inquired of each about his five bucks—but not one of the gals admitted to ever hearing about five dollars, a football game or Bing Crosby!

[*Continued on page* 47]

The FOUR Big Shots

By
Patricia
Keats

Katharine Hepburn at work on location, making "Trigger" for RKO. She is rated the greatest star in pictures.

At M-G-M there are many stars, but none so popular as Marie Dressler.

BOOM! Boom! Boom! Boom! The four big shots of Hollywood. Katy and Janet and Marie and Mae. They can pack any movie house any day—even though it has two balconies, a crooner and a draft. They can break *any* theatre records *any old time*—even those of Garbo, Sally Rand and "Abie's Irish Rose." They can take dainty little weekly grosses of ten and twenty thousands, and with a roll of the dice make them into great big voluptuous record-breaking grosses of $118,000 (which is just what Katharine Hepburn did in "Little Women" during its first week at the New York Radio City Music Hall). They can take a theatre where the patrons are accustomed to a plush seat for themselves and another for their packages, and quiet enough to enable them to catch up on their

They "Gross" the Most at the Box Office.

OF Hollywood

Mae West is the record breaker of Paramount.

Janet Gaynor has made sure-fire pictures for Fox for years.

back sleep, and suddenly change it into a roaring, seething maelstrom which greatly resembles homing time on the Bronx subway. They can command a standing line which, if all the stand-ees were put end to end, would resemble another Bus Berkeley dance ensemble. Name it—and they can do it. That's Katy and Janet and Marie and Mae.

Now a very interesting fact about Hollywood's four big shots is that they all belong to different studios. Which is very lucky for the studios. Can you imagine those four girls all on the same lot and demanding the best dressing rooms, the biggest banquets and the boldest type? Fortunately each studio has its queen bee—and each is pretty darned certain that little queenie isn't going to flit over to any neighboring honey-pots. She's kept in clover—she is.

It isn't any secret that the movie industry has become one of the best little dividend passer-uppers you ever saw these last few years. People didn't go to the movies, so the movies naturally couldn't make any money. Things were in a bad way. Every few months an efficiency expert was sent out to Hollywood from New York, who guaranteed to have things booming in no time at all. He'd fire an office boy, a couple of file clerks, and six stenographers, and hire a dozen cops to insult people. But even that didn't seem to do any good. The studios continued to lose money. Of course, Fox and Metro knew what to do when things got the blackest—they'd up and release another Gaynor or Dressler picture, and sit back and say "Ha Ha" while poor old Paramount and Radio bit their finger nails. Then Mae decided to go West for the ride and a trifling sum, and Katharine Hepburn decided in favor of over-alls and knitted caps and Hollywood—and Paramount and Radio had the good sense to grab the gals for the next dance.

So that's how it is. Mae West carries Paramount on her ample—er—shoulders. Katharine Hepburn keeps the bookkeeping department buying black ink at Radio. Marie Dressler is a name to conjure with at Metro. And Janet Gaynor is the one star on the Fox lot who can pack a theatre with her name. Those four have the magic "draw." It doesn't mean a thing if you ain't got that "draw." Now doesn't it seem a bit queerish to you that the four most popular stars in Hollywood are as different as Baby LeRoy and May Robson? Not one of them is the least bit like the other—and still they represent what we, the public, want in our picture stars. Can you imagine Janet's surprise at finding herself in the same club with sexy Mae? Why those girls haven't a thing in common—not even ample—er—shoulders. And I don't believe that the very crisp and modern Katharine and the very homey Marie are very clubby either.

But there they are. Kate and Janet and Marie and Mae. Each unique, successful, popular and incomparable.

Katharine Hepburn, who's gilding the lily for Radio now, is really not a personality, but an actress—which makes her unique —though La Hepburn helps herself plentifully to a lot of the old publicity stunts that made Garbo, Dietrich and Connie Bennett famous. She knows better than to "just be yourself," which makes the dullest kind of copy. So, for the sake of newspapers and magazines which crave the colorful and the bizarre, Katy struts around in despondent overalls, and in funny knitted caps that look like something the hired girl made for the soldiers during the war, reads her mail on the bumper of her car, and serves tea on the curbstone in front [*Continued on page* 57]

The GIRL WHO WAS

Mary Pickford, her marital troubles settled and divorce proceedings begun, may now resume her brilliant career.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

AMERICA'S Sweetheart.

That was what they called her. And it was true.

We have had many sweethearts. However, the style in sweethearts has changed, along with other styles. We have grown sophisticated, and it is the fashion to be hard-boiled. We have painted our fingernails red, tea-time has become cocktail time and every one discusses sex appeal pro and con.

But somewhere in the heart of America there is and there always will be that first sweetheart of ours, with her golden curls and her smile and her tomboy-little-girl-grownup ways.

Somewhere in the heart of America Mary Pickford remains the sweetheart of our youth and of our happiest, gayest, sanest years. There is a place in memory, fragrant with violets, silvery with moonlight, melodious with love songs—and it is sacred to her.

There isn't one of us, old or young, happy or heartbroken, who hasn't hidden down deep a memory that is more tender than all other memories. Something that remains untouched by the storms and experiences of life, that defies discouragement and ugliness and cynicism. Sometimes it's only a day old, or even an hour, and sometimes its buried beneath the sands of many years. But whenever and however it came, it was the moment when we touched true romance for the first time.

To millions Mary Pickford was the symbol of all that romance meant.

Maybe, you, who read, are too young to remember the days when Our Mary was America's Sweetheart, even though it is such a little while ago. Time sweeps by upon such swift pinions. But it doesn't matter. For you can walk with me in the garden of that exquisite memory and know the loveliest thing that the motion picture ever gave to the world—and that was the love the world bore Mary Pickford. It is something you should know. It is a part of life that you shouldn't altogether miss.

Our Mary as she is today — beautiful, wise and charming.

Mary was the only screen idol I ever had.

Oh, I grant you the new, the great, the magnificent and brilliant stars of today.

I am fascinated by Garbo and swept off my feet by the genius of Hepburn. I, too, roar with laughter over Mae West, and thrill to the platinum blonde beauty and vivid acting of Jean Harlow.

the FIRST MOVIE STAR

She is one of the Six Greatest Women of Hollywood.

"Tess of the Storm Country" was Mary Pickford's greatest hit.

In "Daddy Long Legs," with Wesley Barry, Mary Pickford became America's Sweetheart.

With Director Sam Taylor and Johnny Mack Brown in "Coquette," a talking picture.

It is almost twenty years since I wrote my first story about Hollywood. It wasn't about Mary. I was too breathless at the thought of her to dream I might meet her. And when I did, I was so shy I couldn't say a word, I just stood and looked at her—and she was just the same Mary, with the golden curls and the big eyes that were like a violet sky with a golden haze shimmering above it.

Then I found that she was even shyer than I was, and somehow we got to laughing—we were both in our 'teens—and then we became friends. But to this day I never go to see Mary without a little catch in my throat, a little breathless feeling somewhere in my middle. That is why she is still queen in Hollywood and always will be, as long as she wants to be.

Many stars have passed along the highway in the years between. I have watched the industry grow from the days when we made pictures back of car barns and exhibited them *in* the car barns. I have watched the "epics" of the screen march in stately procession. I have seen Theda Bara give place to Garbo, Rudy Valentino to Clark Gable, Clara Bow to Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks to Jimmy Cagney, Norma Talmadge to Norma Shearer.

But I tell you that not one of them can compare to Mary Pickford in her prime. Not one of them has ever approached the place that Mary held in the good old days.

For, you see, we *loved* Mary.

I do not think any star since has been sincerely loved by her public.

The whole world loved Mary Pickford. She wasn't a screen star. She wasn't a motion picture idol. She wasn't some distant, exciting glamorous figure that stirred admiration. She was something quite different. She was real and she belonged to us. We never thought of her "behind the scenes." We never thought of her as an actress playing a part and winning our admiration for some fine performance.

She was a real person, and we laughed and cried and loved and suffered with her through a hundred tales.

Most of them I have known well—all of them I have known a little.

Yet no one but Mary has ever given me that quick sweep of emotion. Not even Marie Dressler—because, after all, Marie isn't *little*.

And as I look back over that panorama of the screen and of Hollywood, with its amazing growth, its ever-developing art, its wonderful productions, its vast cathedral-like theatres, and its geniuses, the only thing I find that you can't replace—that isn't better today than it was in the yesteryears—is the something that Mary Pickford gave us, the way we, as fans, felt about Mary.

[*Continued on next page*]

Acme

At the Brown Derby in Hollywood. Irving Pichel, Isabel Jewell and the irrepressible Lee Tracy. His Mexican adventure fitted in so perfectly with his screen character that he was promptly forgiven by the fans.

If you missed Mary in "Stella Maris" or in "Daddy Long-Legs"—it is something you can't duplicate. If you remember her, it is something you treasure always.

All the other places have been filled. But not Mary's. There isn't a throne any more—or if there is, there are too many claimants. Mary ruled alone. There wasn't a dissenting voice.

Why did the world love Mary?

Because that love was so unusual and vital a thing, I have thought about it a great deal. It must mean something, when a young girl can arouse an emotion like that all over the universe.

Sometimes I used to think it was because she was so little and so pretty and her curls were so lovely. She was the fairy princess out of our fairy tales. She came forth from between the covers of the green-and-gold book we treasured. She was Cinderella and the Sleeping Beauty.

But I know now that it was more than that.

You may or may not know that Mary Pickford had the only camera-perfect face that has ever been in pictures. That is true. Ask any cameraman. You could photograph her from any angle, by any lights, in any make-up—and it was impossible to get a bad shot of her. And while it wouldn't be polite to go into details here, that is a long, long way from the fact about most of our great stars.

A great art critic once said that Mary's face, in line and modelling, was the replica of all the angels and all the madonnas you will find in the great and immortal paintings of the world. It is the Botticelli angel. It is the Raphael madonna. And hidden in the soul of the world there is always a yearning for goodness and sweetness and purity in women. I don't care how far afield we go, how our fashions change, how we laugh over bawdiness and admire sophistication, the ideal that has dominated the history of the world persists. The pendulum swings wide sometimes, but it always hits the true middle during its swing.

In my life I have known many women—good and bad. I have never known a really good woman who wasn't beloved by all who knew her. That's the truth, and if you will think for a moment you will know it is so.

That is why the world loved Mary as it has never loved any other screen star; because she seemed the embodiment of that goodness upon the screen. That is why no one else has ever taken her place. That is the real reason why she was great.

She is the last of the six great women of Hollywood, of whom I have told you.

Peg Talmadge—who mothered the infant motion picture world. Marie Dressler—a great woman in many fields. The glamorous Garbo, who changed the fashion of a world. Dorothy Arzner, the successful director. Frances Marion, who has written more great screen stories than anyone else in the motion picture business.

And Mary Pickford—America's sweetheart.

She began life as a poor girl. Before she was ten, she was the wage earner for her adored mother and her little brother and sister. She knew quite well what it was to be hungry, to be cold. She knew what it was to walk many blocks to work on blustery, wintry days. She had no education to speak of because she was always too busy working.

By her own efforts she earned millions, and she became the greatest single power in the motion picture industry for many years. Kings and queens were glad to receive her. She acquired a deep, true culture that makes her, today, one of the most delightful women in the world.

Socially she ruled Hollywood for many years, and still rules it. An invitation to Pickfair is coveted as much as an invitation to be presented at court—and it still places the stamp of social approval upon anyone in Hollywood to be a guest at the lovely gray house on the hill.

She is and always has been a great business woman.

And no one has worked as hard for charity as Mary.

She lived one of the great love stories of modern times—the names of Mary and Doug belong with the names of the great lovers of history and were known to more people. For ten years those two lived a perpetual honeymoon.

And now?

The great and glorious past is over. That her best friend could not deny. Nor would Mary, who is as clear and honest as a brook, deny it. She is not the great star of the screen that she once was. And she and Douglas have separated; the great romance of the screen is over. In fact Mary has finally decided that a reconciliation is impossible and has filed papers for an early divorce.

What lies ahead of this great woman, who achieved so much, single-handed and alone? Still young, still beautiful, still with the finest years of life ahead of her, what will she do with them? Is her past so great and so remembered that the future cannot measure up?

I don't know.

It seems strange that tragedy should have gathered about the golden head of America's sweetheart. It is the wrong ending for the beautiful story of her life. It is the wrong ending for her great and glorious career and for her wonderful love story. That isn't the way it should be.

Mary will never be happy without work. She has always worked. She has given her whole life to motion pictures, in one way or another. She was their queen, she belonged to them.

Do you know what I think?

I think someday, and it won't be long, that Mary Pickford will once more be loved by the whole world. I do not believe that the woman who could so awaken love in the hearts of millions, the woman who meant so much that was fine and beautiful, the woman who alone can never be replaced, will be allowed to waste all that genius.

Today she is upon the middle ground and she has not yet found herself. The Mary Pickford of the curls, the Mary Pickford who was America's sweetheart, is still too vivid in our memory—and perhaps in hers. We cannot and she cannot accept anything else now. We remember only how wonderful and how lovely she was with the long golden curls, when she was a fairy-tale princess. And she herself is too close to her own greatness to change even if we would let her.

But the time will come when the name of Mary Pickford will blaze across the heavens in undimmed splendor, when we shall know once more that breathless love which she alone made us feel.

She will find herself. She is a great artist, a great actress—and she still possesses everything that made her great. She will find stories, she will find parts, of a different age and in a different key. But she will do them as she used to do. The world will look once more on that face and, in a new and true setting, find once more the beauty and truth that were romance.

Maybe it won't be right away—and maybe it will be romance no longer. Maybe it will be something stronger, more vital. Maybe it will be motherhood. Maybe it will be years away, when she thinks, as Marie Dressler once thought, that she is through.

But somewhere, sometime, the world will once more love Mary Pickford as it did in the past. Because, after all, she is still Mary Pickford.

GLORIA STUART

As a Sculptor's Wife She Models a Plan for a Screen Star's Successful Married Life.

By Jack Jamison

Gloria Stuart is the provocation and despair of her sculptor husband.

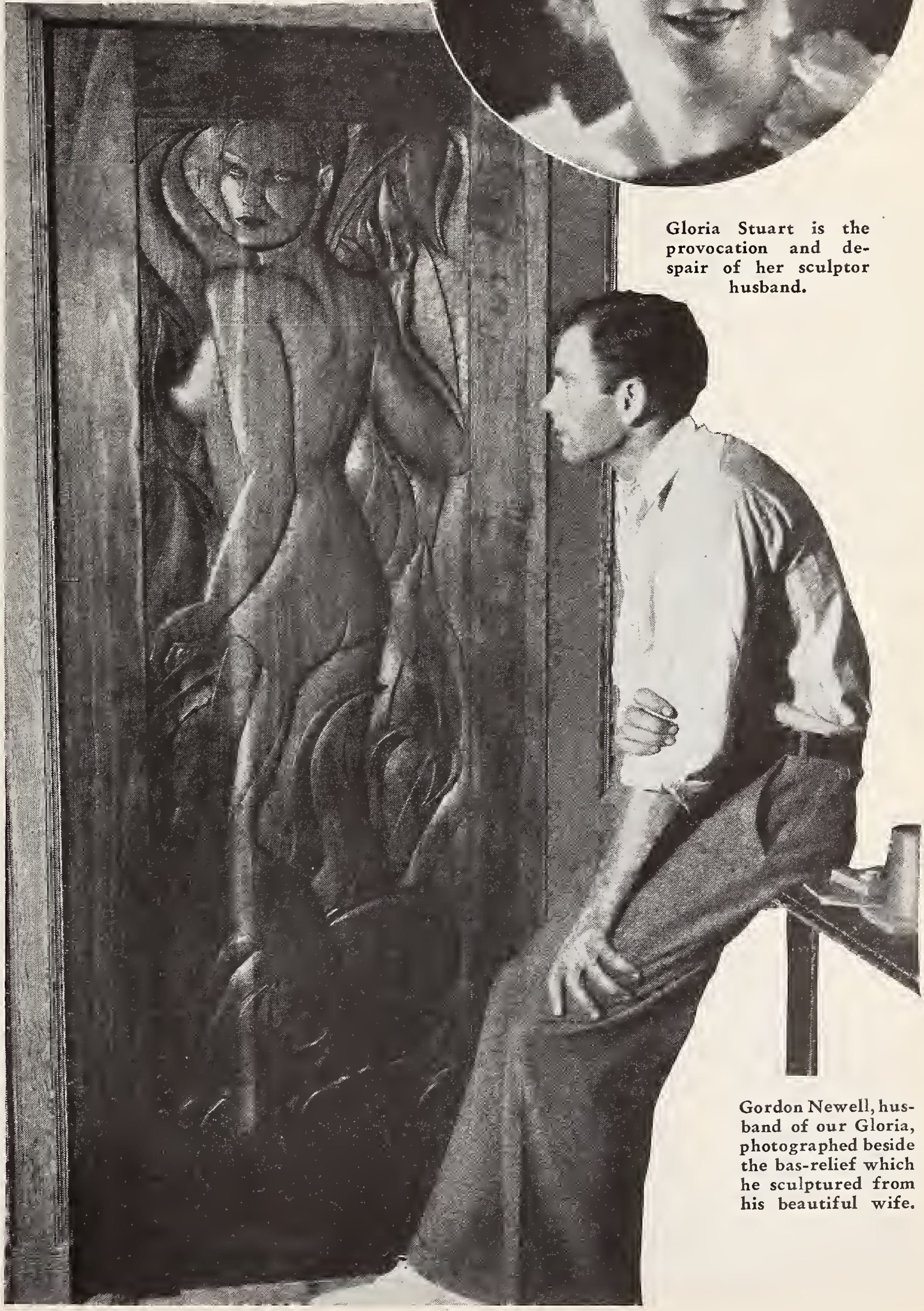
EDITOR'S NOTE—

"Gloria has just finished posing for one of the finest pieces of sculpture her husband, Gordon Newell, has ever turned out. We have obtained a photograph of it and reproduced it on this page. It is a beautiful panel for a door, carved of the finest hardwoods. The carving, to some extent, is conventionalized and 'modernistic.' The face, especially, has been worked into an artistic unity, and so does not particularly resemble Gloria's. But there, in Gordon's new house, immortalized in the glossy sheen of rare woods, stands Gloria's slim, lovely body.

GLORIA STUART has taught Hollywood a new way to look at marriage! As perhaps you've heard, marriage in Hollywood is a pretty shaky proposition. Few couples stay together long. To date, Hollywood has had only two viewpoints towards those broken homes. Either you broke frankly into the headlines with your divorce, and let the public think what it liked, or you kept on pretending you loved your wife or husband (for the public's sake) when really you wished he or she were in the nearest ash-can. Brazen it out, or hide it. It had to be one thing or the other.

Few stars, indeed, have actually tried to *beat* the Hollywood jinx, which decrees that marriage has little chance to last, or to figure out a workable scheme which would help them stay in love. Miriam Hopkins' companionate marriage failed, and, though it is true that Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster live apart, strong rumors have it that the reason is not any attempt to experiment, but rather, Claudette's Mama!

Gloria and her husband are setting up two establishments, in [*Continued on page* 59]



Gordon Newell, husband of our Gloria, photographed beside the bas-relief which he sculptured from his beautiful wife.

The

There is none of the "great star" business about Dietrich. She uses only the studio hair-dresser. But it isn't very difficult to make Marlene look beautiful.

Josef von Sternberg, who directs Dietrich, and the star herself wearing one of the Russian headdresses of the time of Catherine the Great.

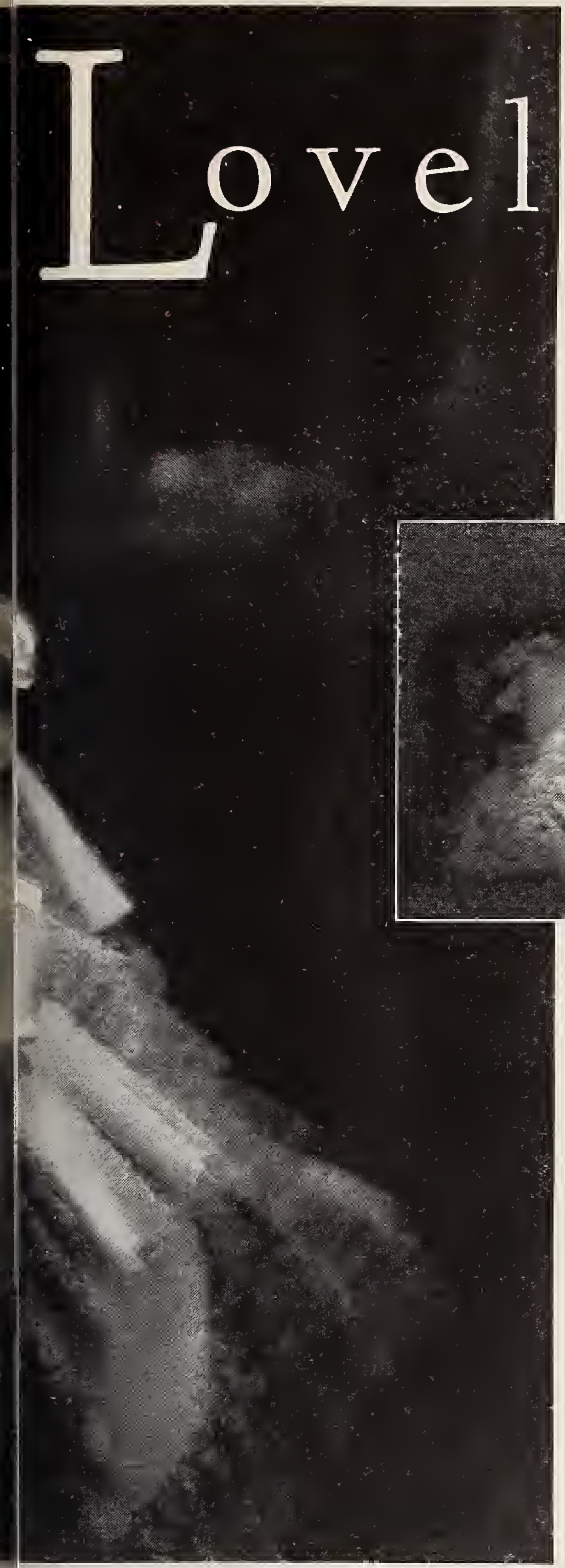
I'VE got to write a Dietrich story. And I hate to write a Dietrich story. But I've got to write a Dietrich story because I like two lumps of sugar in my coffee, fancy sports shoes and a quarter occasionally for those fascinating slot machines at the Clover Club—and because it's going to be a long hard winter with plenty of huffing and puffing. Writing about Dietrich, with a two cent vocabulary and a pocket dictionary, is like scratching your initials on the Mona Lisa with a rusty nail. Like giggling at the thrilling awe and exquisite pageantry of a New England sunset. Like spilling blackberry jam on an old and rare piece of lace.

I have never understood why the benches along Riverside Drive face the street, and the occupants blandly watch taxis colliding with Chevrolets all unmindful of the serene beauty and mystery of the Hudson River behind them. And I have never understood why dumb clucks write about Marlene Dietrich. There is so little beauty in this world, it

Loveliest STAR

Marlene Dietrich, in the Gorgeous Costumes of "Catherine the Great," Proves Herself the Reigning Beauty of the Screen.

By Elizabeth Wilson



Maria, the real daughter of Marlene Dietrich, makes her first screen appearance as the Princess Sophia when a child.

John Lodge, Marlene Dietrich and C. Aubrey Smith in a scene from "Catherine the Great."

should not be defamed by clumsy pens—or rattly typewriters. Dietrich—beautiful, mysterious, exotic as a white orchid and as disturbing as the sensuous rhythms of the "Bolero"—a subject only for poets like Edna St. Vincent Millay.

But I've got to write a Dietrich story. I'd much rather write about Jimmy Durante and string out a lot of "Hot cha chas" and "Am I mortifieds" or about Alice in Wonderland and get all tweet-tweet and Gaynorish. But the boss said Dietrich—and just because three years ago, come what may, Consolidated Gas went down instead of up it's got to be Dietrich.

As the whole world knows, Roosevelt is president and there's an NRA and Josef von Sternberg is whipping up a little something at the Paramount studios called "Catherine of Russia" as Dietrich's next starring picture. Of course you realize that unless you're queening it in Hollywood these days you can't belong to the club, and what with Catherine and Christina and Bess and Marie Antoinette romping around in whalebones and ruffles, the place is beginning to look like a hand of poker. But we like it. Briefly now, for the benefit of those who came in late, we'll skip lightly over a few of the episodes in the life of the Great Catherine, which von Sternberg has chosen to depict in his dramatic historical opus.

As a child the Princess Sophia Frederica (Marlene Dietrich's little Maria) of Anhalt-Zerbat, Germany, is denied dolls and toys and sternly prepared for marriage to royalty by her mother, the Princess Johanna (Olive Tell). One day, after the little Princess Sophia (now played by Marlene) has reached her 'teens, the household is thrown into a fever of excitement, for communications arrive from King Frederick of Prussia confirming arrangements for her marriage to Grand Duke Peter Feodorovitch (Sam Jaffe), grandson of Peter the Great. And that is something.

Fifteen years old, frightened but impressed at the same time, Sophia hides an old rag doll, which her mother knows nothing about, in her trunk, puts on her best clothes and her bravest smile and sets out by carriage for Russia. And it was quite a buggy ride in those days of boggy roads. But ah—the dashing Count Alexei (John Lodge) has been sent from Moscow to escort the little German princess to her future husband, and the Count has a neat figure, besides a lot of unruly hair. Quite delighted, oh yes, indeed, quite, Sophia repulses the Count's ardent lovemaking by expressing devoted loyalty to the Grand Duke, who has been described by the Russian envoy as the handsomest man in all Europe. Sophia's years of Prussian training stand by her now—she can't help feeling all a-glow when that fascinating Count flirts with her, but what's a Count when a handsome Grand Duke awaits her in Russia.

The princess is given a royal welcome at the Kremlin in Moscow, where such blonde loveliness has never been seen before. Her Imperial Highness, the Empress (Louise Dresser) loses no time in warning her that it is her duty to become a dutiful wife and the mother of a son, so that there may be an heir to the throne. Immediately she changes the princess' name to Catherine and the shy little German girl from Anhalt-Zerbat becomes a Grand Duchess.

But the first bitter disappointment comes when she meets the Grand Duke Peter, for instead of being the handsome youth described by the Russians, the heir to the throne is obviously imbecilic and quite revolting in appearance—in fact we may even call him a degenerate. He has only two passions in his life, his mistress (Ruthelma Stevens) and his regiment of toy soldiers. But just the same he is male enough to be extremely piqued when he notices that his young wife abhors him. Count Alexei slyly informs Catherine that her marriage with Peter need not become too tedious because he will make it his business to be always near her. Good old Alexei.

Following the magnificently barbaric wedding and feast, the Empress spies upon the newlyweds in the bridal chamber and is infuriated when she learns that Catherine is determined to repulse Peter—and poor Peter, on his wedding night, has to find solace in his wooden soldiers. After that there's *in-law* trouble. Well, about a year later Catherine gives birth to a son and all Russia rejoices and rings bells and shoots cannons—all except the Grand Duke Peter and the Empress who've got a pretty good idea about the legitimacy of the youngest heir to the throne of Russia. Catherine then revives the old Russian custom of receiving loyal subjects in her boudoir—and takes a keen personal interest in the young officers of her regiments. But you've read your history books and I don't have to tell you about Katy's whimsies.

Oh, indeed, Russia was in an awful state the day I arrived on the Paramount lot bent upon getting a Dietrich story or something. I arrived in time to see a queer spectacle, so queer in fact that I began to wonder if the worst suspicions of my family were about to come true. *Not Dietrich the Glamorous in a truck!* At first I thought that it was Marie Antoinette on her way to the guillotine, and that silly old Paramount, with childish simplicity, had gotten its queens and history all mixed. But it seems that the costumes (twenty of them and each more grand and heavy than the other) Marlene wears in this picture are so delicate and expensive that the studio won't allow her to sweep up the sidewalks with them. Which is all right with Dietrich, for it is quite a job carrying forty pounds of something around on your back when you're used to the freedom of pants. So every day, when she gets ready to go on the set, a low-geared cub truck, or "Minnie" as it's called by the workmen, backs up to the curb and the exotic Marlene becomes a truck-load. But what a pretty sight it is when the seventy-five yards of ruffles begin to ruffle in the breeze.

Stage nine on the Paramount lot, where the Empress is throwing a party for the express purpose of humiliating the young Grand Duchess Catherine, is as silent as the tombs. Wan figures in satin and muffs and jewels and green boots sit around on the Kremlin stairs or the uncomfortable pews of the Cathedral—strange gaunt apostolic figures—never making a sound, hardly breathing it seemed. I immediately decided I had walked past a red light and onto a stage where a scene was being taken—but no—it was only a rehearsal. But so quiet you could hear the proverbial pin drop way over there behind Marlene's dressing table. This is the only place in Hollywood where you can find such a startling phenomena. Usually on sets, when scenes are not actually being taken, the workmen are hammering away, the prop boys running here and there, the phone ringing, soundmen shouting, maids and valets giggling and drinking coca colas, and extras playing cards or visiting each other. But not on von Sternberg sets. His rehearsal is as quiet as his "take." He wants to keep the atmosphere of his picture and, believe me, he certainly keeps it. Huddled up in a studio chair I felt all the barbaric splendor, religious fervor and drafts of old Russia. And was quite sure that if I so much as sneezed or coughed I'd be banished at once to darkest Siberia. But that's the way von Sternberg works—and it is a very effective way, for no director in Hollywood gets atmosphere and perfect timing into his pictures so well as von Sternberg. Those gaunt and grieving apostles, who decorate the chairs and pews of the Kremlin and the Cathedral, are symbolic of eighteenth century Russia, and they give the same feeling of Fate and Destiny to "Catherine of Russia" that the drums give to "Emperor Jones." These figures—there are two hundred of them—are von Sternberg's conception, executed by Peter Ballbusch, sculptor.

But with all it's deathlike quietness, it seems that a lot of fun and kidding goes on on that set. Someone painted a neat little dog-house sign, and every time anyone meets with the Master's disfavor he has to wear "I'm in the dog-house" around his neck. Bert Glennon, the cameraman, wound his wrist watch during a take one day—though you or I would never have heard it—but it brought the ire of von Sternberg down upon his head. He was upset about it, and went around grieving for several days until someone noticed that he looked just like the grieving apostles; so now they call the apostolic chairs the Glennons. Monty Westmore was the next to incur the von Sternberg wrath by changing wigs when wigs shouldn't be changed. So now Monty is in the dog-house.

The minute Marlene comes on the set bleak Russia becomes warm with beauty. The hair-dressers and make-up girls simply adore her and Bert Glennon, the cameraman, worships the ground she walks on. Only last week Dietrich gave Nellie, the hair-dresser, a fur coat—the first fur coat

[*Continued on page* 54]

When "Catherine the Great" moves across the screen few will remember that the star was once called Marlene (Legs) Dietrich.

"N.G. IN THE GARAGE BUSINESS"

By Muriel Babcock

Warner Baxter Didn't Succeed Until He Started Doing What He Wanted To Do.

He is sure of himself, without being the least bit cocksure.

AFTER eleven years in a small house on a side street in Los Angeles, with furniture purchased "stick by stick," Warner Baxter is building a lovely and spacious home high in the hills off the winding Beverly Boulevard that connects Hollywood and the Pacific Ocean.

It is sort of a dream house and has all those things that Warner and his wife, Winifred Bryson, have longed for.

"I hope," said Warner wistfully, as he told me about it, "that folks won't think I'm going Hollywood. And I hope," he added, his chin settling into a decisive line, "that we *won't* go Hollywood. We never have, you know. Maybe the house will get us, but I don't think so. We'll live just the way we have been living."

All of which appealed to me as an unconscious flash of the real character of the man, who has lived quietly and conservatively in Hollywood, where pomp and display are the usual thing.

Warner is as handsome off screen, as he is on. He is strong and masculine and attractive looking. He is sure of himself, without being in the least bit cocksure. He knows what he is doing and where he is heading. He has been through the mill, through the Hollywood fire, and come out —*himself*.

He's been up and down in the movies. He has been an extra and then a leading man, gone back to bit parts and risen again to star. He has made money and he has been broke.

He has been married since 1917 to Winifred Bryson, then the lovely leading lady of "Lombardi, Ltd.," now very much an invalid to whom he is devoted. They were wed, he told me, early one snowy January morning in New York. That night "Lombardi," in which they both appeared, was to open.

His best friend today is his stand-in and double, Frankie McGrath, a handsome, rollicking daredevil. He doesn't pal much with his fellow actors away from the lot.

He loves to cook—particularly chili—but more of this later.

How does he stack up with the town and the people with whom he mingles but little? Those who know him think he's a great fellow. I happened to mention to Louella O. Parsons, famous film columnist, that I was writing a yarn on Warner.

"Oh, he's a grand person," she said. "He was in Honolulu when we were. He was so lovely to his wife. She wasn't well and he would never leave her for long. When he would go down on the beach to swim, you'd always see him look back at the hotel until he caught her eye and then wave to her. He lives at Malibu during the summer, but he never goes in for any of the social racket."

Later that evening, my telephone rang. "My husband says to tell you," came Miss

[*Continued on page* 61]

STAR? DIRECTOR?

STAR: Fredric March does not consider that the star is entitled to all the honor.

Scene from "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," showing Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins.

HOW many of you think that a picture's success is due to the actor cast in it?

I have questioned three film people, leaders in their respective fields, and not one gives the actor the major responsibility. The *director,* they insist, makes or ruins a picture.

Fredric March, Academy Award Winner and profound thinker, claims that the director is principally responsible, the actor being secondary.

King Vidor, the director whose productions pulse with the rhythm of life, agrees with March, only he thinks that the story, too, is of primary importance; but he does not mention the actor.

Frances Marion, scenarist, who is blessed with the most brilliant feminine mind in the industry, thinks that the *little incidents,* culminating from a combination of the three—director, writer and actor—are what make a film memorable. She does not think that the actor alone is responsible for its success.

Yet it is the actor alone, according to the public mind, who must shoulder the whole responsibility.

Let us consider some actual examples:

Many a picture is *made* through its retakes. The studios spend about four million dollars a year on revised scenes. For instance, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" fell very flat at the preview. It cost three hundred thousand dollars to remake two-thirds of the film, but it became a success and established Helen Hayes as a screen artist.

"Fire Chief" lacked humor and therefore a number of scenes were remade and improved, thus promising Ed Wynn a better reception. Almost all of the costly "March of Time" was scrapped—representing, six hundred thousand dollars. Mary Pickford remade "Secrets" at considerable expense, the first version being inferior.

"Nana," introducing Anna Sten, got off to a bad start. Sam Goldwyn called a halt. When Willard Mack read seventy-five new pages of script to the production staff, everybody cheered. With this stimulation to the story, and new members added to the cast, Miss Sten's debut is likely to turn out auspicious, after all.

"Of course," said Fredric March with a smile that was gently ironic, "it really helps to have all three—good story, competent direction, inspired acting. But Santa Claus doesn't come every day. Such a 'break' happens rarely.

"The actor is more dependent on direction than on story. A clever director can build up trite material with little, human touches. And he can evoke something out of even untrained talent, as Vidor did with 'Hallelujah.'"

Mr. March named Ernst Lubitsch, King Vidor, Lewis Milestone, Frank Lloyd, Frank Capra, John Cromwell, Rouben Mamoulien and Cecil B. DeMille as our best directors.

"Yes, DeMille!" he emphatically forestalled my objection. "He is a great director for a woman, skilled in bringing out all the nuances of feminine appeal and psychological reactions.

"Pictures should be made from blue-prints, like houses. Even 'impromptu' dinner speeches are rough-drafted beforehand. All creation takes visual form modelled on a mental picture. Projects carried through from a basic plan succeed best. That's plain logic. Rehearsals do not stifle spontaneity. Only actors who are unsure of themselves make such a statement. You can't be convincingly spontaneous unless you have a foundation. Perfection comes only when every detail is polished down to the finest point."

For this reason Mr. March feels that the stage offers more carefully constructed stories, whereas a film plot is often a hybrid, product of many imaginations, altered as the scenes progress.

"After you see a stage play you analyze its particular psychology. But how many films stimulate your mind to such vigorous consideration?

"Films should do more than amuse you. The screen field is

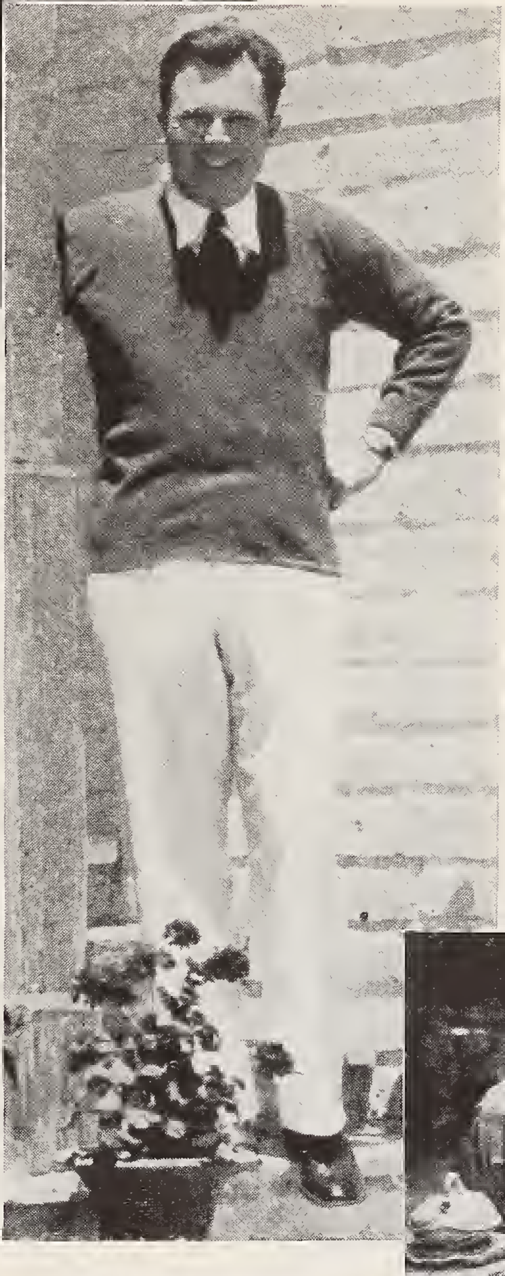
AUTHOR?

Which Deserves the Credit for the Great Screen Successes?

By Myrtle Gebhard

DIRECTOR:

"A director can put over any story if he knows his business," says King Vidor.



King Vidor, the director whose "Street Scene" made several players famous—Sylvia Sidney, Beulah Bondi, David Landau. Illustration above, from "Street Scene," shows Estelle Taylor and David Landau.

infinitely broader, less concentrated and compact than the stage. Its greater scope of scenic latitude, its limitless panorama, the possibilities for action and the changes of costume and of background—all these assets widen its possibilities. It really should be leagues ahead in the interpretive art."

"The Royal Family of Broadway"—which March characterizes as *a specialized flash*—and "Night Flight," with its battle of the elements in a drama of the air service, he considers primarily as "ideas."

"The Sign of the Cross," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "The Stranger's Return" are also ideas. "Broadway to Hollywood" he calls an example of a mediocre story made entertaining by good Willard Mack direction. But this, again, is an *idea* embodying a chronological cinema of the amusement world.

In the March inventory "Morning Glory" was made enthralling because of the Hepburn genius, and he liked "Penthouse" because of its modern tempo.

"Acting," he avers, "is far more important in character rôles than in straight leads. The Romeos can get by on personality. But who knew Chaney, the man? When do we see Robinson, the man? It isn't sex appeal or any distinctly sheik-like characteristic that draws us to George Arliss and Walter Huston, Charles Laughton, Leslie Howard, James Cagney and the Brothers Barrymore. Yes, this includes *John,* because in "Topaze" he waded into a character rôle that completely obliterated his own type, including his profile.

"We can't have acting and personality at one and the same time, in equal degree; balance between them is impossible. A personality *can't* be acting! You see? He is too busy being himself. When he acts, he submerges himself and adopts another's personality.

"Many people assume that a good story is 'fool-proof.' I disagree. A *good* story demands a *great* actor, whereas a poor story can be put over by a mere personality. For when a person acts, you are interested in the problems of the *character* he portrays, and not in himself, but when a personality appears, you are content to watch this idol and not care so much what it thinks or does.

"As for me—if I could choose, I would prefer to be a good actor! I couldn't be a personality, anyhow; I haven't enough romantic appeal. Besides, the actor is a technician and workman; he creates and builds.

"We have more great actors than actresses," he observed. "Too much is made of a woman's beauty. It's about time for the screen to develop thespian traditions. Stars are often too beautiful; that is enervating. We need more vital Hepburns, and less pretty posing.

"Please, no! There's danger in getting too personal," he countered my suggestion that he analyze each of our stars. "I am not a critic; my opinion is colored by my own definition of acting, which

[*Continued on page* 58]

Frances Marion says: "To me the director is first, the story second, the actor last."

AUTHOR: **Scene from Frances Marion's great picture, "Min and Bill." It made Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler more popular than ever.**

STARS ON THE JOB

Studio News: A Survey of Activities All Over Hollywood.

By S. R. Mook

On the United Artists Lot

THE most pretentious set this month is one being used in "Gallant Lady," which marks Ann Harding's first starring vehicle for Twentieth Century Pictures at the U. A. Studio.

It is the exterior of a baronial castle, which was originally erected for Douglas Fairbanks' "The Iron Mask." The set was so stupendous and so costly it was left standing. Since then it has been used in "Cock o' the Air," which starred Billie Dove and Chester Morris, and now it is serving as the locale of a convent in Italy. The moat is still there, but instead of the flagstone courtyard in front of the castle, in which the fiesta was held for "Cock o' the Air," the whole place is covered with grass.

Sally Wyndham (Ann Harding) is in one heck of a mess. After a tragic love affair with a young aviator who is accidentally killed, she finds she is to become a mother. Rather than return home she determines to isolate herself from relatives and friends. Realizing she must make her own way in the world, she decides it will be best for her child if she places it with Phil (Otto Kruger) and Amy Lawrence (Ivy Merton), a wealthy young couple. And Sally, heartbroken, agrees never to see her child again.

She goes to work for Maria Sherwood (Janet Beecher), an interior decorator. Janet is in love with Dan Pritchard (Clive Brook) and Clive is in love with Ann. Rather than stand in the way of Janet's romance, Ann accepts an opportunity to go

Richard Barthelmess, out on location, has made "Massacre." It is a fascinating story of Indian life.

Little Dickie Moore as the son of Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady."

"Carolina" is the new title of Janet Gaynor's piece, which is the screen play from the "House of Connelly." It tells the story of Janet's charm overcoming stiff-necked prejudices and is the best picture Janet has had for a long time.

Tullio Carminati, Broadway's favorite, perfects an appealing screen technique.

to Italy on business for the firm. She is to dismantle an old chapel on the estate of Count Mario Carnini (Tullio Carminati).

At the moment, a donkey cart is approaching. On the seat sit Carminati and the driver. In the back are a trunk and two or three suitcases. The driver is playing on some sort of stringed instrument and Carminati is singing Toselli's "Serenade." He sings it beautifully and the donkey almost breaks down. That animal has the saddest eyes I've ever seen. They approach the castle. In an archway a gnarled old tree is growing, and beyond it, on a painted backdrop, loom the mountains. The lights playing on the drop make it look as though the sun is shining on them.

The cart creaks to a stop and Carminati hops off, still singing. Then he sees Ann standing in the door of the chapel.

"Ah, Madonna!" Carminati breathes gallantly.

"It's only me," Ann smiles. *Well!* I must say, Miss Harding. After all the talk of your intelligence and literary ability, I should think you would use correct English and say "It's only *I*."

Carminati, being a foreigner, doesn't notice it (but *I* did) and also being conceited, ignores her modesty and continues: "Did you hear my song?"

But Ann can also ignore. "Do Italians ever take life seriously?" she parries.

"Why?" he asks, shrugging his shoulders as though there were nothing else to do.

"You're the laziest people on earth," Ann vows, "and the most delightful. Tell me, what is the name of the song you were singing."

"It is Toselli's Serenade. It is a sad song about a little girl who had no time for play. Finally she became an old dried-up woman, and she blew away without knowing love."

"All your songs are about the same thing, I believe," Ann comments.

"Why not?" he demands. "What is there to life but love and play?"

"Somebody's got to work," Ann announces and gesticulates towards the workmen she is employing. "If I didn't watch those fellows in there, by the time we put this chapel together in America it would look like a crazy quilt."

"Cut," calls the director.

"Mr. Carminati," my guide introduces me.

"How do you do?" comes politely from Tullio, accompanied by the announcement that he is returning to New York after this picture to appear in a musical comedy. If he sings as well on the stage as he does in pictures he ought to be a huge success. Come to think of it, I believe he was—in the original company of "Strictly Dishonorable."

I leave the set of "Gallant Lady," my head in the clouds, dreaming of moats and castles and donkeys and illegitimate mothers, but on the next set I'm brought

[*Continued on page* 62]

NOW:—Letters FROM the Stars

Send Your Letters to Your Favorite Star, in Care of Silver Screen's Fan Mail Department.

Dear frances forester -
I agree with you ab
- thin women are mo
unattractive!!! for
years I have been
to overcome it - it
harder to gain than
However since
to Hawaii I have
pounds - which I
keep if I have t
potato grown t
the Rockies,
you will notice the
difference in my next
picture "Night Bus" with
Clark Gable. Sincerely
Claudette Colbert

A picture of Claudette Colbert showing how plump she is now. Taken at Hawaii, during the filming of "Four Frightened People."

The Fan Letter to Claudette Colbert—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—

I thought "The Torch Singer," starring Claudette Colbert, was grand. I think Claudette is a marvelous actress, but I also think she is too thin.

Why does every movie star, when she gets just the right size, start dieting?

Let's have a campaign for plumpness, so that it will be a joy to go to a movie and know that one can, at least, see a movie star who looks healthy.

Frances Forester
Demorest, Ga.

Claudette Colbert's Answer —

Dear Frances Forester—

I agree with you absolutely—thin women are most unattractive!! For two years I have been trying to overcome it—it is much harder to gain than to lose!

However, since my trip to Hawaii I have gained ten pounds—which I intend to keep even if I have to eat every potato grown this side of the Rockies! I hope you will notice the *difference* in my next picture, "Night Bus," with Clark Gable.

Sincerely,
Claudette Colbert

The Fan Letter to Elissa Landi—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—

We girls get sick of this modern world. Can you blame us for wanting to see some real old-fashioned love now and again?

There are very few people who didn't like the virtuous "Mercia" in "The Sign of the Cross" or the energetic Amazon in "The Warrior's Husband." How about seeing Elissa Landi in "Joan of Arc," against one of those spec-

The Fan Letter to Joan Crawford—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—

I work in Bloomingdales, and I get so sick of selling stockings that I said to the department head that I was sick of selling stockings and she said: "Well Joan Crawford sold stockings once," and I would like to know, did she?

I will close

Yours truly,
Mae McCauley
Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

Joan Crawford's Answer—

Dear Mae McCauley—

No—I never sold stockings—but I did sell dresses once, and I had a lot of fun out of it—

I wasn't bored or sick of my job—honestly I wasn't. And I used to have marvelous laughs (secret, of course) when very large women would come into the shop and think they—in a size forty-eight—could look like the girls in size fourteens.

And I'm sure you get the same type of laughs when a woman who takes a *ten* stocking comes to you and insists on buying an *eight*—

So remember, nothing is ever so bad as it seems—and there are always ways of getting fun out of our jobs—

Joan Crawford

Dear Mae McCauley -
No - I never sold
stockings - but I did sell
dresses once and I had a
lot of fun out of it -
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Honestly
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of our jobs
Joan Crawford

Joan Crawford writes a frank and friendly fan letter.

A New Department, to Appear Monthly, Which Will Enable Silver Screen's Readers to Have Their Letters Answered by the Stars. Write to Any Player, Ask Any Question, or Give Your Favorite the Benefit of Your Advice and Counsel, and Your Letter Will Be Answered.

Address:—
Editor,
Silver Screen's
Fan Mail Dept.,
45 West 45th St.
New York, N. Y.

DIRECTIONS

1. Make your letters short.
2. $10 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.

tacular DeMille backgrounds.

I say, Elissa, how does it sound to you?

Miss Kathryn F. Gillies,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Elissa Landi's Answer—

My dear Mr. Keen:—

Thank you so much for forwarding the letter of Miss Kathryn Gillies to me. I was very happy to receive it.

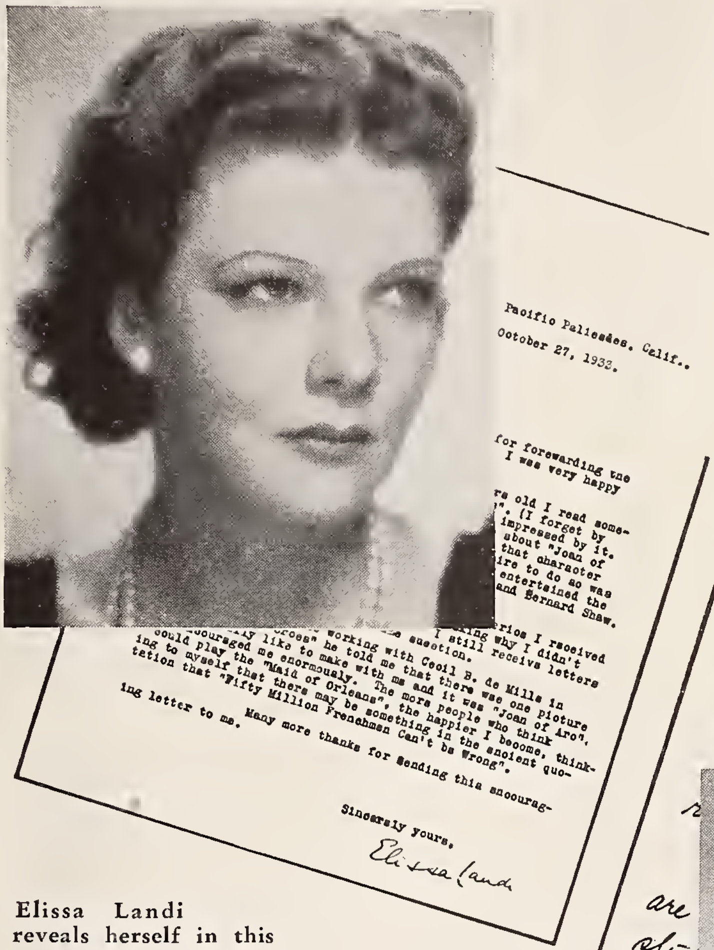
When I was eight years old I read something called "Le Mystere de Jeanne Darc," (I forget by whom it was written) and I was very much impressed by it. When I was twelve years old I saw a movie about "Joan of Arc" and I had a secret desire to portray that character myself. By the time I was sixteen the desire to do so was overwhelming! Incidentally, at that time I entertained the idea of writing a play about her. (Just me and Bernard Shaw, don't you know!)

During my first year in America I received dozens of letters from various people asking why I didn't portray "Joan of Arc" in a picture. I still receive letters from time to time asking the same question.

While working with Cecil B. DeMille in "The Sign of The Cross," he told me that there was one picture he would really like to make with me, and it was "Joan of Arc." The more people who think I could play the "Maid of Orleans," the happier I become, thinking to myself that there may be something in the ancient quotation that "Fifty Million Frenchmen Can't Be Wrong."

Many more thanks for sending this encouraging letter to me.

Sincerely yours,
Elissa Landi



Pacific Palisades, Calif.,
October 27, 1933.

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Many more thanks for sending this encourag-
ing letter to me.

Sincerely yours,
Elissa Landi

Elissa Landi reveals herself in this charming answer to a fan's suggestion.

The Fan Letter to Jean Harlow—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—

Why doesn't Jean Harlow get one of those sweet little roles given Janet Gaynor?

I know she would fit them just as well. I don't think she is anywhere near as tough as the screen would have you believe.

It was more like our sweet little Jean Harlow when she cried her heart out on the prison matron's shoulder, in a scene from "Hold Your Man."

Ruth Valentine,
Flint, Michigan.

Jean Harlow's Answer—

Dear Miss Valentine:—

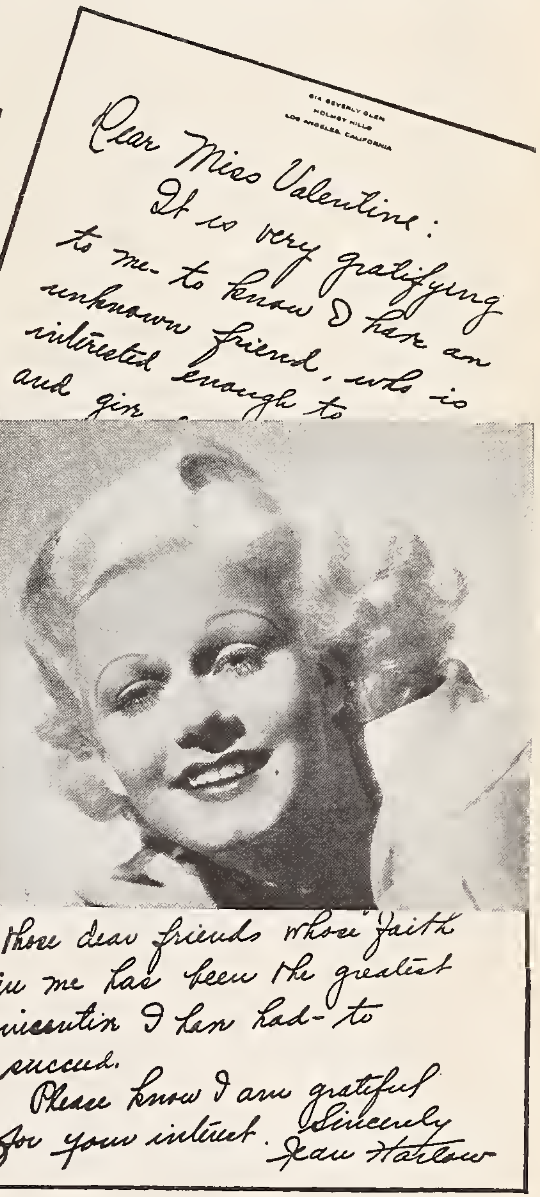
It is very gratifying to me to know I have an unknown friend, who is interested enough to write and give constructive criticism, as well as make excellent suggestions regarding my screen work.

As you probably know, parts are assigned to me by the studio (I have no choice in this matter), so I do my best with the part—in every way possible. At the same time, I fully realize that I am entirely dependent upon the support of my fan friends, and the opinion of the public—so you may understand how I welcome and appreciate any suggestions given me.

Never do I want to fail those dear friends whose faith in me has been the greatest incentive I have had to succeed.

Please know I am grateful for your interest.

Sincerely,
Jean Harlow.



214 BEVERLY GLEN
HOLMBY HILLS
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Dear Miss Valentine:
It is very gratifying
to me to know I have an
unknown friend, who is
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Jean

those dear friends whose faith
in me has been the greatest
incentive I have had to
succeed.
Please know I am grateful
for your interest. Sincerely
Jean Harlow

Jean Harlow dashes off her fan mail, but never fails to put in a touch of her sincerity and friendliness.

YOUTH ROMANCE

Jesse L. LASKY'S I am Suzanne!

Lilian HARVEY · GENE RAYMOND

LESLIE BANKS

PODRECCA'S PICCOLI MARIONETTES

Directed by Rowland V. Lee

Romance—tender, heart-warming as "Seventh Heaven"! Your heart follows the lovers down the shining path of their romance . . . While your eyes light up at the grace of beautiful girls, gorgeous dancers, human marionettes . . . and your ears tingle to the lilt of tuneful melodies . . . Truly great entertainment—a love story that lives and throbs against the world's strangest background.

FOX

Elmer Fryer

JOAN BLONDELL

JUST as Joan completed "Hell's Bells," she was rushed to a hospital for an appendix operation. Now that that's over she may be with James Cagney in "Heir Chaser," as a wisecracking phone girl—and *that* should be grand. Joan was born near Broadway and once trouped around the world.

TOM BROWN

JEAN PARKER

THE "Wild Birds" company, on location, is making a real movie replete with villains and young and earnest hearts. "Gangster films" and "Epics" are out and even "Musicals" are no longer planned. The present lot of stories offer grand entertainment. Jean Parker has made every part count—from "Rasputin" to "Little Women."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE" is a DeMille picture, and the scenes below illustrate Claudette in a schoolma'am's rôle. Also William Gargan and Herbert Marshall scowling at each other when the lush and unconventional jungle influence gets to work. It will be a great picture for those who have never been bitten by the travel bug, nor by an Hawaiian mosquito.

Elmer Fryer

KATHRYN SERGAVA

SHE'S a new beauty and a Russian, though she has lived here for ten years. Her dancing is wonderful, and her screen career at Warner's begins in "Bedside," in which she plays a Grand Opera star, opposite Warren William. Kathryn Sergava's hair shines like a new penny and her future is even brighter.

JANET GAYNOR

THE movie world is always eager for each new picture with Janet. "Carolina" shows her as a poor but nice girl from Pennsylvania, who wins the affections of Robert Young, a Southern Aristocrat. He is "land poor" and proud of it, but gentle Janet abolishes his slavery to tradition, in modern fashion.

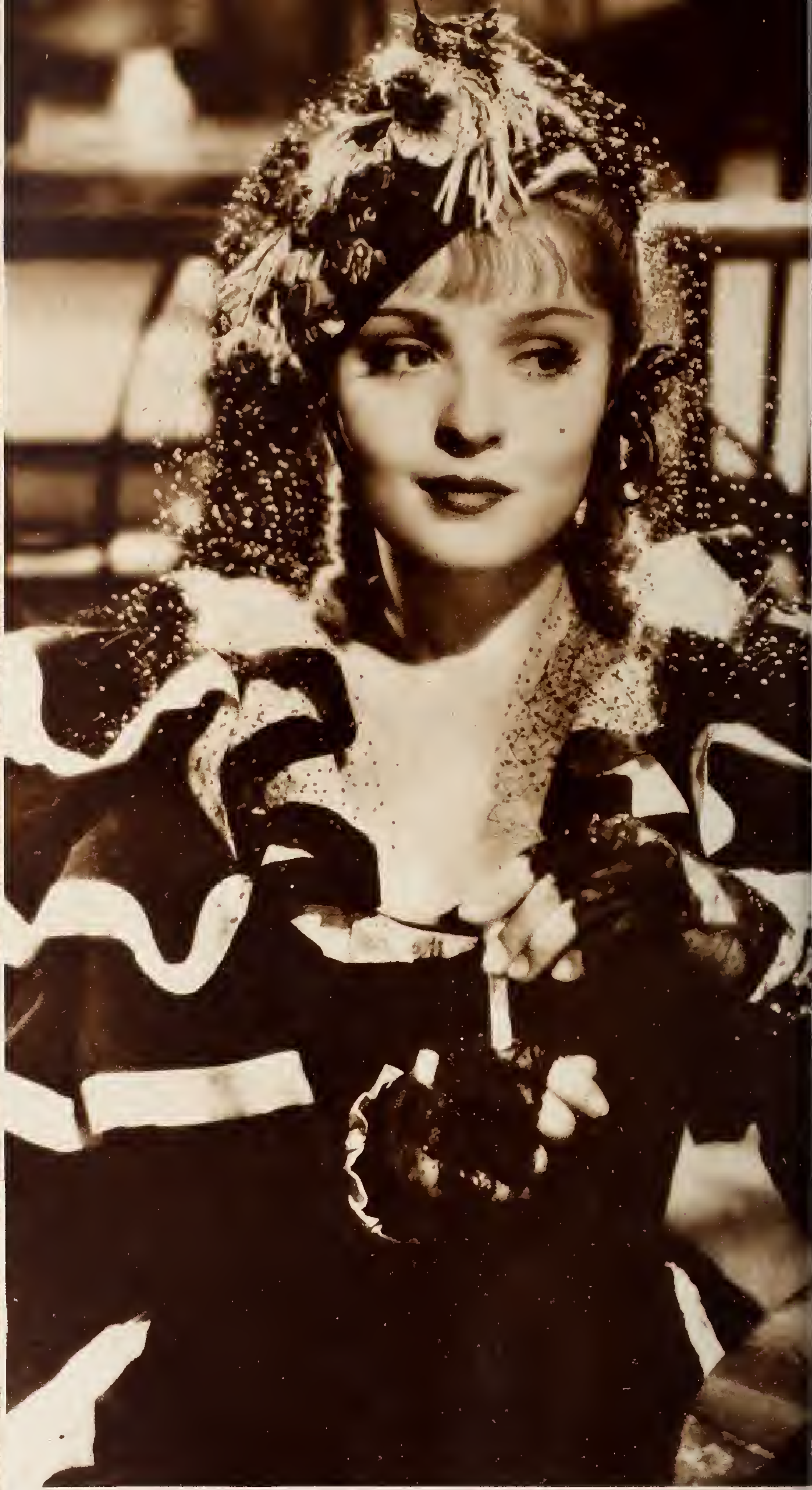
JACK OAKIE

JACK is off to Honolulu, and when the vacation is over he will go into "Sailor Beware," which is one of those plays that grows decent with age. Ever since that glad day in Sedalia, Mo., when Jack was born, he has been making friends, and there are a lot of us now. His great success in "College Humor" and "Too Much Harmony"—but what's the use of telling you? At left, with Thelma Todd in "Sitting Pretty." It's a gift.

AT RADIO, John Barrymore has made "Long Lost Father" with Helen Chandler. She never looked more attractive. Barrymore raises every scene to a high level, and players with him are always at their best. He recently took a vacation trip—on the high seas, of course. After all these years, his last season was his best, with "Bill of Divorcement," "Topaze," "Dinner at Eight" and "Reunion in Vienna." He is scheduled to make "The Devil's Disciple," which will be the first George Bernard Shaw play on the American screen.

JOHN BARRYMORE

HELEN CHANDLER



ANNA STEN

THERE never has been more care given to launching a star; however, Nana is ready at last, and in it Anna Sten shows her great beauty. At left, scenes from the picture. (At top) Phil Holmes and Anna. (Below) Richard Bennett with Anna. Lionel Atwill has a prominent part in this story, which is from Zola's famous novel. "Barbary Coast" is planned for Anna's next picture.

NORMAN FOSTER

HEATHER ANGEL

"ORIENT EXPRESS" brings these two popular players together. You'll remember Heather from "Berkeley Square," and Norman was outstanding in "State Fair." Heather is one of our English cousins. She was a stage beauty in London. Norman is well known in his home town of Richmond, Ind., and elsewhere, and well liked by his wife, Claudette Colbert, and other movie fans.

MARION DAVIES

THERE is no figure in the world of pictures who keeps her glamorou personality a-gleam, through thick and thin, as Marion does. Ir "Going Hollywood," Bing Crosby and Marion make a wonderful team— crooning, dancing and always charming.

Manatt

LUPE VELEZ

HER next picture is "Joe Palooka," the famous comic strip come to life. Stuart Erwin is Joe. Lupe has kept herself in the headlines by her marriage to "Tarzan" Weissmuller, but the star billing is a tribute to her own native *hotcha* personality.

HAL LE ROY

The dancer as *Harold Teen.*

PERT KELTON

Plays an "actress" part in "Once Over Lightly."

Anthony Ugrin

IRENE BENTLEY

The girl the Fox Studio believes in.

SIDNEY BLACKMER

Backed by a Broadway stage reputation.

Russell Ball

ELIZABETH YOUNG

Lady-in-Waiting to Garbo in "Queen Christina."

Anthony Ugrin

RALPH MORGAN

Skipped to New York on vacation.

D'Gaggeri

JOHNNY MACK BROWN

A Southern boy who gets around.

D'Gaggeri

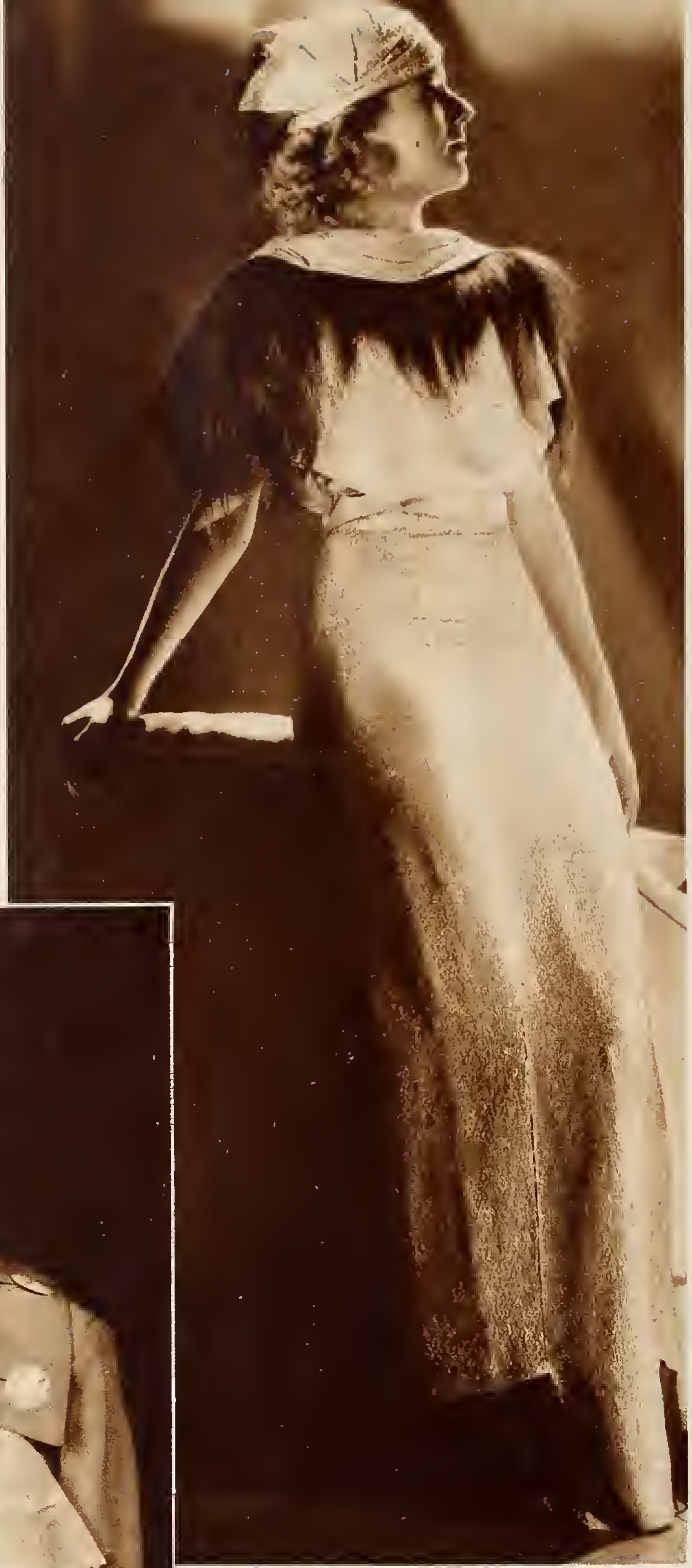
MURIEL KIRKLAND

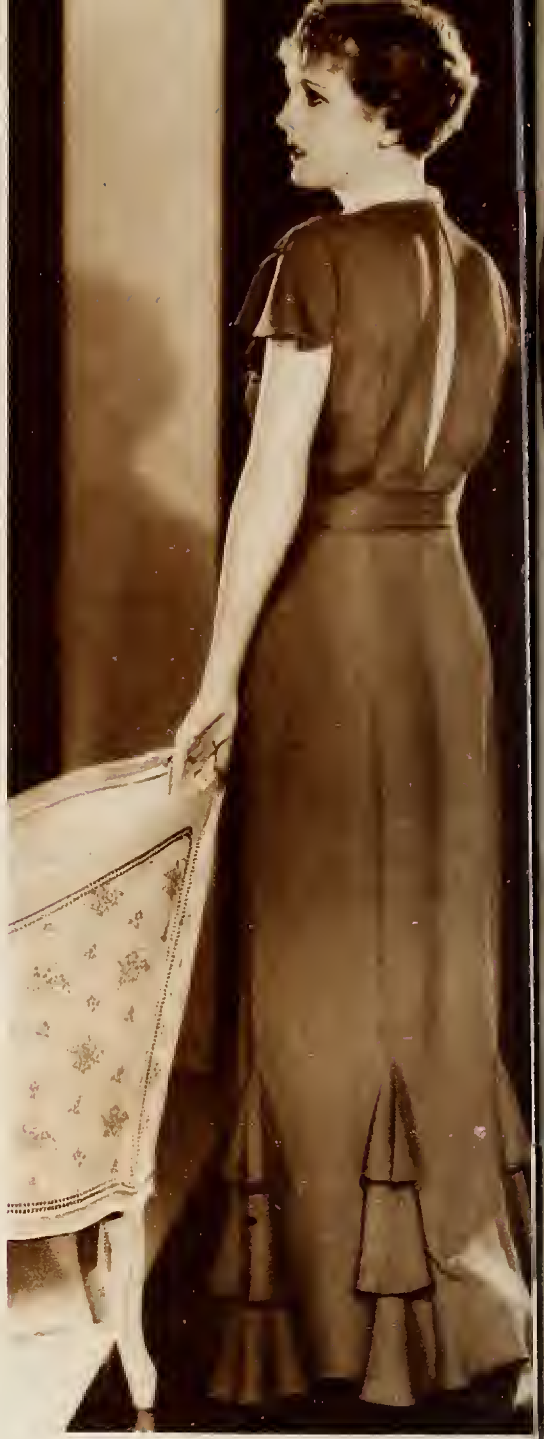
With Anna Sten in "Nana."

"Chic"

Betty Furness contemplates a gay evening while wearing this lovely informal dinner frock of gold cloth, with its shimmering panels bordered in monkey fur to carry out the effective treatment of the bodice. A tiny "cocktail hat" of the same material completes the costume. (*Right*)

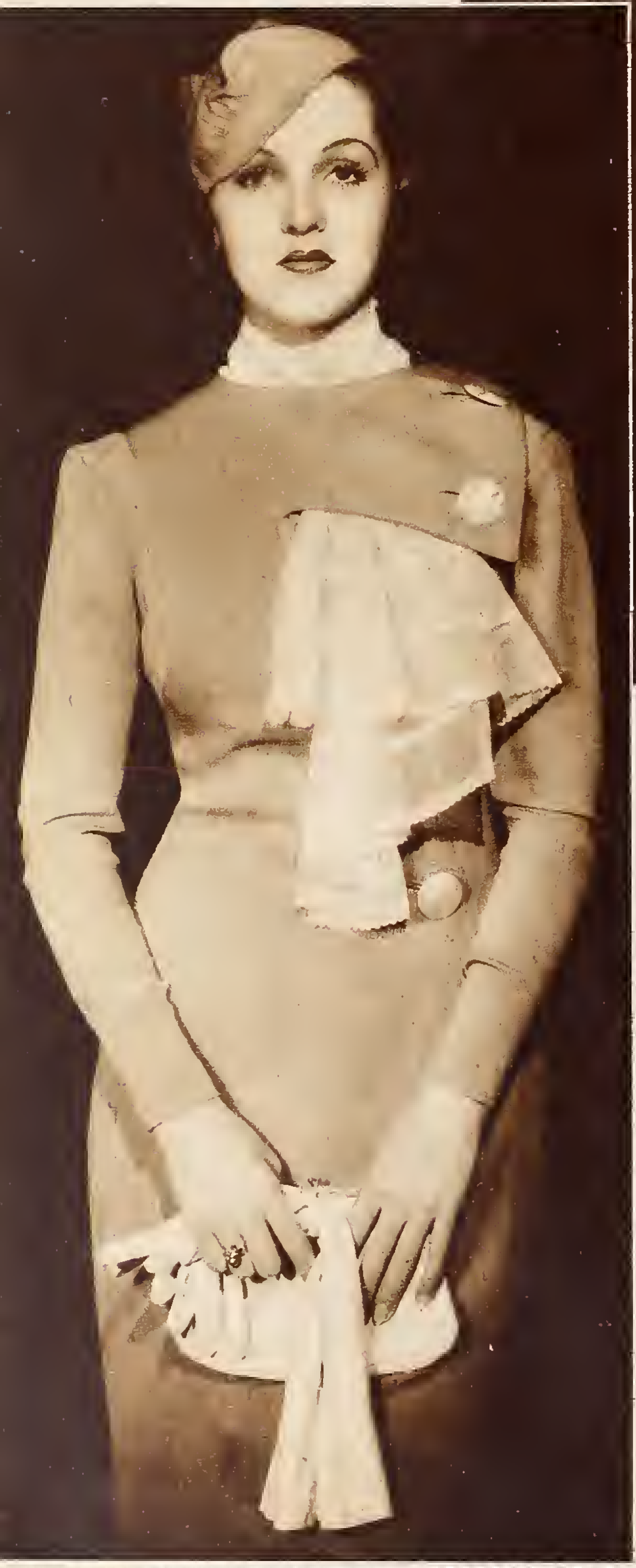
Ernest A. Bachrach





Elmer Fryer

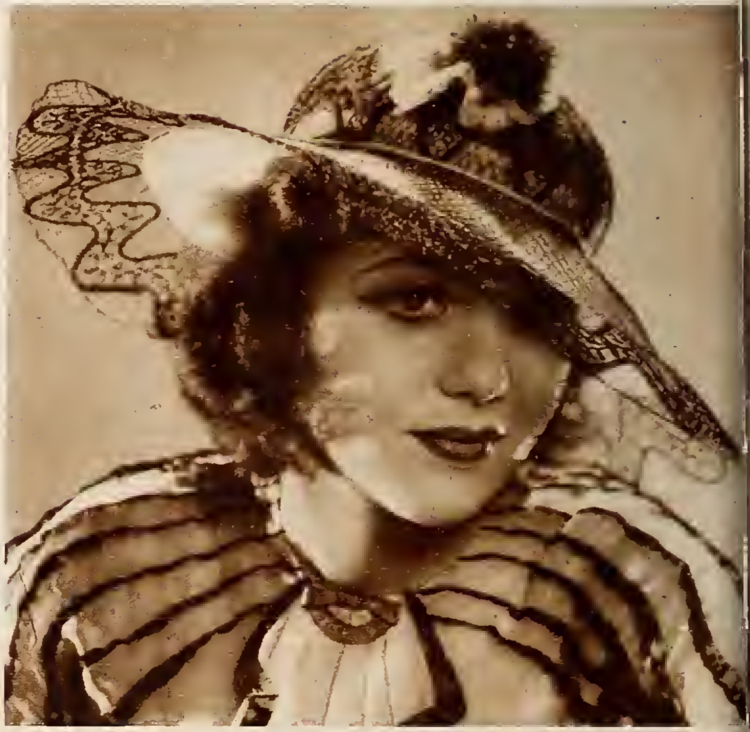
Always dignified and charming, Mary Astor cho a luscious watermelon crêpe for her simple home" dinner gown. An ultra-modern effect achieved by the slit from neckline to waist in back. (*Above*)



Patricia Ellis is ready for luncheon in this tailored acquamarine crêpe frock, with its quaint lace jabot draped around her slender neck and drawn demurely through the unique panel arrangement on the blouse. Her *toque* matches her frock, in the style of the moment. (*Left*)

Scotty Welbourne

We simply have to use the word glamorous when speaking of June Brewster all togged out for the tea hour at Palm Beach. Like her dainty gown, June's floppy broad-brimmed hat is of Chinese red organdy, over which filmy black lace is draped. (*Right*)



Ernest A. Bachrach

GIVE YOUR HANDS AN ALLURING WINTER COMPLEXION

Hands as soft and lovely as flowers . . . reaching out for romance and love. Do you play up your hands the way screen stars do? Keep them alluringly smooth, even in Winter? It isn't so hard as you think! Simply refuse to let work and cold weather coarsen them. Before and after exposure, after your hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM.** Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!

NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

Caressingly smooth and lovely are MARGARET SULLAVAN'S hands. With JOHN BOLES in UNIVERSAL'S success, "ONLY YESTERDAY."

Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too...by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

Clarence Sinclair Bull

GRETA GARBO

AS SWEDEN'S famous queen of three hundred years ago, Garbo wears male attire and a strange hairdress. The talked about "Queen Christina" started many "royal" pictures—"Catherine the Great," with Dietrich; "Napoleon," with Edw. G. Robinson; "Cleopatra," with Claudette Colbert; and many others.

MORE GOSSIP: *Listen!*

Between shots on the "Night Bus" set—Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert dancing away the "waiting time."

CARY Grant, Randolph Scott and David Manners all sailed to Europe together on the S. S. Paris. What fun for the gals on that crossing! 'Tis said that Cary and Virginia Cherrill will marry in England, and Randy has gone over to be the best man.

◆

UNA MERKEL has the newest hair-dressing trick of the season, and it's a trick worth knowing. She wears her hair with soft, short curls about her face—and keeps each curl exactly as desired by applying a bit of Newskine just beneath the curl. It doesn't show and the curls keep in place for hours.

◆

CAROLE LOMBARD has been so, so sick for weeks and weeks with flu and relapses of flu. The first night she was allowed out she went to see "Henry the Eighth"—and guess whom she went with? Why William Powell, the old "ex" himself.

◆

AL JOLSON says it's all right with him if Warner Brothers want to pay the "little woman" a big wad of money for appearing in their pictures—but not one cent will Al let Ruby pay for her support. So Ruby gives her money mostly to her family. Last month she surprised them with a beautiful new home on Toluca Lake.

◆

GARBO is still seen dining in quiet places with Director Mamoulian.

◆

THEY'LL have you believe that Carol Ann Beery, the chip off the Beery block, knows all about the *Hollywood ritz* and *studio* diplomacy, even though she is only four years old. One day while her father (Wally) was away on location, she visited the M-G-M studio.

Everybody made a big fuss over her but Carol Ann gave them a cold stare and let it go at that. *But,* when Mr. Louis B. Mayer, (Papa's boss) appeared, Carol Ann became all smiles at once and pranced right over and gave him a great big kiss. In Hollywood they learn young!

Silver Screen's first picture of Jack Haley, who is a hit in "Sitting Pretty." Full pages next—if he keeps it up.

◆

SOMETHING to get excited over: Dolores del Rio and Ricardo Cortez doing the tango in "Wonder Bar." Oh boy, what rhythm!

◆

ROLAND YOUNG has rented Alice Brady's New York apartment, and it looks as if he intends staying in New York with his successful play until Spring.

◆

JUST what we needed—a Norma Shearer picture. And Norma is in the midst of "Rip-Tide" with Herbert Marshall and Bob Montgomery.

◆

MYRNA LOY says it's too much trouble keeping a house, so she has given up her Brentwood mansion and moved into an apartment in Beverly Hills.

◆

BING CROSBY is the latest of the Paramount players to be made a star.

◆

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN and Joan Blondell both had terrible experiences with ole debil appendix, but both are on the road to recovery, thank you.

◆

NO ONE realized how beautiful Gloria Stuart was until they saw her in "Roman Scandals," and now all the studios want to borrow her.

◆

JOEL McCREA is the most romantic husband in town—he stills sends Frances Dee flowers every morning.

GARY COOPER knocked 'em out of their seats when he played the Paramount in New York, in a little skit that Lubitsch wrote.

◆

NEXT to prizefights Mae West likes oyster bars . . . . Two other oyster stew addicts are Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson.

◆

WHAT with prohibition a *by-gone* now, all the girls are breaking down and telling their favorite cocktails; Carole Lombard prefers to serve Martinis at her house, Norma Shearer will serve you a "High Hat Cocktail," and if you're lucky you'll get one of Bebe Daniels' eggnogs or Una Merkel's mint juleps.

◆

JOAN CRAWFORD tried to do her Christmas shopping while on vacation in New York but was so mobbed in the stores by fans that she had to give up—lucky Hollywood.

◆

WHEN Alice Brady had to go on "location" with the "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen" company, she got all excited over the brightly colored leaves and cute little sprigs of things. One day, when she wasn't needed in a scene, she wandered into the woods with the express purpose of gathering some of those lovely red leaves to take home with her. They were poison ivy—children—and poor Alice had to spend two weeks at home.

◆

NOW it's the heyday of prizefighters in Hollywood—Metro is offering Max Baer just any old salary to make another picture for them and Radio has signed Jack Dempsey to work for them.

THEY DANCED THROUGH

The Successful Newcomers Are, First of All, Talented Dancers.

Ruby Keeler, a famous tap dancer on Broadway, tapped at the door of the movies and became the sensation of "42nd Street."

THE *Three Little Pigs* may be the rejuvenation of the theater, but the new life of Hollywood is afforded by *the three little jigs*—tap, toe and jazz dancing.

If you cannot do at least one of these three branches of Terpsichore, keep away from the movie colony, because Hollywood is dance-mad. Things there have reached a point where a star is only as good as her legs.

A gal who can do a rhumba can grab any casting director's numbah. A graceful *split* is worth a five-year contract, and the lady who has a talent for backbends can just about write her own studio ticket.

Not since the yodel provided steady work for a million hillbillies, has a lone accomplishment given jobs to so many career-seekers.

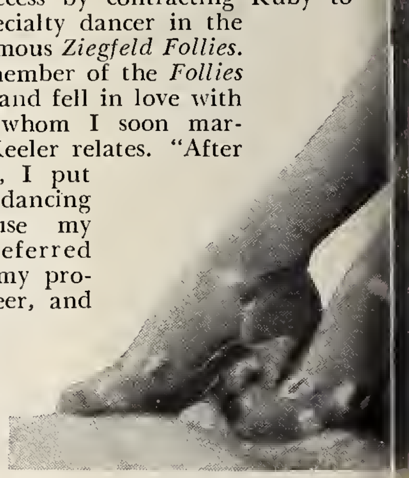
Clever tap dancing has proved an open sesamé for many film aspirants. Gaze, for example, upon Ruby Keeler. Before Ruby demonstrated to motion picture producers that she can do more tricks with her twinkling toes than any girl in Hollywood, she was merely Mrs. Al Jolson. Now, unless Al is on guard, he may become Mr. Ruby Keeler, and simply because his wife can beat more tempo with her feet than any other woman.

When that Keeler lass lays her soles to the floor, she makes the rhythm of clocks sound erratic. In fact, Ruby's flashing feet won her immediate fame in her first picture, "42nd Street," long before the public decided that she also has a lot of sex appeal.

Ruby's family will tell you that she was born dancing. Her parents vow that the stork had nothing to do with their daughter's advent into the world. She danced through an open window, they say. Be that as it may, old family friends testify that Ruby danced almost as quickly as she walked.

She was still throbbing in her early 'teens when she decided to become a professional dancer, and joined a vaudeville troupe. The late Texas Guinan saw Ruby dance in a small-town theater, and it was Texas who persuaded the youthful girl to go to New York, where she became an entertainer in a Guinan night club.

While she was under Guinan's wing, she was seen by the late Florenz Ziegfeld, and he in turn provided a higher rung on the ladder of success by contracting Ruby to become a specialty dancer in the cast of his famous *Ziegfeld Follies.*



"I was a member of the *Follies* when I met, and fell in love with Mr. Jolson, whom I soon married," Miss Keeler relates. "After our wedding, I put away my dancing shoes, because my husband preferred that I quit my professional career, and I remained inactive until I was offered a part in '42nd Street.'

"Al didn't want me to accept the rôle, but when I pleaded that screen work is less toilsome than that of the stage, and that movie hours do not ruin home life, he gave in. Out came my tap-soled shoes, and from my old wardrobe trunk—which I have kept for memory's sake—I hauled my rehearsal clothes, reeking of mothballs.

"For weeks before I was to start work in the picture, I practiced dancing at home, with a phonograph to accompany me and a full length mirror to criticize me. People who do not dance believe that it is easy, and that they can learn with a few simple lessons. Believe me, those people are mistaken. I have spent years mastering the little ability that is mine today."

Now that Ruby is definitely committed to motion pictures, she practices dancing one hour daily. If she misses a day, she devotes two hours to her practice the day

the STUDIO GATES

By
James M.
Fidler

Grace, Rhythm and Beauty Are Welcomed on the Screen.

The latest girl to dance into the big time is Ginger Rogers. She is a real comedienne, too.

Back in the Night Club-Charleston days, Joan Crawford won silver cups and became our "Dancing Lady."

Lilian Harvey danced her way across the world in "Congress Dances," and so reached Hollywood.

following. So it doesn't pay to miss a day.

Lilian Harvey is a believer in practice also. Although she, like Ruby, has danced since childhood, Lilian declares that if she neglects to practice for a few weeks, she must undergo a rigid schedule of training in order to regain the sense of perfect rhythm that is so necessary to modern dances.

She first studied dancing when she was a very small girl attending school in Switzerland. She continued her studies under Madame Marie Zimmerman of Berlin, Germany—the most famous teacher of ballet in Europe. After several years under Madame Zimmerman, Lilian went on the road as a member of a ballet chorus with *The Emil Schwartz Revue*. Eventually the troupe arrived at the Ronacher Theater in Vienna.

It was there that the lovely Miss Harvey pirouetted, tripped and fell screaming in the orchestra pit. A film director saw the fall and decided it would make a thrilling scene in a motion picture. He engaged Lilian for his production, and from that beginning, Miss Harvey's dancing career proceeded colorfully across the screen.

"I have danced in nearly all the motion pictures in which I have appeared," Lilian says. "'Congress Dances,' in which I did more dancing than Congress, was the cinema that won me a Hollywood contract. Since my arrival in America, I have made three pictures. In two of them, 'My Lips Betray' and 'I Am Suzanne,' I dance.

"I adore dancing. I believe that every human being needs an outlet for rhythmical expression. One will play a musical instrument. Another, less talented, will beat time on a table with his fingers or a pencil. I dance. When I am nervous, moody or discouraged, I hasten to my music room, turn on the phonograph—and dance. Rhythm lifts me; dancing is my cure-all."

Joan Crawford is another star who danced on the stage, and dances on the screen. In her newest picture, "Dancing Lady," Joan amply proves that she can hold her own in any dancing contest. In addition to her terpsichorean talent, there is the near-perfect Crawford body—and you simply must not miss the body *and* the dancing, both exhibited freely by Joan in this new picture.

In preparation for "Dancing Lady," Miss Crawford practiced and rehearsed for several weeks with a trained chorus. She might have had private teachers; in fact, the studio urged it. Joan preferred to study with the chorus, and by this show of democracy she won the loyal friendship of the ninety or more chorus beauties engaged for the picture.

Of course, dancing "in a line" is not a new thrill for her. Joan once danced in a Detroit night club, and moved from there to a similar floor show in Chicago. The manager of a New York musical comedy saw her, and offered her a job in New York.

She went to New York and became a specialty dancer, and as such she attracted the attention of motion picture executives, who took tests and eventually sent her to Hollywood. For a while, after her arrival in the movie colony, Joan did little except visit the Hollywood night clubs, and for the sport of it, took part in the many dance contests that were then the rage in filmdom. Today she has a store-room simply packed with cups, statues and other prizes she won.

It was Miss Crawford's flashing exhibition of *The Charleston* dance that made her a sensation in "Sally, Irene and Mary," and in many subsequent motion pictures, including "Dance Fools Dance," she has demonstrated often that she is not permitting her talent to fade for lack of practice.

Still another *dancing lady*, whose legs are more than walking her to great heights, is June Knight [*Continued on page* 56]

REVIEWS

LITTLE WOMEN

Rating: THE PROBABLE TROPHY WINNER—*Radio*

KATHARINE HEPBURN is surrounded by a splendid cast in the picture made from Louisa M. Alcott's autobiographical story. It is a very emotional picture and, to one who does not recall the book clearly, it seems to breathe the very spirit of the famous story. Paul Lukas, Douglass Montgomery, Joan Bennett, Jean Parker and Frances Dee are all entitled to complimentary mention. Katharine Hepburn, however, is outstanding.

The part of *Jo* is really the only intelligent character in the story, and Hepburn in this rôle grows, thinks and feels the stirrings of individuality. She is not conventional in her attitudes, and gives a vigorous expression to that longing for freedom which has come to flower in this present generation. Can it be that Miss Alcott, so many years ago, felt the urge for equality and mental liberty?

Katharine Hepburn and Frances Dee.

"Little Women" is a delightful picture and has been received royally. While some may wonder how "Little Women" and Mae West can both enjoy success, we venture to remark that the audiences were not composed of the same types of people. The great talent that Katharine Hepburn brings us finds expression in one of the most delightful voices of the screen. Her cultured and expressive hands and her slim girlish body remain in one's memory, and her face, so beautiful at times and so strange at other times, is always appealing.

We understand that Katie now slams the door on writers, and that there isn't any "Welcome" on the mat any more. We hope, however, that she will leave the window slightly ajar to hear the sincere applause of one reviewer.

GALLANT LADY

Rating: ALL THE FLATTERING SUPERLATIVES—*Twentieth Century*

WELL, bring out all the flattering superlatives for Ann Harding, and string them out every "est" of them. Ann hasn't had a picture like this in years—not since the famous "Holiday" has she been so beautifully cast and has she given such a sincere and magnificent performance. Changing studios often changes luck, as many a Hollywood star can tell you, and though Ann of Radio was getting to be quite unpopular with the fans—due to bad stories—it is a cinch that Twentieth Century Ann will gain back more than she ever lost. And while we are casting raves at Ann, we might throw a few at the picture itself. A perfect story and a perfect cast. You're in for a swell evening when this picture plays the neighborhood theatre.

The story's about a brave girl who gave up her narrow-minded family to go with the man she loves. He is killed in a plane crash and Ann learns that she is to have a baby. Clive Brook, once a brilliant doctor but now a gentle and philosophic tramp, looks after her and when the baby is born arranges to have it adopted by one of his rich friends. He gets Ann a job in Janet Beecher's decorating shop—and then goes to Singapore for five years.

That's just the beginning of one of the most interesting stories you've ever seen filmed—and every time you're sure you know what will happen next events take a novel turn. Dickie Moore plays Ann's little boy, who has been adopted by Otto Kruger, and in their separate and individual ways both Dickie and Otto give performances that will long be remembered. And then, too, there are Tullio Carminati and his beautiful voice, and Betty Lawford playing extremely well a difficult and unsympathetic part, and lovely Janet Beecher, who'll probably be the next Broadway star invited to join the picture colony. You just can't miss on this one.

DANCING LADY

Rating: DANCING JOAN'S HERE AGAIN: GOODY—*M-G-M*

COME on Crawford fans, here's a cause for celebration, for ringing door-bells and calling up strange people! Joan has the best picture she's had since "Letty Lynton." And does she give, oh baby, does she give! The entire works. A burlesque dance, a tap dance, routines and musical numbers (with or without Fred Astaire) more assorted than a box of chocolates, but nothing's too difficult for Joan. She has never been better and never looked better (what a figure, now I ask you, what a figure) and her love scenes with Franchot Tone will give you something to talk about. Um-uh.

The story itself is a "natural"—all about a little girl who just had to dance, and who, through perseverence, danced herself right up from the burlesque of Houston Street to the swanky musical comedies of Broadway. Franchot Tone is the rich young man who bails her out when the burlesque show is raided, and who gives her the excellent advice that what is considered vulgar on Houston Street is considered art on Broadway.

Clark Gable and Joan Crawford.

Franchot falls in love with her—naturally—and when he sees he can't get her as long as she is interested in her career, he buys the show and has it closed. Then Clark Gable, the abrupt but mighty good looking dance director, gets his dander up and tells Miss Crawford and Mr. Tone a few hard facts. Result: Joan returns to the show, is a great sensation on the opening night, and marries Mr. Gable. There are marvelous comedy bits contributed by Winnie Lightner, Ted Healy and his Stooges, May Robson and Sterling Holloway, and enchanting song numbers by Art Jarrett and Nelson Eddy. There's everything there could be in musicals in this picture—there isn't any more.

DARK HAZARD

Rating: MUCH A-DO ABOUT A DOG—*Warner's*

IT'S a case of wife or dog in Eddie Robinson's last picture, and even though Dark Hazard is a comely canine, personally we'd rather have Genevieve Tobin. But Eddie just can't get Dark Hazard out of his mind.

Eddie's sort of a supervisor of the whippet races in California, and though he tries his very best to be a good home man he just can't help gambling and running around nights with gay companions. Genevieve goes home to mother and Eddie takes a disastrous fling at roulette. He returns to the small town in which his wife lives, a broke and broken man, and his domestic difficulties are just about to be patched up when up pops Dark Hazard again.

Edw. G. Robinson and Genevieve Tobin.

Glenda Farrell and Hobart Cavanaugh look after the comedy, but aren't given much material.

LADY KILLER

Rating: COLOR AND OFF-COLOR—*Warners*

SUCH an exciting life as Jimmy Cagney does lead in his picture dramas. This time he's fired from his job, as an usher in a movie cathedral in New York, because he shoots craps. He joins a gang of card crooks, and with them opens a night club where he becomes a big shot in a stiff shirt. The gang goes in for robberies on the side, and when a butler gets bumped off they all have to blow town.

Then comes the most amusing part of the picture—Jimmy arrives in California (in a

"I'VE SEEN GIRLS LOSE OUT TIME AND AGAIN BECAUSE THEIR SKIN LACKS THAT VELVET-SOFT ALLURING QUALITY MEN RESPOND TO..."
"BUT THE GIRL WHO REALIZES THE FASCINATION THERE IS IN LOVELY SKIN—MAKES HERS TRULY EXQUISITE—COMPELS ADORATION WHEREVER SHE GOES"

Sally Eilers, charming Fox star

"YOU can have the kind of skin men can't resist"—*says* SALLY EILERS

"I'd like to tell every girl: DON'T be satisfied with just an 'average' skin!" says this beautiful screen star.

"It's the complexion with something *more* . . . the soft luminous quality of true loveliness . . . that men can't resist! And this beauty can be *yours* . . . with my complexion care. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years because it keeps my skin so incredibly soft and smooth.

"Try it for your complexion. Use it regularly . . . faithfully . . . as I do. Then see how soon the delicate new loveliness of your skin is noticed—admired—*adored!*"

Girls the country over are discovering that they need no longer be satisfied with a complexion that just "gets by." Hollywood has shown them the way to exquisite loveliness . . . the irresistible beauty that wins—and *holds*—hearts!

Actually 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap.

You try it. Begin today to win new loveliness!

Precious Elements in this Soap—Scientists explain

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful," scientists say. "Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

LUX
TOILET SOAP

NRA

For EVERY Type of Skin. . . *dry* . . . *oily* . . . *"in-between"*

Mae Clarke and James Cagney.

torrent of rain) and finds out about the movie racket. Starting as an extra he works his way up (by writing himself fan letters) to stardom and is just about to marry Margaret Lindsay, the darling of the cinema, when his old gang pops up and demands that Jimmy help them rob movie houses—or else—

It's while Jimmy is making good in pictures that you'll see some of the funniest stuff about Hollywood that has ever hit the screen. Even better than "Bombshell." You will roll in the aisles when you see Jimmy's present to Margaret (dozens of monkeys) break up her party, bathe in the punch bowl, swing from the chandeliers, and plunge into the angel food cake. A howl! But the fun's over when the gang shows up and the picture has to go melodramatic on us.

Jimmy's own special brand of comedy is swell in this film—but some bright boy with a dirty mind certainly managed to put some off-color dialogue into it—more innuendoes than even Mae West would undertake—so that makes it rather embarrassing for the youngsters who really shouldn't know such things. However—it'll probably be cleaned up before it gets to your local screen. Mae Clarke is grand as a gun moll, who double crosses Jimmy and then goes noble and helps him out of a tight spot.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Rating: Advice—See It.—*Twentieth Century*

LEE'S last picture before taking that ill-fated, but rather amusing Mexican jaunt, and you should have heard the preview audience tear up the theatre over him. Such excitement! In this picture Lee again plays one of those fast-talking, liquor guzzling reporters who steps right up to his boss and calls him a so-and-so. Just because Lee has been hitting the bottle too steadily, his managing editor puts him in charge of the Miss Lonely Hearts column—and is Lee burned!

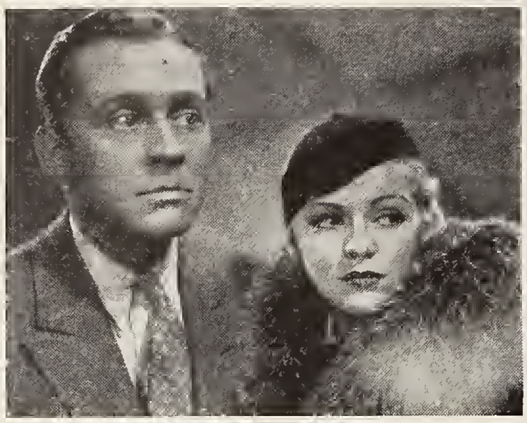
He has to keep his dreadful secret from his girl, Sally Blane, so one awkward situation after another arises. Then gangsters get mixed up in the lovelorn column *and* it isn't as much fun as it started out to be. Sterling Holloway as Lee's slow-witted assistant gets a lot of the laughs.

Sally Blane and Lee Tracy.

JIMMY AND SALLY

Rating: Full speed—*Fox*

NO GALA premiere at Grauman's Chinese for this one, with lights and red carpets and things, but it's a swell yarn and travels at full speed. And the chuckles come as steadily as the landlord. Jimmy Dunn plays the publicity manager of the Marlowe Meat Company, and Claire Trevor (a tasty eyeful) is his secretary, who has to spend her time feeding Jimmy ideas and rescuing the company from the disastrous results of Jimmy's brainstorms.



Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor.

There is a swell scene, where a tiny white mouse tramples an elephant, which will make you laugh the blues away. Harvey Stephens plays a nice young man in love with Claire, and Lya Lys puts over a grand song, "You're My Thrill." Baby, can she sing! You'll like it.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM

Rating: Languid Laughter on the Left Bank—*Paramount*

CHARLIE FARRELL, a nice boy from Tennessee, wins an art scholarship in Paris and settles down on the Left Bank to set the world on fire with his genius. He ends up by selling his "masterpieces" to the jig-saw puzzle people.

This is a pleasant comedy, with good old Charlie Ruggles playing another one of his drunks, aided and abetted this time by Walter Woolf. Charlie Farrell has a hard time escaping the schemes and seductions of Grace Bradley and four Russians, but of course the end finds him in a clinch with Marguerite Churchill. There's much popping of corks and much a-do about a bathroom—just to give that French touch.

Charles Farrell, Marguerite Churchill, Grace Bradley and Charles Ruggles.

SMOKY

Rating: Emotion on Horseback—*Fox*

HERE'S Will James' famous "Smoky" made into a picture, and just about the finest horse film ever made. The kids will go for it in a big way. In case you don't know the story of "Smoky," it's the simple but poignantly dramatic story of a horse from his frisky colt days, through the round-up, the branding, and the resignation to the saddle, and finally, through the treachery of man, to his "last mile"—his heart-breaking journey to the slaughter house.

Victor Jory and the horse, Smoky.

It has a tremendous emotional appeal, and unless you are one of those few people who don't like animals you'll be greatly moved by this simple story. Of course the horse is the hero. Victor Jory plays a cowboy and Irene Bentley his girl, and the atmosphere is more "western" than you usually find in westerns.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE

Rating: Mrs. Malaprop Alice Brady—and what a laugh—*M-G-M*

HERE'S one of the smartest and most sophisticated comedy dramas of the year—but with so many laughs it's almost a farce. The gushing widow of "When Ladies Meet" now becomes a vague, blundering wife, who calls a Holbein a Holstein and chatters incessantly. If you like Alice Brady's particular type of comedy—and who doesn't?—you'll simply go insane about her after this.

Lionel Barrymore plays Alice's old and crabbed husband, who does everything to cramp his silly young wife's style. Mary Carlisle plays their daughter, who is just at the age when love means everything. When told by her boy friend, William Janney, that she isn't attractive to men because she "hasn't lived," Mary immediately decides to learn about life and love from Conway Tearle, a suave and cosmopolitan artist, who is in the midst of an "affair" with Mary's aunt.

Then, to complicate matters, Alice thinks that Tearle is a flame of her early youth and has come to claim her for his own after all these years. Such fun! Katharine Alexander, Alice Brady's sister-in-law in real life, is extremely good as "Aunt Winnie," who starts all this mess by bringing her lover down to the country for a quiet week-end. There's nothing off-color here—just good clean sophisticated intelligent comedy.

Alice Brady and Lionel Barrymore.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW

Rating: AMUSING, DRAMATIC, TRAGIC—AND EXCELLENT, TOO—*Universal*

JOHN BARRYMORE'S most vivid and brilliant performance—and you mustn't miss it. Indeed, John must have liked this rôle of a clever lawyer, for he puts his whole heart and soul into it. The entire action of the picture takes place in the lavish offices of a law firm in New York's Empire State Building. All the characters are every-day people you'd find in a law office if you went into one today.

John, a successful and brilliant lawyer, who has worked his way from the sidewalks of the Bronx to the top of his profession, is beset by every kind of amusing, thrilling and tragic situation as he sits there behind his desk. But, so adept at solving the problems of others, he fails completely when it comes to solving his own and attempts suicide when he learns that his social register wife has left for Europe with a wealthy clubman. But Bebe Daniels, his long-suffering and patient secretary, saves him just in time—the phone rings—and John is once more the clever Counsellor-at-law, ruling the destinies of people.

Doris Kenyon and John Barrymore.

There is a swell cast of "type" people, with most of the honors going to Isabel Jewell as the fast-talking telephone girl, and Clara Langsner as John's broken-English "Bronx" mother. Doris Kenyon plays the cold, brittle, society wife and Melvyn Douglas plays her lover. A magnificent picture which will not fail to hold you thrilled and interested to the final fade-out.

CONVENTION CITY

Rating: OVER THE SALES QUOTA—*Warner Brothers*

THE Honeywell Rubber Company assembles its salesmen for its annual convention in Atlantic City—and such fun, such fun. There's one swell comedy situation after another, held together by a thin plot—who's going to be the next sales manager? It has narrowed down to Adolphe Menjou and Guy Kibbee, when a Dark Horse enters the race and wins simply because he saw the sedate Mr. Honeywell (Grant Mitchell) in one of his weaker moments, *named Daisy LaRue*. Thus are sales managers made, if you didn't know.

Joan Blondell, as the hard-boiled show girl of Atlantic City who sees her Sweet Papas come and go, is simply elegant, and her comedy scenes with Guy Kibbee will make you rock in your seats. Mary Astor plays a saleswoman in love with Menjou, who is so busy courting Honeywell's daughter for business reasons that he can't see her. Patricia Ellis is the daughter, who eventually falls for Dick Powell.

Hugh Herbert as the blind (drunk) salesman, who gets in on the wrong convention, is a scream—and so is Frank McHugh. How the men will go for this one. And if you're a salesman, in the habit of attending conventions, better take wifey and little Edgar to see "Alice in Wonderland" across the street.

Two ways to wash woolens!

Washed wrong! Wool harsh, shrunken so that buttons won't button—leggings bind Jerry's legs.

Washed right with IVORY SNOW! Just as soft and roomy as new.

Be SAFE with IVORY SNOW

These knitted outfits started out even. Same manufacturer. Bought in the same department store. Same price. Same size. Same soft wooliness!

In the picture above they are worn by the same baby.

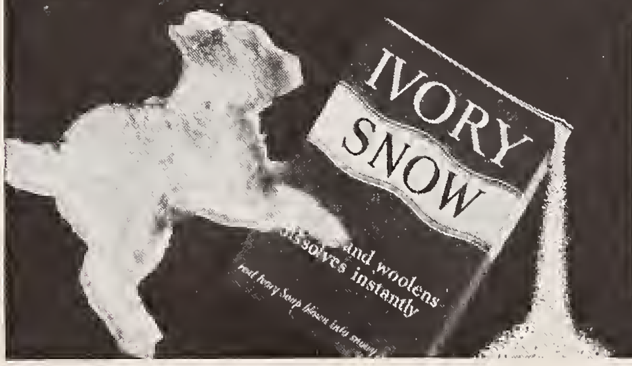
What makes the differences? The *washing*, my dears! The suit on the right was washed correctly with pure, fluffy IVORY SNOW which dissolves perfectly in LUKEWARM water. The other one wasn't.

YOU CAN DO IT!

In the column at the right are directions for washing wools SAFELY. Read them carefully and follow them *exactly* to get perfect results.

1. Lay garment on paper and cut or draw outline to show size.
2. Make a generous *lukewarm* Ivory Snow suds. You can safely use enough SNOW to make big, rich suds because Ivory Snow is *pure*.
3. Don't rub. A big fluffy Ivory Snow suds saves rubbing. Cup garment in your hands and squeeze suds through. Two sudsings are better than one.
4. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters of the same temperature as your SNOW suds. Squeeze out as much water as possible without twisting or wringing.
5. Lay garment on your paper pattern and pull it back gently to size. Dry it flat away from heat.

99 44/100 % Pure · Quickest dissolving in lukewarm water



To make Ivory Snow, a creamy stream of pure Ivory Soap is forced through sprayers. It dries in soft, fluffy bits. No hard flat flakes! No hot water needed to dissolve it! Large-size package only 15¢. Enough Ivory Snow for 40-50 SAFE washings of the suit shown above.

The Loveliest Star

[Continued from page 22]

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[*Continued from page* 8]

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SHORT-CUTS
IN COOKING
YOU EVER HEARD OF
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WE DO OUR PART

Fudge that is Fudge!

Eagle Brand
CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
1 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.—240° F.). Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares. Serve a fudge that is *Fudge!*

Even beginners will get a marvelous result with this recipe. A melt-in-your-mouth smoothness, a glorious creaminess! But remember—this recipe calls for Sweetened Condensed Milk. *Don't confuse it with Evaporated. Just remember to ask for Eagle Brand.*

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Thanks, Molly W. Schiff!

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(Signed) Molly W. Schiff.

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They Danced Through the Studio Gates

[*Continued from page* 49]

lovely recent graduate of the stage. In "Take a Chance" and "Ladies Must Love," Miss Knight found that motion picture cameras take kindly to her slender, supple grace.

Now here is a bit of a secret: When Greta Garbo appeared as a dancer in "Mata Hari" and performed that graceful Japanese *chonchina,* the public roared approval of this new and heretofore undiscovered Garbo talent. *Actually, that dance was done by Miss Knight, doubling for Greta.*

June is still under twenty-one years of age, but she has had a wonderful career considering her brief span of life, including a feature rôle in Florenz Ziegfeld's "Hotcha," which she enacted at the age of eighteen.

To write of dancing stars and not to mention Ginger Rogers would be no less blundering than to draw a map of the United States and omit Texas or California. Ever since Ginger won the Texas *Charleston* championship, to the accompaniment of applause that almost unroofed Dallas theaters, she has been a hot favorite of worshippers of modern foot-rhythm.

As a result of the contest, Ginger was contracted for a vaudeville tour, surrounded by a chorus of red-heads. Unlike Joan and Ruby and Lilian and June, Miss Rogers has never danced in a chorus.

"Eddie Foy, Jr., taught me to dance the *Charleston,*" Ginger says, "and when that Texas contest took place, I entered. I was a Fort Worth girl and the finals took place in Dallas. Because the two cities are jealous rivals, I believed I had little chance to win, since the winner was to be chosen by applause.

"But I did win. The Dallas crowd gave me the biggest hand."

After several months of vaudeville trouping, Ginger landed in St. Louis, where for 32 weeks she headlined a show with Ed Lowry. It was while she was dancing in St. Louis that she was offered an opportunity to go to that heaven of all professional dancers—Broadway, New York. But her mother decided that little Miss Rogers was too young yet to try the "big time."

Of course, Ginger eventually did land in New York, for those fast-moving legs could not have failed to reach Broadway. Her experience there was not unlike that of other successful stars who have danced, instead of climbed, up the fame-ladder. She soon reached stage stardom—and then Hollywood called. And when Hollywood calls, big or small, they all answer.

An amazing number of stars, old, new, and not-yet-arisen, but-apparently-headed-in-the-right-way, started as dancers. Marion Davies, Barbara Stanwyck, Myrna Loy, Nancy Carroll, Dorothy Lee, Marlene Dietrich, Fifi D'Orsay, Lilyan Tashman, Lyda Roberti, June Clyde, Rochelle Hudson, Miriam Jordan, Joan Marsh and June Vlasek—why, even Mae West once lifted her knees—and first-row-sitters' eyes—in a chorus. That was before Mae discovered that "fame could be had" another way.

At any rate, it would appear that "those who dance" don't need to pay the fiddler—if they dance well enough. The fiddler, along with the barber and the butcher and the candlestick-maker will be paying to see the dancers; paying to see them on stage and screen.

Maybe that is why director Robert Z. Leonard, who megaphoned "Dancing Lady," advised the chorus girls who appear in that picture to "keep on dancing; some of you may some day be stars!"

The Four Big Shots of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 15]

of her dressing room.

Forgiven her publicity flair, Katy is a right nice young girl, very earnest, very ambitious and very intelligent. What has made her the big box office draw she is today? Why do you like her—or do you? She isn't pretty and she isn't exactly "one of us." No, I think the Hepburn popularity is a hang-over from the Garbo craze. No one knows much about her private life—there're a lot of conjectures and a lot of rumors—but no one really knows, and Katy doesn't say much about it. That makes her mysterious.

Altogether different from her big shot sisters is Mae West. Hers is universal appeal. There are those who say that Katy is too plain and intelligent for a screen star, and that Janet is too sweet, and that Marie mugs too much—but everybody seems to like Mae. At first the studio thought that only men would like the Westian humor, the curves, and the seductive swish, and that Mae would probably be a one-picture personality. But—surprise! Everybody, the rich and the poor, tiny tots and tottling grandmas, bankers, college presidents and garbage collectors, all piled in to see Mae West do him wrong—not once but twice. High school kids, who rarely go for Mae's kind of pictures, started saying "Come up and see me sometime" and babies in perambulators in Central Park say "You fascinate me," to their wooly bunnies.

There's no mystery about Mae, who is certainly a gal who has quite openly *seen* things and *been* places—including jail. Mae, with her lack of restraint, her naturalness, her delightful abandon, her wicked eyes and naughty hips is what we'd like to be—if Fate and Civilization and Grandmother hadn't interfered.

Janet Gaynor and Marie Dressler have been box-office draws for so long that it isn't news any longer.

No mud can be slung at Janet—millions of fans would rise in defense. Of course, Janet gets very tired of playing these goody-goody little girls and princesses who can never be bad or dramatic, and just to please her the studio once let her play a "bad woman"—but it wasn't very successful. Janet resigned herself to being good and pure for the rest of her screen career.

Marie's tremendous draw is because she is the most folksy every-dayish player on the screen—*and has been for years.* There is absolutely no glamor, no mystery about Marie—it's just good old Marie, who is common and wholesome and hearty. She's "one of us"—she's "just folks"—and we love her.

No, there really isn't much to be said that hasn't been said about Janet and Marie. Janet's "Paddy the Next Best Thing" broke records every place it played last fall, and when Marie Dressler's "Tug-Boat Annie" played the Capitol Theatre in New York, it grossed $90,000 at the box-office in one week, which figure has been surpassed only once—by Greta Garbo. Which calls to mind the thought that once Garbo starts turning out pictures again, there might be a bit of shuffling and new dealing among the big four. She might de-throne Katy or Janet or Marie. There are those who say that she can never again be the sensational hit she was up to the time she went to Sweden, and there are those who say she can even surpass *herself*. Well, anyway, it won't be long before we find out. "Queen Christina" is now ready for release.

JEAN, YOUR PARTY WAS PERFECT. I ADORED MEETING BILL. HE WANTS A DATE SOON — I'M SO THRILLED
I KNEW YOU'D LIKE HIM. BY THE TIME I GET BACK FROM MY TRIP YOU'LL BE FAST FRIENDS
TWO MONTHS LATER—Jean's back home
NOW TELL ME ABOUT YOU AND BILL. BEEN SEEING A LOT OF HIM?
I DID AT FIRST, THEN HE DRIFTED AWAY—JUST AS THEY DO IN THE "B.O." ADS. YOU'D ALMOST THINK I......
JEAN, HOW QUEER YOU LOOK! IT ISN'T....I COULDN'T REALLY HAVE "B.O."
WE'RE ALL GUILTY AT TIMES, DEAR. I PLAY SAFE—WHY DON'T YOU USE LIFEBUOY, TOO?
"B.O." GONE good times ahead!
SORRY I WOKE YOU, JEAN. BUT I JUST HAD TO TELL YOU—BILL WAS AROUND LAST NIGHT!
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Star? Director? Author?

[Continued from page 25]

may not coincide with the other fellow's. And think of my social ostracism if I should presume to find fault with any of our lovely ladies!"

His eyes gleamed as they dropped to his salad and I smiled at the thought of Fredric March being perturbed by any of our queens' disfavor.

But, one by one as I mentioned names, he murmured, as though musing: "Beauty . . . mystery . . . publicity . . . figure . . . sex appeal . . . contagious humor . . . rugged physique . . . photography . . . and thus disposed of the glorified personalities.

"I think that many of these girls are competent, you understand," he qualified. "It's just that they are greater as personalities. This has been stressed to such a point that they would have to sacrifice much that personality does for them in order to become great thespians.

"Katharine Hepburn!" he said decisively, when I asked him to bestow an accolade. "I lack the vocabulary to express my enthusiasm. She is truly great. Helen Hayes and Norma Shearer and my wife, Florence Eldridge, I also consider exceptionally fine actresses."

Here is King Vidor's viewpoint on the subject:

"Stupid acting *can* ruin the best story, unless the direction is skillful. But good acting cannot redeem a poor story," Mr. Vidor began, "and if a director knows his business he can put over any story, even with unskilled actors.

"There is too much standardization now. We have these infernal copycat cycles of backgrounds. Back in 1914, when I began, picture people were creating out of themselves. But the individual urge and the idealism have been lost—almost. Stardom is unduly stressed. Consequently there is little progress.

"The exceptions come in the case of certain directors who dominate story and cast. Often I drop into a neighborhood theater to find an unannounced preview on the screen. Instantly, glimpsing one scene, I recognize a Lubitsch film, or a von Sternberg, or a DeMille. Such men, who write their own stories or adaptations, supervise lighting and photography, act out each scene, and impress the personal touch on everything.

"Directors should know acting, screen structure, and the technical aspects. They should also be executives—in short, understand the motion picture's individual laws. The best productions are made from original material. Such writers realize the necessity of creating what I call 'the audience wish,' an ideal, the reaction of hope. Each spectator sees a reflection of himself in the story; it is a vicarious achievement for him," Mr. Vidor continued.

"Much should be left to the imagination, by suggestion and under-emphasis. Characters must be believable. The audience must *care* what happens. This, I think, explains the recent reaction against a surfeit of extreme sophistication, too unreal a contrast to the average woman's monotone of life.

"The movie has a terrific force and power that aren't being used," Mr. Vidor complained. "Remember 'The Birth Of A Nation,' 'Intolerance,' 'The Clansman' and 'The Covered Wagon?' Epics expressed in individual lives. No longer do people stand up in a theater and cheer, as they used to do.

"We lost a great director in F. W. Murnau, whose 'Sunrise' was sheer genius. Miss Hepburn has given us 'Morning Glory,' to sustain our hope. 'Night Flight' has the appeal of something novel technically.

Lillian Gish, an old silent favorite who has been playing on Broadway, comes back with Roland Young in "His Double Life."

"So often preview reaction surprises us. 'Rain' was a great story that did not reach the screen as a great film; yet I understand that during production enthusiasm was high.

"Frequently I retake scenes after getting the audience response. The American public, determined to act manly, seems ashamed of its emotions. People laughed hysterically at the sad ending of 'The Big Parade,' so we had to shoot another, softening the tragedy. Also for 'The Stranger's Return.'

"After a sustained suspense, one can't tack on a humorous ending, either. The immediate release of emotion destroys the previous mood. Humor is ticklish, anyhow. We can't realistically show a comedian crying; the audience sees him funny only."

"I either cast by the type, choosing the player because of looks or personality, or by the actor," Mr. Vidor added. "That is, I consider the personality of the part or the personality of the actor. The two don't often blend. A character always must be made to fit Wally Beery, for instance."

And now for Miss Marion's reactions:

"The small moments of life are the big ones," Frances Marion summarized her views. "We live in the Now. And surprise counts a lot. The suspense of 'State Fair' had me all on edge. Henry King did a wonderful thing, in making us *care* intensely that that darn pig would win.

"To me, the director is first, the story second, the actor last. 'Cavalcade' was excellent in all three respects. King Vidor made the unimportant story of 'The Champ' into a very human document. Director George Hill and I agreed before starting 'The Big House' that everything should be secondary to the mood. Our intention was to create a symphony of tragedy, the bleak monotony and hopelessness of prison. 'Min and Bill' was tailored to personalities. I always write a character *for* Marie Dressler.

"We had to retake the endings of both 'The Big House' and 'Hell Divers' because, though logical, they left one in a depressed mood. If not exactly 'happy,' the end should raise some hope, at least exalt the spectator with a sense of worthy sacrifice.

"People are all a lot braver than they pretend; we only think we are cowardly at times. Look at the grand way everybody reacted to the late—well, not quite yet late—depression. But our code prevents our puling around about bad times. So we express it by going to the movies for a good cry. After nineteen years of screen writing, I still enjoy a heartfelt weep when something goes wrong on the screen. But we must all be uplifted with a promise of happiness, even if it is only by some symbol.

"I do think that we need more reality and less conversational dexterity. There's too much smart wisecracking. One or two such artificial pictures amused. However, we must show people as earnest shadows, as they really would like to be. And few women actually desire to fritter their lives away in blasé unconventionality, in caviar-chatter."

Miss Marion chose as super-directors Lubitsch, George Hill, King Vidor, Frank Lloyd; also Frank Borzage for his tenderness and Henry King for his delightfully entertaining sophistication.

"Frank Lloyd has a sensitiveness, an artistic restraint; witness the charming 'Berkeley Square.' King Vidor made humanity speak in 'The Crowd.' His 'Hallelujah' was a great picture, but it came before its time, and during the transition to sound. It would be a sensation if first released today. 'Eskimo,' directed by W. S. Van Dyke, achieves much the same result, in a totally different sphere. The soul of a people becomes articulate."

Miss Marion's favorite players are Paul Muni, Marie Dressler, Katharine Hepburn and, despite that absurd public fixation of her as a childlike sweetheart, Mary Pickford.

And now, do you agree with these three who know pictures so well?

Gloria Stuart

[*Continued from page* 19]

order that they may live in what they call "companionate divorce." It is a *planned* separation. They figured it might come even *before* they were married three years ago, when Gloria was writing for a newspaper at Carmel, an artists' colony on the northern California coast, and Gordon Newell, her husband, was working in his sculptor's studio there.

"I don't know why on earth people can't be sensible about marriage," says Gloria, deep earnestness in her blue eyes. "Oh, that isn't quite true, of course. I do know why. Love is the most powerful emotion we have, and it's pretty hard to be sensible about it. But factories don't design automobiles according to emotion, farmers don't plant crops when their emotions say it would be a good time to plant. In other things, people try to think, to work things out with their brains instead of their feelings. Why don't we put more thought into our love relationships? Maybe all that's wrong with marriage is that we don't think about it enough. Marriages differ. One isn't like another. Each must have its own especial plan. I knew that, the very day Gordy and I got married."

This modern generation! Gloria belongs to it, all right! And still her realistic outlook, which might strike anybody who didn't know her personally as being cold-blooded, doesn't change for an instant the fact that her marriage is as romantic as it can be. Gloria was a student at the University of California when she met Gordon. Coming from a wealthy family, as she does, she knew that her parents wouldn't like the idea of her marrying a far-from-rich young artist with his name still to make. So she settled the matter—promptly—by eloping with him! And if an elopement isn't romantic, in this day and age, then nothing is! It was a runaway marriage right out of a book, all moonlight and stardust.

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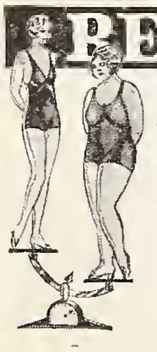

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"At that time," Gloria insists, "I didn't know for sure that I was going to be an actress. I thought I might write. But one thing I did know, and that was that I wasn't any sculptor. I knew my talents didn't lie along that line at all. So, from the start, I was up against the fact that there were going to be two entirely different careers going on under one roof, in our family. Gordy and I faced it from the beginning. 'There's a chance that our careers will be bound to get in each other's way, some day,' we said, talking it over. 'Well, when that time comes, if it comes, we certainly will care enough about each other not to go haywire. We'll do whatever it becomes necessary to do, and we *won't* let it make us stop loving each other.'"

There's cold common sense, for you!

A husband who is in business, and a wife whose job it is to take care of their home —that's one kind of marriage, with its own special rules and regulations, according to Gloria. If both the husband and wife work, that's another. If they're rich, that's another. If there are children, that's still another. Every couple must work out a plan for their own particular marriage.

Professional people in Hollywood have their own problems, different from anybody else's in the world. Then, why don't they treat them as problems? is what Gloria wants to know. Anybody ought to know from the start, she feels, that two careers under one roof are dynamite. Look at the dozens of Hollywood divorces which have occurred for just that reason!

"Did you see 'Double Harness?'" Gloria queried. "If you did, you remember hearing Ann Harding say: 'Marriage is a woman's business. Since it's a business, emotions shouldn't be allowed to interfere with it.' Well, I agree with that, to a *T!* When Gordy and I were first married, and living up north at Carmel, that was one situation. Now we're in Hollywood. That's another. We've found that conditions in Hollywood make it impossible for us to live together, that's all. So we're simply being sensible about it—not allowing our emotions to interfere with practical, everyday sense.

"Studio schedules require me to work all hours. I have to be on the set at five in the morning if they say so. And work two days and nights without stopping if they say so. When I get home, I'm so tired my bones ache. Can Gordon then expect me to be fresh and smiling, cook his dinner, tidy up the house, and later settle down to an evening of playing hostess to his friends? It wouldn't be fair to me. When I'm working I go to bed at eight o'clock every night."

("She does, too!" puts in Gordon. "That's not bunk.")

"Now," Gloria goes on, "look at poor Gordy's side of it. He's a sculptor, and a darned good one. That gives him a special problem, too. Can I ask him to do his carving just during the hours I'm at the studio? His hours are as crazy as mine. They have to be. Only fake artists rave about their 'inspirations,' but that doesn't change the fact that Gordy does have to carve when he feels like carving—when his work is going well. Sometimes *he* works for a day and a night, without stopping even to eat. When he finishes a long stretch of work like that, all he wants to do is just drop in his tracks, right where he is, and go to sleep. Well—suppose, just when he's ready for sleep, I bring a crowd of people home from the studio with me, and they feel like a party. I'm not being very fair to Gordon, am I, if I ask him to put up with that?

"Our careers—or at least the hours of work we put in on them—just naturally don't jibe. But my career is as important as Gordon's. And his is as important as mine. It's fifty fifty. It isn't right that he should give his up for me, and it isn't right that I should give up mine for him. And still we find it's simply impossible for us to carry both careers on in the same house. *Now, here is where other people start fighting and end up in the divorce court.* We're not doing that. We're simply deciding, calmly and sanely, to live in separate houses."

"It can't be done!" you say?

"I think it can," answers Gloria, "and Gordon agrees with me. Maybe we'll end up in a divorce, after all. We don't know. Nobody knows. But we've figured it out as sensibly as we can, and we think we've got a better chance of staying married than emotional people who can't look a simple fact in the face. As Gordy says, we're getting all the good part of marriage, this way, and none of the bad. We'll see each other only when we're *not* working, only when we feel fine and want to see each other very much, and only when we're at our best.

"It's just common sense."

So Gloria, calmly and emotionlessly, with no tears whatsoever, is taking for her own the beautiful house on Milnor Road, in the hills that look down upon Hollywood Boulevard.

And Gordon, who is so strong on the subject of husbands "kept" by their wives that he won't even let Gloria buy a gallon of gas for the old yellow Mercer which he blasts through town—Gordon is renting, for seven dollars a month, an old shack on the edge of the Silver Lake district, where there is a small artists' colony. It looked like a deserted barn when he first moved in. But he is tearing out the walls, setting enormous studio windows in them, repainting, building and carving his own furniture. A friend of his, a famous architect, is drawing the plans for him. They are building a comfortable, huge fireplace. For a very few dollars—coupled with lots of work—he is turning a wreck of a house into a thing of beauty.

Wiseacres are shaking their heads. "If they were really in love they wouldn't separate like this," they're saying.

Is that so?

Well—living at opposite ends of Hollywood as they do, they're having dates several nights a week, already.

As a matter of fact, Gloria has just finished posing for one of the finest pieces of sculpture Gordon has ever turned out—a beautiful panel for a door, carved out of the finest hardwoods. So the inspiration still must be there—and that means they're still in love with each other. The carving, to some extent, is conventionalized and "modernistic." The face, especially, has been worked into an artistic unity, and so does not particularly resemble Gloria's. But there, in Gordon's new house, immortalized in the glossy sheen of rare woods, stands Gloria's slim, lovely body. She looks as though she were just dropping her clothes to take the pose for him—as though, with his sculptors' tools, he had caught her in suspended motion. . . . The relationship brings to mind that between Marlene Dietrich and her sculptor lover, in "Song of Songs." The sculpture is a constant reminder of the reality.

If Gloria's brave experiment works out—may not Hollywood have found an answer to its shamefully high divorce-rate? If this, the first experiment, is a success, we may soon see a new brand of marriage coming into vogue. With Hollywood leading the way—as always.

At the very, very least—it's a courageous try that these two courageous young moderns are making!

Ben Lyon has organized a new air corps of motion picture players holding pilot licenses. "The Women In His Life" is his latest picture.

N. G. in the Garage Business

[*Continued from page 23*]

Parson's voice, "that Warner plays the mandolin and does swell sleight of hand tricks. My husband thinks he's grand, too."

Now a Hollywood fellow who is in love with his wife after sixteen years, who can play the mandolin, do card tricks, cook chili and live in Hollywood without "going Hollywood," must be quite a fellow, don't you think? Speaking of chili, it was my introduction to him. It happened this way:

"Do you like chili?" said the young lady who was taking me across the Fox lot to my noon-time interview with him. "Mr. Baxter has arranged a special luncheon for you in his dressing room, but, of course, if you don't like Mexican food he'll take you to the studio commissary."

Well, there wasn't much to do about that. If Warner liked chili, and I wanted to see him at his best, I was simply going to adore it.

And I did. It was food such as I had never tasted before, made with lots of garlic, red pepper, onions, beans, tamales and other odds and ends. I ate with Warner and Frankie McGrath, the stunt-man.

The two men served the food, passed the olives, the buns, the salt, the pepper, (mostly pepper!) cleared the table and did everything but wash the dishes. It wasn't until they had finished about three bowls apiece, and I about four, that they broke down and told me that the "special luncheon" was left-overs from a party the day before for the cast of "As Husbands Go." They were a bit ashamed of serving it two days in succession, but they hated to waste it, etc. What they meant was, they loved it! Well, so did I.

"When I was in school in Columbus, Ohio, I dabbled around with amateur plays," Warner said. "When I got out I found I had to make a living. So I sold farm machinery. It was while doing this I had my first adventure in the game of making a living.

"I was walking down the street in Columbus one day when a fellow tapped me on the shoulder. 'Pardon me,' he said, 'But I want to look at you a moment.' I thought he was crazy, but I stopped.

"He told me that I had the exact physiognomy, the right set to the jaw, the correct eyebrows, eyes, etc., for—well, not motion pictures as you might think—but for qualifying as a special agent of insurance! It seems that a special agent is the guy who steps in and closes the deal after salesmen numbers one and two have lined

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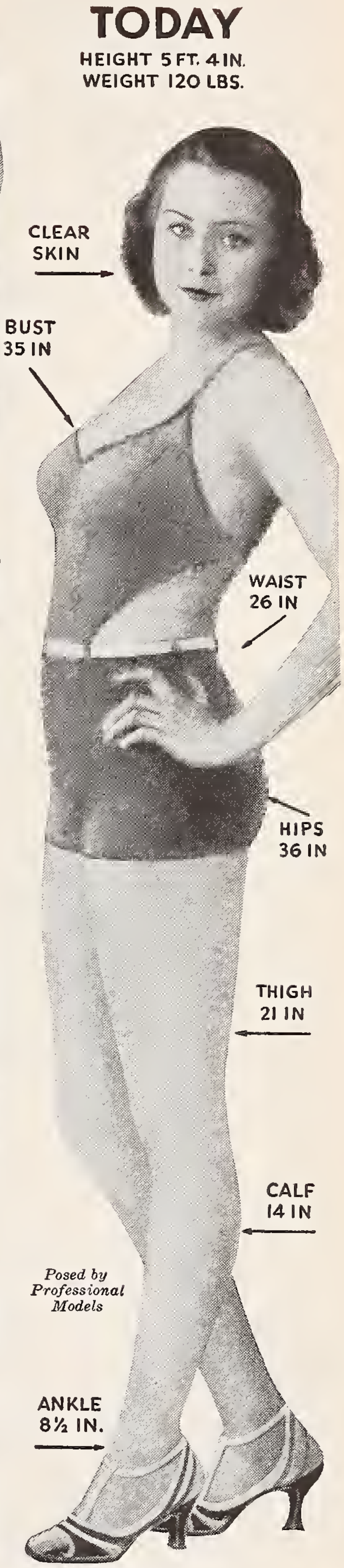

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"Was I interested? Certainly. I gave up my job and went to New Haven, Connecticut, where I studied insurance and learned the technique of closing prospects. After they thought I knew enough, they sent me to Philadelphia.

"I stayed there long enough to save enough money to go West. I went to Tulsa, Oklahoma and put my money in a Studebaker automobile agency and garage. I went broke. And then I started out to do the thing I had always wanted to do.

"The North Theatrical Troupe was playing Tulsa. 'Sport' North, the head of it, gave me a job just doing bits. Pretty soon I was a juvenile at $25 a week, and then a leading man at $35, playing county fairs, op'ry houses and town halls, all through the Southwest.

"And say," turning to Frankie, "do you know I believe those were the happiest days of my life. They were carefree—we had no worries. Often we didn't get paid. The manager would come around and say, 'how much is your laundry bill? $1.35? O. K. How much is your room? $2.00? O. K., we'll pay it.' And on we'd move."

Two years of this and Warner decided he was ripe for Hollywood. He had saved $250, which he spent like nothing when he hit the cinema town. Pretty soon he was starving in an attic room on North Las Palmas avenue in Hollywood. He pulled down the movie flag and went into Los Angeles where his "great dramatic training" in the tank towns rated him a job, again as bit man, with the Oliver Morosco company.

Those were the glamorous days of the Morosco Theater. Edmund Lowe, Richard Dix, others who were to make names for themselves, were leading men. Winifred Bryson was second woman. Warner and Winifred fell in love. They had to meet around the corner because it wouldn't do for her to be seen with a punk like Baxter. "Lombardi, Ltd.," was given a tryout and Morosco decided to send it to New York. He sent Miss Bryson and Baxter. And in New York they were married, as I have already told you.

"Lombardi, Ltd.," played two years in New York and on the road. Then Warner played leads in some Broadway plays. I can imagine that the young Baxters were on top of the crest, that they thought everything would be rosy from now on. But they were doomed to more disappointments. Plays became few and far between.

Warner was called by Paramount's Long Island studio to play opposite Justine Johnson in "Sheltered Daughters." "I guess I must have been good," he said ruefully, "because they didn't ask me back!"

Finally, they were nearly broke. They had $500 salted away in a vault in Los Angeles. They sent for it, $100 at a time, and—spent it, until finally they decided New York was not for them. They returned to Hollywood and Warner went back with Morosco.

He found himself being called for small parts in pictures, acting at studios daytimes, working at the Morosco theater at night. One day, as he was about to start rehearsals for "Alias Jimmy Valentine," he had the offer of a film contract, which meant he would have to give up the stage entirely. He was in a pretty fix. He had a contract for the play, too.

"I showed up at the theater and asked them to excuse me. They did—and I went into pictures. I've been in them ever since."

He had a fine success for a while. Then, just before the talkies, lean days came again. This was in 1922 and 1923, and the Baxters moved into the modest little house where they have lived ever since.

"Mrs. Baxter earned our bread and butter in those months," he told me. "She was splendid. Remember her in 'Susanna' with Mabel Normand?

"People said I was through. I didn't think so, but I did think of going back to the stage. I was pretty disheartened with pictures. Then came a lucky break for me—'Old Arizona'! And you know the rest. There followed 'The Cisco Kid' and my contract with Fox studio, where I am today."

Warner loves talking pictures. "Funny thing," he remarked, "I could never get my teeth into silents. But when sound came and you could both see and hear people, I became fascinated with the screen. I love pictures today.

"I like characters that mean something. I didn't care so much for my rôle in 'Paddy.' In 'Penthouse' I had more of a real character to play—a person with backbone and imagination. I could understand the fellow.

"And the producer in 'Forty-Second Street.' There was a rôle. I could bury Warner Baxter, screen personality, and emerge Warner Baxter, the actor. I like to do that.

"The part I want most to do? I've always said I wanted to play in Dickens' historical novel, 'A Tale of Two Cities.' Recently I read somewhere that Winfield Sheehan said he would film it with me—he hasn't told me about it yet—but maybe that means I'm getting it."

You're going to see Warner in "As Husbands Go" before that. He was working on the picture the day I interviewed him and devoured those four bowls of chili.

Warner says he's going to Europe next year for a trip. He has dreamed and planned of this for a long time, just as for his big new house.

"I always plan things out," he said as he grabbed the make-up kit and prepared to run for the set. "If I start going Hollywood with the new house and my trick private kitchen, I'll run for the steamship offices. I won't go Hollywood—I'll go to Europe instead!"

Go Hollywood, my eye! That guy couldn't.

Stars on the Job

[*Continued from page* 27]

sharply back to earth. The picture is "Trouble Shooter," and Spencer Tracy, Jack Oakie, Arline Judge and Constance Cummings are speaking a language I can understand.

Tracy and Oakie are trouble shooters for a telephone company. They're the guys who keep the lines open. Tracy's assistant is Dan (Morgan Conway). Connie has been two-timing them by playing one against the other. Spencer is steady and dependable, but he likes dangerous calls and two or three times he's broken dates with Connie to answer them. She got sore and went out with Conway.

Just now the four mentioned are in an almost deserted cafeteria. It must be after the rush hour, because the huge place is almost deserted. Empty tables galore. Over against a window one lone couple is sitting. The bus boys and a few waitresses are bustling about tidying the place up.

"Oh, by the way," Connie asks as they start to eat, "where's Dan?"

"I left him downstairs," says Tracy, his face clouding at the mention of Dan's name. "He's got a beautiful hangover he's trying to get rid of."

"I like a man who takes a drink once in a while," Arline volunteers, looking distastefully at Spencer.

"I don't mind his drinking," Spence comes back at her, "but he's a lug. He's no good in spades. One of these days he's gonna get the gate and I wouldn't be surprised if I gave it to him."

Arline turns to Connie: "If you ask me," she observes tartly, "your boy friend's burned up because you went out with Dan the other——" She breaks off suddenly, realizing she has said too much.

This talented quartet is making "Trouble Shooter." Spencer Tracy, Constance Cummings, Arline Judge and Jack Oakie.

"You did *what* with *who?*" Tracy demands, glaring at Connie.

"You were working overtime as usual," replies Connie, "so——"

"So you two-timed me with——" Spencer starts, burning up.

"*I'm* not married to you," Connie retorts angrily. "Not yet. And if I want to go out with——"

"Not with *him,* you don't," Spencer interrupts furiously. "Not if you want to keep *me* hanging around."

"If that's your attitude," remarks Miss Cummings icily, as she rises, "I'm not at all sure I *want* you—hanging around."

"Just *hanging* will suit me," Arline says dryly.

Bullieve me, that's one scene that is realistically played and I *know.* It's so realistic Arline can't get out of character when it's finished. "That 'hanging' goes for you, too, you lug," she snaps at me.

"Wh-wh-what have I done?" I stammer.

"I asked you to our party six months ago and you promised to take me crawfishing. And have you? I haven't even had a smell of one."

"They don't smell good," I answer. "You wouldn't like the smell at all."

"That's none of your business," she says. "Two or three times a week when we sit down to dinner Wes (Wesley Ruggles, her husband) says, 'What! No crawfish?' And it gets tiresome after awhile."

"Well, when you finish this picture," I begin. . . .

"I'll finish tonight," she mutters "They saw yesterday's rushes. I've been found out."

"Come on," my guide whispers, tugging at my sleeve and not understanding that it's all in the spirit of good, clean fun, "let's get out of here before she throws something at you."

At Warner Brothers

ON THE way over to Paramount, I stop in at Warner Brothers' Sunset Studio, where they're making "Easy to Love."

It's the story of a couple—Adolphe Menjou and Genevieve Tobin—who have grown to middle age without a rift in the lute of their marital happiness. Then John begins to slip. Just a little around the edges, it's true, but a slip's a slip in any man's home and if you don't believe me ask the wives.

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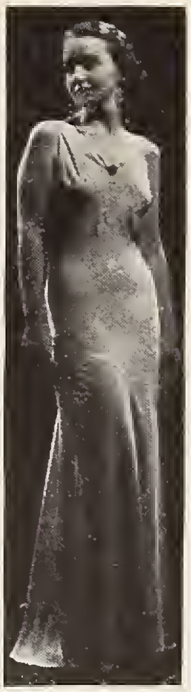

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Then Genevieve learns that Adolphe has not been playing golf in the afternoons as he said, but has been carrying on an affair with Mary Astor (a family friend) in a little lovenest. At the same time, Edward Everett Horton, another family friend, begins making sheep's eyes at Genevieve.

The daughter of the couple (Patricia Ellis) is engaged to Paul Kaye. In order to bring her parents to their senses, she and Paul tell her parents that inasmuch as *their* marriage is a failure she and Paul won't risk it. They'll just live together.

On the "Easy to Love" set, Edward Everett Horton has an axe to drive dull care away. He is assisted by Genevieve Tobin, Adolphe Menjou and Mary Astor.

Then they go to a hotel and register as man and wife. The four grown-ups—or are they?—rush after them.

For once the walls of the corridor are a dark paneled wood instead of the eternal white. Menjou in a tweed overcoat, with the collar turned up in the most approved collegiate style, is in the hall of the inn, outside the door of the room which harbors young love. He has a fire axe with which he intends breaking down the door. His helpmate, la Tobin, is standing anxiously by when Horton and Astor rush up. Horton, seeing the axe, thinks Menjou is going to strike Tobin with it. He rushes in and grabs the axe as he turns to Tobin. "There, there, my darling, did he hurt you?"

"Mind your own business," Menjou shouts.

"You brute," rejoins Horton. "If you've hurt her, I warn you——"

"Is this a private fight," Mary Astor puts in sweetly, "or can anyone join?"

"Paul and Janet are in there," Menjou explains to her, "and they aren't married."

"Why, it's immoral!" exclaims the horrified Astor.

"You should know," retorts Tobin sarcastically, "You're an authority."

"Let's not begin that again," says Menjou wearily, forgetting the children for a moment.

"She has no right to criticize my daughter," Tobin announces with asperity and a dirty look.

"That's quite true," Horton agrees.

"Keep your nose out of my affairs," Menjou orders.

"Affairs is just the word," Genevieve opines, looking meaningly at Astor.

It goes on like that for hours. I don't know why they always have to have so much bickering in pictures. I should think people would get enough of it at home. Maybe the producers figure people like to laugh at somebody else's troubles.

Anyhow, Mary and Genevieve sure look like a million. Mary has on a rust colored wool, trimmed in dyed mole, with a velvet turban of the same color, and Tobin has on a beige colored wool crepe coatsuit, trimmed in beaver, with a perky little *toque*, also beaver trimmed. Mr. Horton is robed in a plaid overcoat—belted model—which

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shrieks to high heaven of the taste of Sam Hardy—the same who, at the moment, is giving the conservative Bond Street tailors of London palpitation of the heart.

Leila Bennett, who is practically my favorite comedienne, appears briefly in this epic as the dumb maid in the hotel, but she isn't working in this particular scene. She is supposed to be on her way to put clean towels in one of the rooms and she comes up with a load of them on her arm.

"Need some towels?" she asks tersely. I glance at her suspiciously but let it pass.

At the Columbia Studio

IT SEEMS foolish to pass by Columbia without going in. "The Paul Street Boys" and "Night Bus" are on location but "Let's Fall in Love" is shooting.

My dears, here is one picture with an absolutely never-been-used before plot. When I start telling it to you, you'll never, *never*, NEVER guess what's coming next——

The Swedish star of the Premier Studios quits in a huff and the director, Ken (Edmund Lowe), and the producer, Max (Gregory Ratoff), are faced with the problem of finding a beautiful Swedish girl who can sing divinely, and who speaks English with a Swedish accent. Weeks of testing follow and no one like Garbo turns up.

Miriam Jordan, Edmund Lowe, Betty Furness and Anderson Lawlor working out the plot of "Let's Fall in Love."

One night while Eddie is sunk in the depths of despair and gloom and one thing and another, his fiancée, Gerry (Miriam-no-longer-Mimi Jordan), coaxes him out to the circus. Eddie, struck with the blonde beauty of Jean Kendall (Harriette Lake) suggests that she work in pictures. She think's he's a four-flusher and gives him the cold shoulder. Later, he returns alone, and Eddie—alone—can convince any girl of anything. She agrees.

He takes her to an old Swedish couple, who teach her Swedish mannerisms, customs and the Swedish language—all in a few weeks. He introduces her to *Herr* Ratoff as the Swedish nightingale. Max gets her to sign a contract and gets all hot and bothered about his discovery. A coast-to-coast publicity campaign is started and everybody is happy. Everybody but la Jordan who begins to suspect that Eddie Lowe's interest in his discovery is neither platonic nor businesslike. How she ever got *that* idea I don't know, but you know how women are. That sixth sense!

Just now Miriam, Eddie, Betty Furness and Anderson Lawlor are having dinner at the Cocoanut Grove. It's the funniest thing! The orchestra platform is there, there are a couple of palms to one side, and back in the corner, behind the orchestra (where the headwaiter always puts *me*) is a table for four with the afore-mentioned people sitting at it. Only writers and unimportant people are ever stuck at those tables, and how the *maitre d'hotel* ever happened to make a mistake and stick four picture people there can only be explained by the Columbia script department. Maybe it saved reproducing the whole Grove.

Miriam is ravishing in a black satin evening gown "cut low and behold in the front and *V de boheme* in the back." Instead of the usual silver straps to hold it up hers are of gold sequins on flesh colored net. There is some of the same stuff at the neck, reaching from shoulder strap to shoulder strap—but no farther. In back the skirt holds up as best it can. Miss Furness (bearing up surprisingly well in Arthur Lake's absence) is a toothsome morsel in a peach satin evening gown, with a bunch of gardenias fastened in her hair behind one ear. I can remember when Arthur used to send Loretta Young and Virginia Cherrill gardenias. Oh, well, *tempus fugit*. Over the back of her chair, Betty has draped a peach colored velvet evening wrap with a deep collar of white fox.

The orchestra is playing and two or three couples (which is all there is room for) are dancing in this corner.

"Be a sport, Ken," says Betty to Eddie, "and get Mr. Hopper (that's Mr. Ratoff) to invite us to the coming-out party he is giving for Sigrid Lund (Harriette Lake—the big foot and voice gal from Sweden). This sounds like the best party of the year. We *can't* miss that."

"No," Andy Lawlor puts in, "And say! I'm dying to meet Sigrid Lund. Is she as beautiful as she looks in the papers?"

"Yes," answers Miriam before Eddie has a chance to, "—if you like that frail type. (Cat!) Ken does. (Sarcastically to Lowe) Don't you—*darling?*"

"Yes, I like her," Eddie responds, purposely ignoring the implication. "I think she's the greatest find in years."

Then the bickering starts again, so we'll skip that. But wasn't I right? Even after all I've told you of the plot can you guess how it's all going to end?

On the R-K-O Lot

YOU can get from Columbia to R-K-O in less time than it takes to mix a malted milk, so I duck in there for a moment. Wheeler and Woolsey are doing their stint in an opus yclept "Hip, Hips, Hooray."

Somebody tried to tell me the plot but, I ask you, have you ever seen a comedy such as they—or even the Marx Brothers—make with a plot? All I know is, the set is part of that used in "Man of Two Worlds." Only where, in the latter picture, the scene was laid in Greenland or Iceland, now the locale is the Rocky Mountains, and to lend authenticity, they've transplanted a few cedars and pines. It's a beautiful set, however, and I can stand seeing it twice. Outside the stage is a great pile of crushed ice which a couple of men are trundling inside in wheelbarrows, because ice will bank up to look like snowdrifts, and unbleached cornflakes won't.

"How much ice are you using for this scene?" I ask Ed Killy, the assistant director.

"Oh, 'bout fifty tons," Ed guesses.

"Make it two hundred," Mark Sandrich, the director, cuts in. "It sounds more impressive. And, anyhow, we had to get a special permit from the Chamber of Commerce to bring ice into Los Angeles."

All right, Mark. Two hundred tons it is. It does sound impressive. Two hundred tons of crushed ice scraped off the pipes of the local ice plant—all in the cause of art.

A racing car, with "Maiden America" painted all over it, stands at the top of the hill, with this ice banked all around it and looking for all the world like it is stuck in the snow. It was stuck, but whoever has charge of the elements and getting cars stuck in the snow figured without the

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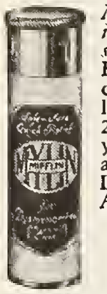

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ingenuity of Wheeler and Woolsey. They've just bought skiis from a couple of guides and have put a ski under each wheel. The guides have raised the car off the ground with a fallen tree trunk, to enable "the boys" to fasten the skiis on.

"Have you got your ski on, Eddie?" Woolsey asks Wheeler.

"O. K., doctor," Bert chirps. "Let's go."

"All right," Woolsey agrees, and turns to the guides. "Boys, will you give us a push?" He and Bert hop into the car. The wind machine starts blowing, a few snow flakes flutter around aimlessly, and the guides drop the log and start pushing the car.

"Thanks," Woolsey adds as an afterthought and off they go. You've got to admit that skiing over the Rockies is something new and I'm here to tell you it's a helluva funny scene, just the way it's shot and without all the scenes that lead up to it.

Director Sandrich hesitates about letting me have a still picture of it, because he doesn't want to give his gag away before the picture is released. Bob Woolsey prevails on him to let me have it, and I want to take this occasion to say that in all the sets I've covered I've never had more cooperation than I did on that one. Thanks, fellows.

Right down the street, on another stage, "Wild Birds" (featuring Tom Brown and Jean Parker) is filming. Tom has escaped from a reform school and landed on a farm owned by an old meanie—Arthur Byron—and his wife—Beulah Bondi. Jean Parker is also there. I forgot to ask how she got there but things are going from bad to worse for the youngsters. Byron is a despot, and Tom daren't say much for fear the old buzzard will turn him in. Life's just one heartache after another. Old Byron makes improper advances to Jean and scares her, so she and Tom run away. But, alas and alack, they're caught and brought back (a verse, by heaven!) and then Jean discovers she's going to have a baby by What-a-man Brown. That's twice in one story *that's* happened. Remember, I just told you about Ann Harding's mistake?

But I'm getting ahead of my story. Just now Jean is in her little attic room, and what a hole it is. A rickety old green iron bedstead with the enamel chipped off, one dilapidated chair that hangs together by a miracle, a wobbly table with an oil lamp and, opposite it, a washstand supporting one of those old-timey bowls and pitchers. Against the other wall is a dresser with no mirror. That wall has been taken out and the camera is shooting over the top of the dresser into the room.

Jean is undressing. She stands there in a cheap cotton pink chemise, her hair cascading about her shoulders and holding a faded blue calico dress in her hand. Suddenly she hears a noise at the window and looks around to find Tom climbing in.

"Sh!" she gasps. "You shouldn't—you shouldn't come in here," coming forward to the foot of the bed near the dresser. "What if he should hear you?"

"I don't care," Tom, now in the room, answers. "I heard old Slag (Byron) in here talkin'—"

"Adam (Tom)," says Jean, "I'm so afraid of him. Somethin' about the way he acts towards me all of a sudden ain't the same. Adam," turning towards him suddenly, "we can't stay here no longer."

"Where can we go?" demands the practical Tom.

"Why can't we go to George Marshall?" Jean asks. "He'd take care of us all right."

"Yeah," Tom whispers. "Where is he?"

"I got a letter from him from Carston. How far is that?"

"Purty near thirty miles," Tom guesses. "We'd never get that far with no money

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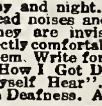

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nor nothin'! Slag'd catch us easy—and then we'd be worse off than we are now."

"But we got to get out of here!" Jean wails, holding her dress to her breast. "Let's run away right now! We'll get a head start on 'em. We'll walk all night an' when it gets day, we'll keep under cover. *Please,* Adam!"

"All right," Tom agrees, "we'll do it." He gets his reward in the form of a quick kiss and a hug. "Come on—hurry up—get your things." He gallantly turns his back and walks a few steps away while Jean opens a drawer of the dresser and pulls out a faded blouse which she begins putting on feverishly.

"We'll snitch a loaf of bread or somethin'," she plans as she dresses. "They won't catch us—I know they won't!"

"Cut," calls Director Elliott Nugent. You remember my telling you about Elliott when he was directing "Three Cornered Moon." I wouldn't be surprsed if this is just as good a picture—only it isn't a comedy. The thing I can't get over is that Elliott is a perfectly swell actor and yet the studios keep him directing all the time.

Just now he isn't concerned about acting —not his own, anyhow. He turns to the script girl: "When Jean opens the drawer of the dresser to get her blouse out, could you hear her talking over the noise?"

"Yes," answers the girl. "She didn't start talking until after she'd got the drawer open."

They shoot the scene five or six times and then Elliott yells "Food! Back in an hour." He turns to me this time: "Lunch?"

Tom answers for me: "He's lunching with me." *Fency* that, now! Two invitations to lunch in one day. And the chances are I'll have to buy my own lunch the rest of the month. I get the rottenest breaks!

In the lunchroom Tom tells me all about his location trip with this company—up to Sequoia—and the fun he had while he was waiting for them to start shooting. Dorothy Jordan was supposed to be in this picture, but she got sick and there was a hiatus of a few days while they cast about for another lead. And Tom did all right for himself. Even his pal Henry Wilson doesn't know any more than I do about *how* well he did.

"What about all this talk of you and Jean?" I ask him when the food's been attended to.

Tom considers the matter carefully before answering. "I think any announcement should come from the lady," he says gravely and then grins. "No, Anita Louise is still in the top spot. Jean and I are 'just good friends'—and, anyhow, she's got a boy friend."

Oh! She's got a friend. I knew a girl once who had a book so what use could she possibly have with another?

Hepburn is in the restaurant, shrieking all over the place. I'm glad I'd already eaten before I saw her. She's just finished "Trigger" and is leaving tonight for New York to do a stage play. I hope it's a hit.

Chick Chandler stops by the table for a moment to tell me about all the tough breaks he's had since coming to Hollywood —and he's had plenty. However, he's a hit in "Blood Money" and nobody can take that away from him.

And I also hear tell that Eric Linden is back in town—poorer, meeker, sadder and wiser. Ho hum.

Much Excitement at Paramount

AT TWO o'clock I finally arrive at the Paramount Studios. The "Alice in Wonderland" set is closed up tighter than a drum, but by pretending Bing Crosby sent me over to play the Mock Turtle for him I sneak on. What a set! What a picture! What a cast! What a—but why go on? It's stupendous! Colossal! Gigantic! It's—it's—running out of adjectives, I become panic-stricken and call up Jimmie Durante on the telephone. "Just tell 'em it's humiliatin'," Jimmie advises.

It's all of that. There are hedges wherever you look, and they've been cut in the most fantastic shapes imaginable. But, for once, I can't be bothered looking at sets. My eyes pop out farther than the Woggle Bug's at the fantastic make-ups. Most of the characters wear rubber masks, so you can't tell who's who or even who's whose. But May Robson is there, dolled up like the Queen of Hearts. She's standing in the centre of the stage, and everything is very calm and peaceful. But not for long. All at once May flies into the most superb rage I've ever witnessed.

"Where are the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and the Cheshire Cat (Richard Arlen)," she begins. The Duchess is sitting on a tiny cradle right behind her, knitting, and Alice (Charlotte Henry) is standing beside the Duchess. Neither of them answer the Queen, and there's nobody else around to tell her they're there. Receiving no answer, May begins to swell up like a poisoned pup. "Where are the Duchess and the Cheshire Cat?" she screams. Still no answer. "Find the Duchess and the Cheshire Cat," she shrieks. Still no answer. "Am I the Queen or am I not the Queen?" May demands in a voice of thunder "Find the Duchess and the Cheshire Cat! Hundreds of thousands of heads shall roll in the dust for this. Hundreds of thousands of heads shall roll in the dust," she bellows again. Suddenly out of nowhere hundreds of boys dressed in green tights, with the pictures of all the other cards in the deck, appear and begin leaping wildly over the hedges in every direction, in an effort to find the Duchess and the Cheshire Cat.

"Alice in Wonderland," in the screen play, is a fulfillment that would have astonished Lewis Carroll as much as it does little Charlotte Henry, who plays Alice.

Just when it seemed inevitable that the Queen should bust a blood vessel or have an apoplectic stroke, she sweeps off the set. The Duchess folds her knitting, nods wisely to Alice, and they follow the Queen to the croquet grounds.

"Where *is* the Cheshire Cat?" Director Norman McLeod mutters. "Confound that guy. He came on the set at nine o'clock and asked if he could go get breakfast. Now it's two and he isn't back yet."

"Maybe he's running breakfast and lunch in together," I suggest.

"What are you doing here?" Norm asks, and then in a burst of inspiration he adds, "Get off my set. It's closed."

"I'm going to play the Mock Turtle for Bing," I inform him.

"Get off my set," Norman storms.

"Don't get so nasty," I caution him. "*You're* not the Queen of Hearts. And, besides, if you put me off I won't come up

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for dinner tonight. And Bunny (Mrs. McLeod) is in Frisco again—or yet—and you'll have to eat alone."

"Get off my set," Norman shrieks in a voice rivaling May's.

"I won't go out to the Colony Club with you afterwards, either," I threaten.

That gets him. "All right," he agrees sulkily. You can stay. But keep out of my sight. I tell you the set's closed."

"Hundreds of thousands of heads shall roll in the dust," I jeer.

"Get off my set," Norman begins again.

It's a screwy picture, they've got screwy sets, everybody in it is screwy, but I'll bet my ticket to the U. S. C.-Washington football game that when the roll is called up yonder—at the annual meeting of the Academy—it'll be runner-up, at least, for the best picture of the year. I wouldn't miss it for all those hundreds of thousands of heads that shall roll in the dust.

Not all sets are like Norman's, though. Some are more peaceable than others. For instance, take "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." You could never find a more informal atmosphere than that pervading this stage—*when they're not shooting.* Of course, when the picture is going it's something else again. It's a tense picture.

Dorothea Wieck plays a glamorous film star on location near the ranch of my old friend, Alice Brady, her husband (Irving Bacon) and her child (Spanky McFarland). Wieck is Alice's idol. Dot returns home that night to see her own child—Baby LeRoy. Next morning the child is missing.

The kidnappers (Alan Hale, Dorothy Burgess and Jack LaRue) have taken him to a shack near Alice's ranch. All Alice knows is that there are some people there and she wants to be friendly. So she takes some fresh vegetables over. Spanky sees LeRoy and carries him from the house. LaRue snatches the baby away from Spanky and the door is slammed in Miss Brady's face.

She returns home, puzzled over their strange behavior, and then learns from her husband that Miss Wieck's baby has been kidnapped. Even then she suspects nothing, merely surmising that Miss Burgess' nervousness and LaRue's actions are attributable to their possible fear that LeRoy (whom she believes to be *their* child) might be kidnapped, too.

But the more she thinks about it the less likely that seems, so she returns to the kidnappers' shack—this time with a pail of milk.

What an awful looking dump it is. The walls are covered with newspapers, yellowed with age. There is a rough board table, covered with oil cloth, a bottle used as a candleholder, a broken down sofa that sags every place a sofa *can* sag, an oil stove and curtains made from old sacks.

Hale and Burgess are in another room. I can hear them talking and laughing as Hale tells how clever he has been about throwing the cops off their trail. Baby LeRoy sits alone on the sofa, looking wonderingly towards the door where the laughter comes from. The outer door opens and his glance turns in that direction. Alice enters hurriedly and starts to pick him up. Then she hears Hale coming and puts him down again.

"Psst!" says LeRoy. Nobody told him to do that—it was his own idea.

But Hale hasn't finished his story, so he reels back into the room where Burgess is and Alice sits down beside the baby. Imagine her surprise to discover they have stained his skin and darkened his hair.

"Cut," orders Al Hall. "Hi, Dick. Seen that lug of a Jimmie Dunn lately?"

Al and Jimmie are great pals—or they were until Jimmie found that Al had even more girls than he. When he learned

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that he couldn't compete with Al, he stopped seeing so much of him. Said Al gave him an inferiority complex.

But that was before Al became engaged to Lola Lane. It's all changed now. My one wish is that this time Lola will find the happiness that eluded her before.

To paraphrase an old saw, "*Good* wishes, like chickens, come home to roost." Just because I held a kind thought for Lola, Alice recognized me. She even remembered jokingly calling me a darn fool because I drank beer when I was on a diet.

"When I get back to M-G-M," she said, "come up and see me sometime." Well, will I? Ask me!

Spanky, not being in the scene, had been amusing himself during the shooting, by unscrewing one of the camera legs. His mother, happening to glance in his direction, noiselessly slapped his hand and shook her head at him to quit. But Spanky knows who's the star in *that* family. Not daring to speak for fear of spoiling the scene, he promptly stuck his tongue out at her. From the glint in Mrs. McFarland's eyes, I'll venture he won't get star billing when she gets him home.

Paramount has three other pictures shooting—"The Search for Beauty," featuring Larry Crabbe (formerly Buster, but who now wants to be known as an actor instead of an Olympic Swimming Champion) and Ida Lupino (who almost got the part of Alice in "Alice in Wonderland"—but didn't), "Death Takes a Holiday" (starring Fredric March) and "Catherine, the Great" starring la Dietrich. All of them are on location. But next month, ladeeze and genmun, a true and authentic account of these pictures—and my quips—will positively appear on these pages.

At Warner's Other Studio

THE sun blazed down as I left the Paramount Studio, bringing beads of moisture to my forehead and spots of perspiration out on my new white linen suit. With a muttered imprecation on the flawless California weather—flawless even in November!—I flipped a coin to see whether Warner Brothers and Universal or Fox and M-G-M should next be graced with my august presence. Warners and Universal won. Lucky devils.

As I parked the car and tottered across the street, I had new evidence of California's eternal summer. Blackbirds began darting at me from all directions, eyeing me balefully with their amber orbs and paying not the slightest attention to my "Shoo!" and "Scat!" When I indignantly voiced my displeasure, on getting inside the publicity office, I learned that the birds only build their nests in hot weather and all they wanted with me was a few hairs. A few hairs, indeed! And me paying Helen Clark's scalp emporium a tidy sum each month to grow more!

"There's not much doing out here just now," they lamented. "We've only got a few pictures shooting. 'Mandalay,' with Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot, 'Massacre,' starring Richard Barthelmess, and 'Hi, Nellie,' starring Paul Muni. You've already been over to the Sunset Studio and seen 'Easy to Love.'"

My! How news travels out here.

The "Mandalay" set is simple. Just the corridor of an ocean liner. It's a complicated plot—one of those South Seas and Mandalayan affairs. Kay is Ricardo Cortez' girl, but when he gets in a tight spot he turns her over to a gun runner—*not* rum runner—in payment of his debt. She finally escapes and boards a vessel for Mandalay. En route she meets Lyle Talbot, a young doctor, on board ship. Lyle is immediately attracted to her and she to him.

Kay's recountal of the plot is interrupted by a call to arms—or a call to camera. It's all the same.

Lyle is knocking at the door of her stateroom. At first she pays no attention, so he knocks again. Louder, please.

"Who is it?" Kay asks.

"I," Lyle answers—as though she would know who "I" was. "I was just wondering if you're ready for dinner?" he continues.

"I didn't hear the gong," Kay says, opening the door a little and standing on the threshold. She didn't even ask him to come in. "Did it ring?" she goes on.

"Why, yes," says Lyle. "About fifteen minutes ago."

"You go ahead," Kay urges him. "I'll be along shortly."

"All right," Lyle agrees reluctantly.

Well, he tried, didn't he? The unfortunate thing is that dinner doesn't always mean as much to people on shipboard as it does on land.

"Mike—Mike," Kay yells for Michael Curtiz, the director, when the scene is finished.

I thought for a moment, maybe Kay was going to have a baby, too (that would have been three this month who weren't expected) and from all accounts of the plot she easily could have—but it was nothing as serious as that.

"What iss?" Mike asks

"When he knocks," Kay explains, "I say 'Who is it?' and then he's supposed to say his name. What *is* his name?"

The exact scene witnessed by old snooper Mook, as Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot make "Mandalay."

Fine thing! They've been shooting three weeks on this picture and she doesn't even know the name of the man she's supposed to marry at the end of it. Another fine thing! Neither did Curtiz. They had to ask the script girl.

Kay looked very fetching in a tight fitting, sleeveless yellow organdy trimmed in black embroidery. I wiped my heated brow and gazed resentfully at her. Why can't men wear cool, summery things like that. Oh, well, skip it.

"How's it?" Lyle asks as he comes up.

"How should I know in this heat?" I retort. "What's all this about you and Judith Allen? I wish to heaven you'd get yourself a girl and keep her for more than a week. I've got enough worries without trying to keep track of your romances"

"Nothing to it," says Lyle. "I used to work in a small stock company with her. When she came out here she happened to be stopping at the same apartment hotel as I and we ran into each other. When I was away on location, she and her mother were very nice to my parents, who were alone out here, and I appreciated it. And when I had my automobile accident and the studio wanted me to make pictures with somebody acting as nurse, she came up in

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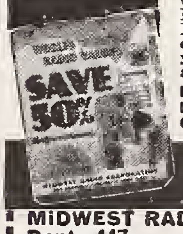

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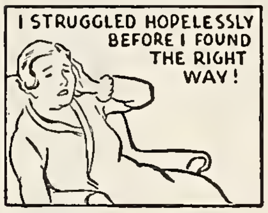
IF HE ONLY KNEW HOW DESPERATELY I WAS TRYING TO REDUCE..
I WENT HUNGRY AT EVERY MEAL.. TRIED EVERY NEW REDUCING FAD..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a nurse's uniform and posed with me and that's all there is to it. Just good friends."

All right, Mr. Talbot, but take care. If you or Master Tom Brown or any other actor ever gives me that "Good friends" stuff again I'm a gonna shoot to kill. I'm what my old negro mammy calls "short-patienced."

From the set of "Mandalay" I trickle over to Stage 5 and drip off. Stage 5 is the "process" stage and Gentleman Dick—the Barthelmess—is at work there on "Massacre." Usually that stage is closed to visitors because they don't want their trick shots given away. Whadda I care?

"Hahsit, Dick?" I shout, not noticing that the cameras are turning. I didn't remain in ignorance of *that* fact long, let me tell you.

"Swell," he says when the shot is finished. "I'm more enthused over this picture than any I've had in ages."

"You look like Tom Mix at the height of his glory," I accuse him, because usually Dick is the acme of good taste in his clothes and now he's got on one of those ten gallon hats and his car fairly screams for attention.

"I'm supposed to be something like that," he announces triumphantly. "I'm a Sioux Indian who has been taken from his Iowa reservation by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs and educated in Haskell College. After I graduate I become a rodeo rider. Then I'm taken up by a sex-ridden society girl—Claire Dodd—who manages to make quite a hero of me." Dick's eyelids drooped modestly at this last announcement.

"Swell sunburn you've got, Dick," I murmur meaningly.

Dick grins and calls me something which I *hope* I have misunderstood

"Just about this time," he continues, "I learn that my father is dying and I go to the Indian reservation to see him. I've been riding at the Fair and I'm just leaving."

"Did you say you're a rodeo rider?" I inquire.

"Yes," says the unsuspecting star.

"Do *you* do the riding?" I persist.

"You'll see," says Dick blandly, "—when the picture is released."

Well, I will say for Mr. Barthelmess there are darned few things he can't do, and it wouldn't surprise me to see him leaping over the back of a galloping horse, or leaning from the saddle to snatch a handkerchief off the ground.

Heat or no heat, a Mook always comes through, so I stroll over to give Mr. Paul Muni the benefit of my expert views on his acting. Unfortunately, Mr. Muni and I are not on joking terms. We're not even on speaking terms We've never even been introduced.

But Mervyn LeRoy, the director, and I are on even better than joking terms. We're on bawling out terms. Witness:

"What about that story you were going to do on me?" Mervyn asks without so much as a howdy-do. "You came up for dinner and said you were going home and write a swell yarn."

"That's right," I agree. "I did go home but when I got there you'd given me so much food I fell asleep and when I woke up next morning I'd forgotten everything you'd said. I'll come up again sometime and we'll write it while I'm there."

"Nix," says Mervyn. "You just want another feed. I'll come up to *your* place.

Then I *know* you won't get so much to eat you'll fall asleep."

Well, Mr. LeRoy, I *must* say!

"Hi, Nellie" (the picture in question) is all about the managing editor (Muni) of a newspaper. Judge Canfield has been appointed to investigate a corrupt political ring, but just before the inquiry gets under way he disappears and, at the same time, his bank fails, with a shortage of $500,000. (This all happened before President Roosevelt stopped banks from failing.) All the other papers jump to the conclusion that Canfield has absconded, but Muni thinks it may be a frame-up. So, while he prints the facts, he doesn't link the disappearance and the bank failure.

Paul Muni and Edward Ellis, with the air full of menace, at the filming of "Hi, Nellie."

Next morning Mr. Muni is summoned to the office of the publisher (Berton Churchill). As he enters, he encounters one of the crooks (Edward Ellis), who is just leaving. Confidentially, Mr. Ellis had a finger in the pie of Judge Canfield's disappearance and, naturally, he was overjoyed when the papers intimated the Judge had absconded. Mr. Muni's failure to bite displeased Mr. Ellis very much. Accordingly he—er—threw the hooks into Paul—right in front of Paul's boss.

"Hello, Bradshaw," says Ellis to Paul as they bump into each other. "That was a splendid piece of journalism you turned in last night," he adds sarcastically. Then he shakes his head pityingly from side to side and suddenly bursts into a fit of raucous laughter as he goes out, closing the door after him.

Paul—(you don't mind my calling you "Paul" do you, Mr. Muni?) Paul looks after the vanishing figure and then jerks his head towards the door as he turns to Churchill. "What's O'Connell up to now?" he wonders.

But he never finds out because Mr. Churchill, blue in the face with rage, unburdens himself of a few uncomplimentary opinions of Paul.

That's not all the picture, though. There are thrills, chills, horrors and whatnots. And, whether he feeds me or not, any-

Dean Markham and Irene Hervey in "The Comeback," which is an appropriate title for Irene's return.

I was so lonely and friendless. With only long, dreary evenings in store for me. Then one day I read about a new way to learn music that had made popular musicians of thousands.

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Then came Janet's Party a few months later. How flabbergasted they all were when I played. I thought they'd never let me stop. No more lonesome evenings now.

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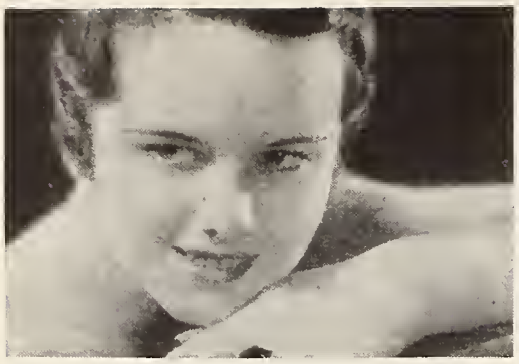

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thing Mervyn directs or that Paul acts in is worth your time, money *and* attention. Especially recommended, this picture is.

Over at Universal

BEFORE the effects of lunch have worn off good I find myself here. My lucky day. Only two companies shooting—"The Poor Rich" with Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton, and "Two Clucks" starring Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts.

As Mr. Horton is working at Warner Brothers today, they have to shoot around him, so the company has gone on location. And "Two Clucks" are also on location, so I don't have to do any work at Universal.

M-G-M Humming With Action

BY TAKING a short cut over Highland Avenue, instead of going all the way around the block, through Cahuenga Boulevard, I manage to get out to M-G-M in fifteen miles and thirty-five minutes. My luck still holds. Only one company going—"The Comeback." This picture is noteworthy because it marks Irene Hervey's second picture, and I'm still in a dither from her first one (she played Franchot Tone's wife in "The Stranger's Return").

Otto Kruger is the most spectacular and successful criminal lawyer in New York. Irene has been trying for days to see him to interest him in her father (Samuel Hinds). Ben Lyon, the junior partner, has fallen for Irene and intercedes with Otto (and *you* don't mind my calling you "Otto" do you, Mr Kruger?). But Otto refuses to be interested in what he designates as a cheap murder case. Hinds is to be tried for the murder of his wife—Irene's stepmother.

To get rid of her and to hush Ben, Otto finally consents to see the girl—and promptly forgets his promise in a Florida spree. Weeks later he gets around to glancing at the papers Irene and Ben have compiled, and discovers that the murdered woman is someone he had once loved and who had hurt him deeply. He goes berserk, disappears in a fog of whiskey and a week later is found nearly dead of pneumonia on a certain grave in a nearby cemetery.

There are many situations, plots and counter-plots before Barrister Kruger obtains a pardon for Hinds, who has, in the meantime, been sentenced to die.

The pardon hasn't come through yet and Hinds sits in his cell in prison, reading the Bible. As he reads, we see a guard come along the corridor escorting Irene. He motions to another guard inside the death row, who opens the gate, clangs it shut, locks it and guides Irene to her father's cell.

Any man should be willing to die if the last thing he could see would be Irene as she looked then, in a green wool crêpe dress trimmed in black velvet. Sam continues reading his bible and Irene stands at the bars, heartbroken, watching him. Suddenly he looks up and sees her.

"Daddy," she whispers.

Hinds gets up, goes over to the bars, reaches through them and embraces her.

"Try it again," the director orders. "And this time, Sam, don't *you* start crying, too. She's the one to cry. You're to be brave and comfort her and make her feel that any way it turns out everything is going to be *all* right."

"Say," one of the technicians pipes up, "you'd better make a note to have the sound of that gate closing, when she comes in, re-dubbed. It sounds like one of my screen doors instead of an iron prison gate."

I stay long enough to be introduced to Irene and then learn to my chagrin that the Sheik of Hollywood, Dean Markham, is already the head man there.

Last, But Not Least—Fox

ONE more studio and another month's stint is behind me. I breeze into the Fox publicity office and my heart does nip-ups as I learn that only one picture is shooting here, too. What a day! My luck can't hold forever, though, and my heart quiets down when I learn the one picture is "Carolina" starring Janet (Six Lumps) Gaynor.

I will say that this picture has more plot than most of Miss Gaynor's, and it affords her better acting opportunities.

Robert Young is the last male representative of an aristocratic and distinguished Southern family, living in the shadow of yesteryear's glory. His mother (Henrietta Crossman) and his uncle (Lionel Barrymore) uphold the old traditions and dignity, even though the plaster in their mansion is cracked and there is scarcely enough money to buy groceries.

A family of poor Pennsylvanians (wouldn't you just *know* that would be Janet's folks?) move on to the plantation. Knowing nothing of raising cotton, they plant tobacco. The man dies and the daughter (Janet, of course) carries on.

She and Bob Young become interested in each other, and Janet tries to interest him in planting tobacco, insisting that he will make enough money from it to restore the former glory of the place.

But Miss Crossman wants her son to marry a rich girl. When the banks call for more money, she insists that Bob leave for Charleston and attend to the arrangements the rich girl's bankers are making to take over the place. *Then* she sends for Janet.

The meeting occurs in the library of the old home. It's a beautiful room. Shelves filled with books reaching to the ceiling on all sides—except for a comparatively small space occupied by the fireplace. Lovely colonial furniture. Miss Crossman, her hair piled high on her head, and dressed in a figured black dimity, looks every inch the aristocratic Southern *grande dame.* Janet looks as she does in the early sequences of all her pictures (it isn't time yet for her to appear in her party dress), wistful, appealing, the pawn of Fate—a badly treated pawn.

"It's just wonderful, Mrs. Connelly," Janet bursts out with girlish enthusiasm. "You wanted to hear about the crop, didn't you? It would pay you to put acres and acres into tobacco. Why, Mr. Richards, the storekeeper, is so excited he wants to go into partnership with me next year. *He* says—"

"You saw Will (Bob Young) last night after we talked," Miss Crossman interrupts.

"Yes," Janet admits—after a slight pause.

"Didn't we settle that you wouldn't do that?" Miss Crossman persists.

"I said I—couldn't—promise, Mrs. Connelly," Janet whispers.

"I advised you *not* to see him," Miss Crossman goes on.

"Yes," Janet admits.

"Are you going to see him again?"

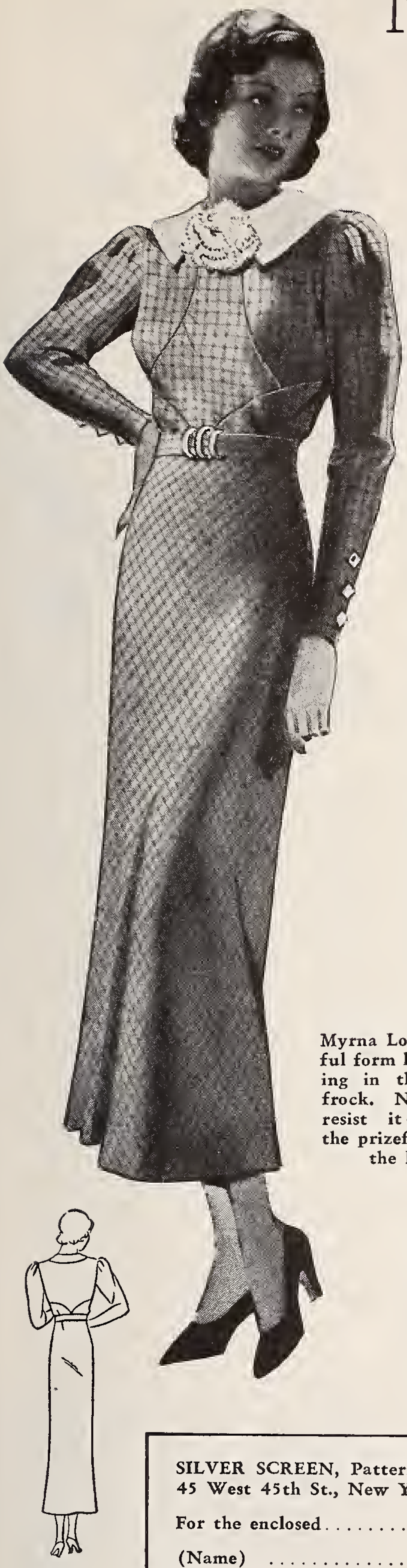
Janet hesitates a second and then, "I'm going to see him this morning."

"I'm afraid," says Miss Crossman gently, "you'll be disappointed."

She knows darned well Janet will be disappointed, and that Bob is in Charleston by now.

But don't worry. Janet only has to be brave through two or three more reels and then she'll get him. And *that* should be a big load off the minds of a *very* large portion of the theatre-going public.

Cheerio! See you next month.



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WHAT charm Myrna Loy's frock has, with its youthful collar and stunning seaming, sleeves discreetly full at the shoulders and smartly tight at the wrists—in other words truly 1934 in every little detail. Doesn't it make you fairly long to jump right into it? You will find it very easy to make, too, so even if you've never before made a single thing to wear, take a chance with this, as, with the pattern, we give you an illustrated lesson that *shows* as well as *tells* exactly how to place the pattern on your fabric, cut it out, and put it together.

Miss Loy's frock is fashioned of sheer wool, tiny checks in sort of wood brown shades; the collar is white pique, and the buttons and belt buckle white bone. The flower of white pique is ready made, and can be purchased at any shop, or may be omitted altogether. You need not select wool—if you prefer a frock of silk crêpe or faille, you will find this model just as smart in either fabric. The Spring color chart includes such intriguing shades as Bois de rose, Chinese red, dull brick, green in fairly light tones, blue—also in the Chinese manner, and Patou's much discussed "wild blackberry." With any of these delightful colors you may use white, flesh or cream for contrast.

Miss Loy's frock, Pattern SS 112, may be ordered only in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 54 inch fabric and ½ yard 36 inch contrasting.

By the way, better send for the new Spring Pattern Book. You will find some of the smartest frocks of the season in it—for afternoons, evenings and sports—and many clever suggestions that will save you money. PRICE OF CATALOG, 15¢. PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15¢ each. CATALOG AND PATTERN TOGETHER, 25¢.

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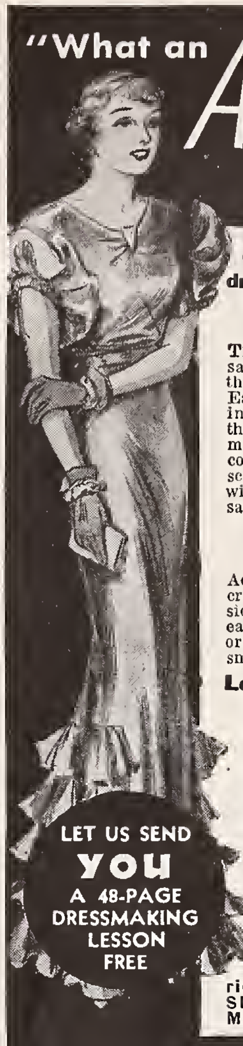

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FACIAL RECONSTRUCTION
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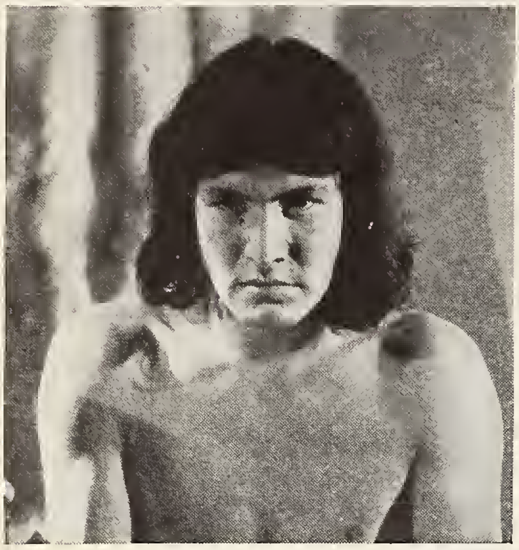
The Final Fling



Mala, the Eskimo.

BROADWAY is my bookshelf. The theatres are the books and the gay marquees are the gaudy wrappers. If I want to read a thrilling story, *action! action!* there's the Strand, with James Cagney, to read. Romance is there, on my shelf, with "Little Women," and comedy and travel are there, too. In fact, "Eskimo" has given me an idea:

When you see this great story of the Arctic you will see more than a travelogue. Even though the settings are marvelous in their reality, atmosphere and authentic detail. The most remarkable thing about "Eskimo" is the acting. Never has there been such perfect "character" work, and the convincing quality is due to the utter lack of self-consciousness. Of course, the reason is that the performers did not know what a *camera* was, nor what a *picture* was, nor a *screen*. So they did their parts with that perfect poise which the greatest actors long for.

We hope that some of our Hollywood friends will go to see this film and think deeply upon this point, and then, when next they are before the camera, let them seek to carry on the technique of *Mala*.

Or, perhaps it would be better to send for these people of the north to come to Hollywood, and send our beloved Hollywood actors to the Arctic Circle. B-r-r-r!

There is an absorbing topic for argument here. They were not acting, therefore it is was not Art.

Nature in the raw is never Art.

"Eskimo" also is a vindication of the silent pictures. The picture talks, to be sure, but in the Eskimo tongue. The cadence of the language of these simple people is fascinating, and the scattered English titles are ample to explain the story. The use of the third person "One is happy to give to a friend," lends a poetic quality to the titles. Sound is useful and no silent picture could have the full flavor of this masterpiece—and here is the tip: *Sound* does not have to be understood. Remember Mae West's cooing love noises?

See "Eskimo" for its simple greatness. It shows why Rockwell Kent and other artists love the Arctic—it shows how *actors* should *act*, and best of all it shows how delightful women are when they have nothing to say about anything.

The Editor

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

1	2	3	■	4	5	6		7		8	9	10	■	11	12	13
14			■	15			■		■	16			■	17		
18			19	■	20							■	21			
22		■	23	24			■		■	25		26		■	27	
28						■	29		30	■	31					
	■	■		■	32	33				34		■		■	■	
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43					■	44		45			■	46				47
48		■	49		50	■	51			■	52			■	53	
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	■	58		59		60	■		■	61		62			■	
63			■	64			65		66				■	■	67	
	■	68	69	■	■	70					■	■	71	72	■	
73	74			75	76	■	77			■	78	79			80	
81							■		■	82						

ACROSS

1 She was last seen in "The House on 56th Street"
4 She portrayed "Alice in Wonderland"
11 Permit
14 The grain produced by a hardy cereal grass
15 First name of producer of comedies
16 To row
17 The little girl in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
18 Vases
20 Dried grapes
21 Apprehension of danger
22 The author of Silas Marner (initials)
23 An oven for drying
25 A volcano
27 An island in the Pacific Ocean (abbr.)
28 The great film made in Alaska
29 By way of
31 She was the lovely wife in "The Masquerader"
32 One of the youngsters in "Our Gang" comedies
35 He attended the Santa Clara University
38 He will retire after making "Wonder Bar"
39 Where Abraham lived (Bib.)
40 The sleuth made famous by author Earl Derr Biggers
43 Well known radio character
44 The earth
46 Audibly
48 Indefinite article
49 Plunder
51 A well known playwright
52 Part of the verb "to be"
53 To perform
54 A bird's home
56 One who forsees future events
58 One who unlawfully takes what is not his
61 Forcibly concise
63 Masculine name (Bib.)
64 Rosalie in "The Way to Love"
67 She personified flaming youth
68 An advertisement (abbr.)
70 Takes out (used in proof reading)
71 Parent
73 The colored boy of "Our Gang"
77 A shade tree
78 He is "Tarzan, the Fearless"
81 The trans-oceanic liner that sank after striking an iceberg
82 The heavyweight champion of the world

DOWN

1 He was the German Professor in "Ever in My Heart"
2 He played opposite Lilian Harvey in "My Weakness"
3 A Japanese coin
4 Place of worship (abbr.)
5 "The Blonde Bombshell"
6 First name of RKO player
7 The radio operator in "Night Flight"
8 Joan Crawford's constant companion
9 One employed to test edibles
10 She is the heroine in "To the Last Man" (initials)
11 The press agent in "Dinner at Eight"
12 She played with Richard Dix in "Forever Faithful"
13 The character Johnny Weissmuller made famous
19 She was born in London
21 Devoid of faith
24 Contraction of "I am"
26 Measured distance on earth's surface (abbr.)
29 Her next picture is "Laughing Boy"
30 The clear blue of the sky
33 Head covering
34 A period of time
35 A narrow street
36 Either
37 A highly advertised radio crime club
40 A vehicle
41 An Indo-China dialect
42 Bare
43 He returns to the screen in "Blood Money"
45 Virginia Banning in "Dr. Bull"
47 "Cradle Song" is her first American picture
50 The new he-man lover of the screen
52 A well known character actor
55 She's in "Roman Scandals"
57 A radio baritone (initials)
59 A preposition
60 Having been nourished
61 A contraction of "it is"
62 The smallest of the forty-eight states (abbr.)
65 She is the bride of Joel McCrea
66 A popular cough remedy
69 Day (Sp.)
71 Human being
72 A man's name
74 A three toed sloth
75 A former Hollywood vamp (initials)
76 American Institute (abbr.)
78 Court of Appeal (abbr.)
79 A mode of transportation (abbr.)
80 One of Warner's junior stars (initials)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

J	U	L	I	E	■	C	A	B	O	T	■	P	E	A	R	L
E	■	O	C	T	A	■	■	L	■	■	L	O	O	S	■	O
A	R	M	Y	■	C	O	L	O	M	B	O	■	S	T	O	W
N	O	B	■	A	T	T	E	N	D	I	N	G	■	A	B	E
■	L	A	M	■	S	T	■	D	■	N	A	■	F	I	R	■
G	A	R	A	T	■	O	R	E	A	D	■	M	A	R	I	E
A	N	D	Y	■	L	■	A	L	L	■	S	■	R	E	E	L
R	D	■	O	B	A	D	■	L	■	T	U	N	E	■	N	L
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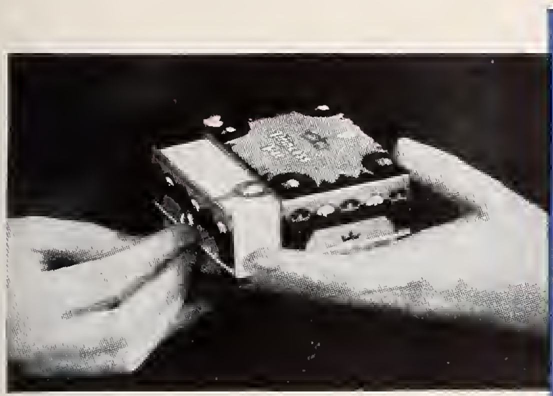
■	G	R	E	E	C	E	■	P	■	E	A	S	T	E	R	■
W	E	A	R	■	Q	■	E	A	R	■	V	■	M	A	T	T
R	■	Y	■	Q	U	A	R	R	Y	M	A	N	■	R	■	O
A	L	E	S	■	E	■	E	K	E	■	N	■	V	E	I	N
Y	O	D	E	L	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	M	A	R	N	E

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

IF YOU REALLY KNEW *about Princess Pat powder*

– – – YOU'D SURELY TRY IT



- here we shall try to give the facts - - read carefully

BY PATRICIA GORDON

In the first place, Princess Pat is the only face powder that contains almond. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of the base in Princess Pat makes it a completely different powder. Almond makes a more clinging powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat face powder is that it stays on longer. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a softer powder than can be made with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application. *So point two* in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of ultra fashionable women everywhere. A deciding factor in choosing powder is fragrance. Will you like Princess Pat? Yes. For its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of romantic things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume. *So point three* in favor of Princess Pat powder is a fragrance of such universal charm that *every* woman is enraptured.

Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which should make every woman choose Princess Pat as her *only powder*. For Princess Pat powder is *good* for the skin. Not merely harmless, mind you, but beneficial! And once again the almond in Princess Pat is to be credited — the almond found in *no other face powder*. You know how confidently you depend upon almond in lotions and creams, how it soothes and beautifies, keeping the skin soft, pliant and *naturally* lovely.

Almond in Princess Pat face powder has the *selfsame* properties. Fancy that! When you powder, you actually improve your skin. Constant use of Princess Pat powder is one of the very best ways to correct and prevent coarse pores, blackheads and roughened skin texture. You will inevitably say you look younger *by years* once you have changed to Princess Pat face powder.

Princess Pat Ice Astringent *acts like ice to close and refine the pores. It is ideal as the powder base—cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Liquid or cream. Always use before powder.*

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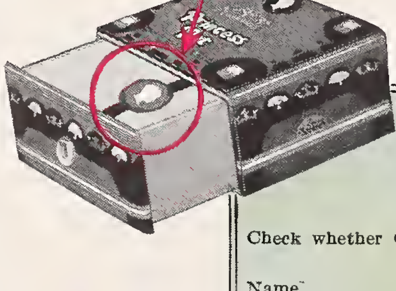
Get Princess Pat powder at any drug store or department store. Send in the ribbon and medallion (found inside every box) to Princess Pat, together with the coupon below. Write name and address plainly. The Vanity will be sent *entirely* free, postage prepaid. Please act promptly. This offer is for a limited time only.



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Street..

City and State..

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CHESTERFIELD

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But of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette is the mildest form.

Another thing—cigarettes are about the most convenient smoke. All you have to do is strike a match.

Everything that money can buy and everything that Science knows about is used to make Chesterfields. The tobaccos are blended and cross-blended the right way — the cigarettes are made right — the paper is right.

There are other good cigarettes, of course, but Chesterfield is

the cigarette that's
MILDER
the cigarette that
TASTES BETTER
—we ask you to try them

Chesterfield

They Satisfy

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he Assassins of Hollywood–Page 24

Silver Screen

March

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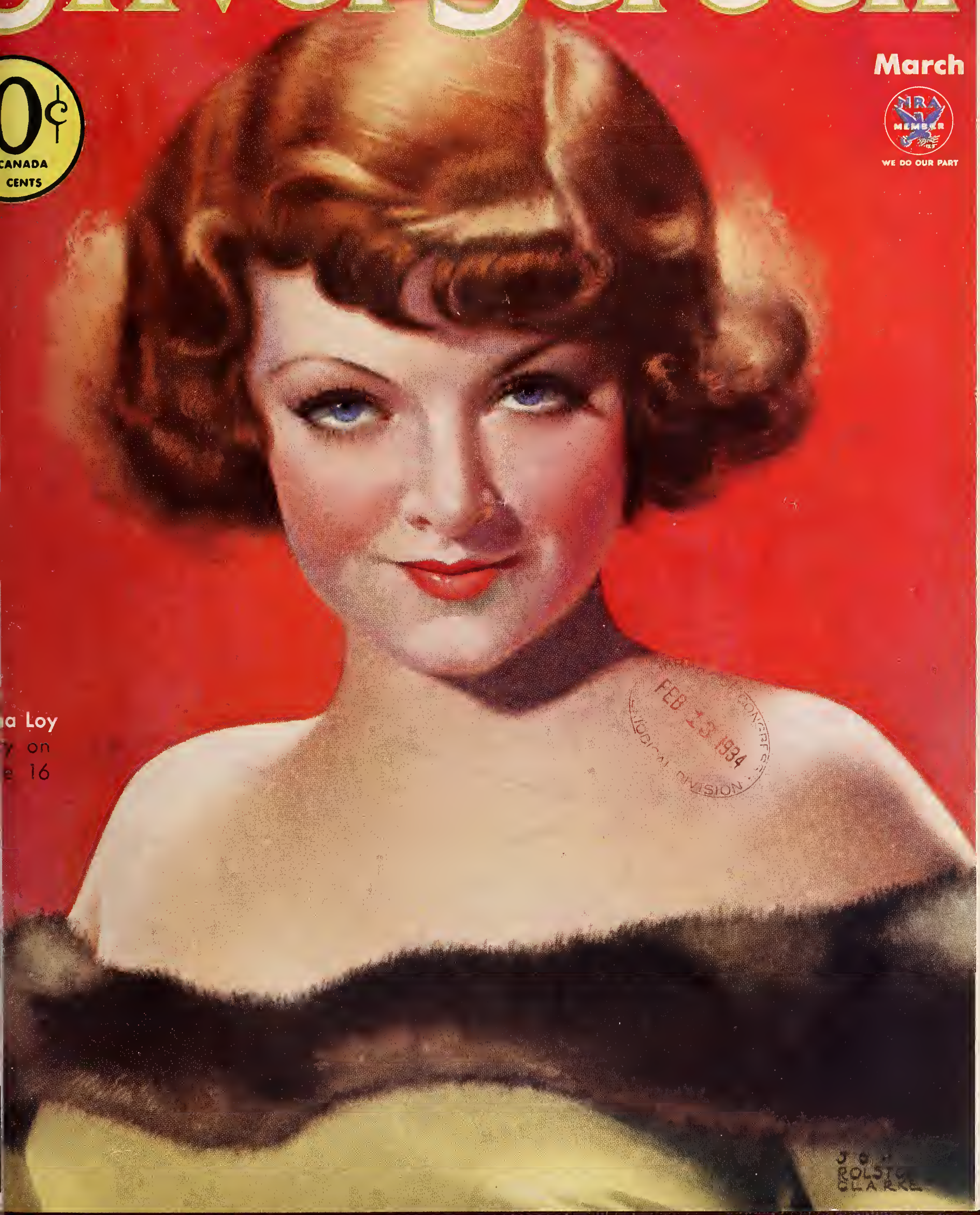
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FEB 13 1934
PERIODICAL DIVISION

"Girls who know this secret always win out"

says Irene Dunne

1
YEARS AGO MY LOVELY SOUTHERN GRANDMOTHER FIRST TAUGHT ME THAT A GIRL WHO WANTS TO BREAK HEARTS SIMPLY MUST HAVE A TEA-ROSE COMPLEXION
2
NOW THAT I'M ON THE SCREEN I REALIZE MORE THAN EVER THE FASCINATION THERE IS IN PEARLY-SMOOTH SKIN. I FOLLOW MY LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY TREATMENT REGULARLY EVERY DAY.
3
IT'S REALLY AMAZING HOW QUICKLY JUST THIS SIMPLE CARE BRINGS TEMPTING NEW BEAUTY TO THE SKIN. TRY IT·YOU GIRLS WHO WANT TO MAKE NEW CONQUESTS! YOU'RE SURE TO WIN OUT!

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SO MANY GIRLS have asked Irene Dunne how to make themselves more attractive . . . how to win admiration . . . romance.

Here this lovely star tells you! And her beauty method is so simple . . . so easy to try . . . regular, everyday care with exquisitely gentle Lux Toilet Soap.

Do follow her advice! See how much clearer, softer *your* skin becomes . . . how that extra-lovely complexion wins hearts—and *holds* them!

9 out of 10 glamorous Hollywood stars . . . countless girls the country over . . . have *proved* what this fragrant, white soap does for the skin. Is yours just an "average" complexion? Don't be content—start today—have the *added beauty* Lux Toilet Soap brings.

Precious Elements in this Soap—*Scientists say:*

"Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

LUX
TOILET SOAP
For EVERY Type of Skin...
dry...oily..."in-between"

YOU can have the *Charm* men can't resist

Isn't it a Shame?

Pretty girl . . . pretty clothes . . . but she has cloudy teeth and tender gums!

Don't let
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

WHAT good company she'd be if people would only let her! Well read, quick of mind, entertaining, sympathetic. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her very real charm. People can't see the personality for the teeth.

Yes, it is a shame. But it is more than that; it is a warning. Her "pink tooth brush" should tell her that brushing is not enough. Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, or Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may be on the way. Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth and healthy gums, with your whole charm shining through. You needn't have a mouth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods — too soft to keep gums firm. But clean the teeth, and *massage the gums,* with Ipana — and modern foods can do no harm.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana gives teeth the lustre of health, and keeps "pink tooth brush" at bay, for Ipana helps keep gums firm. Try it for a month, and one worry will be gone.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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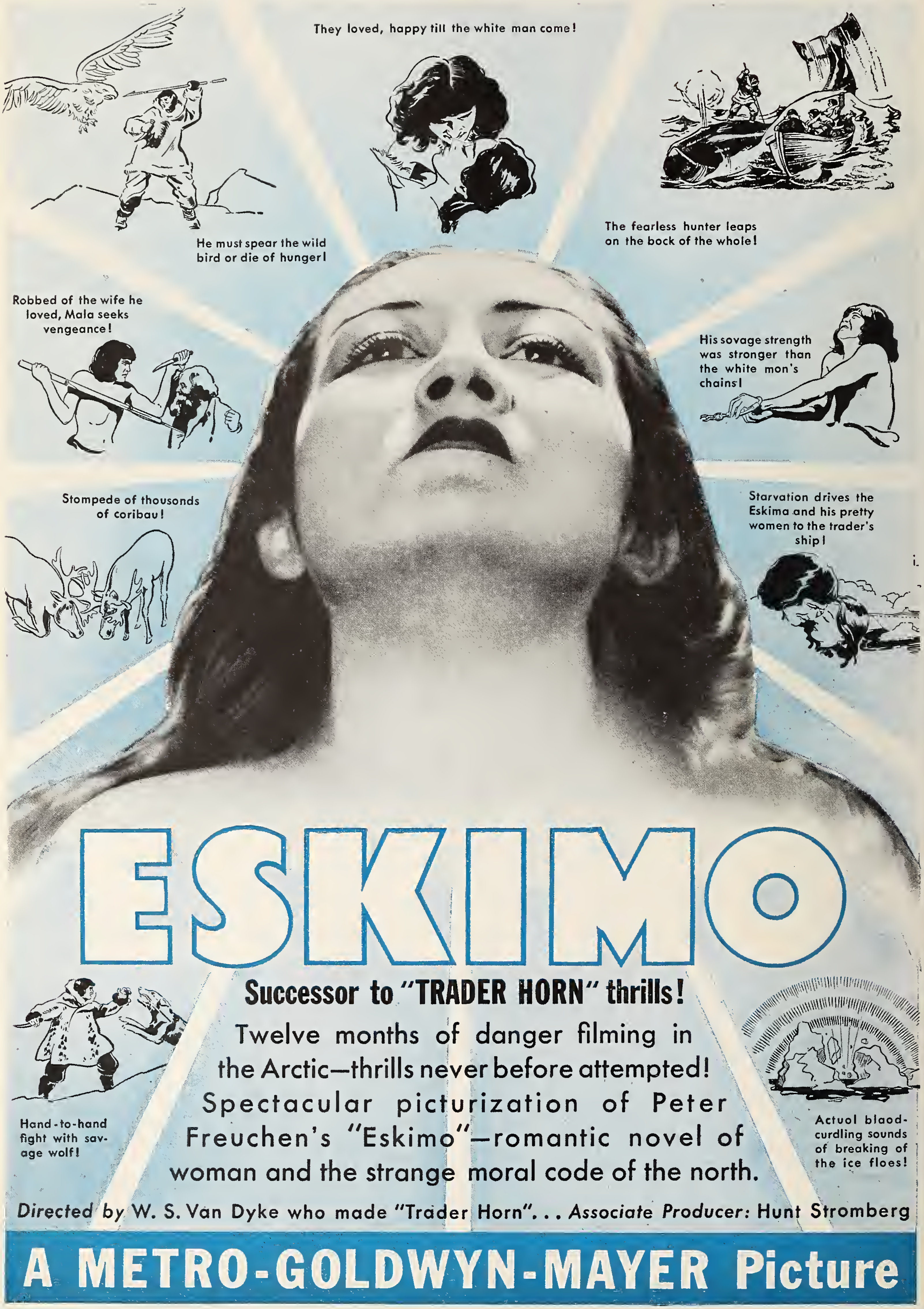

He must spear the wild bird or die of hunger!

They loved, happy till the white man came!

The fearless hunter leaps on the back of the whale!

Robbed of the wife he loved, Mala seeks vengeance!

His savage strength was stronger than the white man's chains!

Stampede of thousands of caribou!

Starvation drives the Eskimo and his pretty women to the trader's ship!

ESKIMO

Successor to "TRADER HORN" thrills!

Twelve months of danger filming in the Arctic—thrills never before attempted! Spectacular picturization of Peter Freuchen's "Eskimo"—romantic novel of woman and the strange moral code of the north.

Hand-to-hand fight with savage wolf!

Actual blood-curdling sounds of breaking of the ice floes!

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke who made "Trader Horn"... *Associate Producer:* Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

FEB 10 1934

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REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

MARCH 1934

VOLUME FOUR
NUMBER FIVE

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Representative

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

PAGE

A VISIT TO NORMA SHEARER ON THE SET OF "RIP TIDE"
Norma Comes Back to Pictures ELIZABETH WILSON 14
"I'M IN LOVE".......................................PATRICIA KEATS 16
Myrna Loy Is Radiant With Happiness
CLICKED TWICE ....CHARLES GRAYSON 17
Douglass Montgomery Makes the Grade a Second Time
SOME GROW—SOME SWELL..................ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 18
Famous Writer Points Out the Faults of a Few Stars
ALL THE WORLD FOLLOWS THE STARS...........MURIEL BABCOCK 20
Hollywood Creates the Fads and Fashions
STARS AT WORK...S. R. MOOK 22
A Survey of the Studios and Lots
THE ASSASSINS OF HOLLYWOOD.........................RUTH BIERY 24
The Stars Have Good Reason to Fear the "Typers"
"DESIGN FOR STARRING"...........................LENORE SAMUELS 27
Miriam Hopkins, Star of Broadway and Hollywood
THERE IS ONLY ONE DOROTHEA!.................HARRIET PARSONS 47
Dorothea Wieck Is Different

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE OPENING CHORUS.. 5
REVIEWS—IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS.................................. 6
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?"... 8
OVERTURES TO BEAUTY...MARY LEE 10
"Allure"
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS... 13
FAN MAIL DEPARTMENT... 28
Letters Answered by the Stars
REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN.. 48
SILVER SCREEN PATTERN DEPARTMENT....................................... 73
Send for a Ginger Rogers' Pattern
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE...................CHARLOTTE HERBERT 74
THE FINAL FLING...THE EDITOR 74

ART SECTION—Portfolio of Players

PAT PATERSON, NEW BRITISH BEAUTY.. 31
CONSTANCE BENNETT, THE TITLED STAR..................................... 32
JACK HOLT, VACATION DAYS.. 33
MARGARET SULLAVAN, MOST RECENT HIT..................................... 34
KATHARINE HEPBURN, CENTER OF DISCUSSION............................... 35
JEANETTE MACDONALD, BLONDE SONG-BIRD.................................. 36
OTTO KRUGER, ALWAYS GAINING... 37
THE "HOMIEST HOME"...38-39
Bing Crosby's New House
WYNNE GIBSON AND PRESTON FOSTER.. 40
DOLORES DEL RIO AND AL JOLSON... 41
GENEVIEVE TOBIN, ADOLPHE MENJOU, EDWARD EVERETT HORTON............ 42
DAUGHTERS OF STYLE.. 44
Dorothy Lee and Helen Mack
EVELYN VENABLE AND FREDRIC MARCH.. 46

COVER PORTRAIT OF MYRNA LOY
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

The OPENING CHORUS

Claudette Colbert all dressed for the last time. She starts "Cleopatra" in the morning.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT recently had a run-in with a six-year-old that quite embarrassed her. The child, a pretty girl with freckles, visited the "Night Bus" company while they were on location in Sunland, in the mountains back of Hollywood. All morning the child watched Claudette and Clark Gable with wide, all-seeing eyes. When lunch was called she ankled over to Claudette and said, "You've got on a wig, haven't you?" Claudette nearly fell out of her chair.

"Y-yes," she agreed. "You see I have to have long hair in this scene and my own hair is cut quite short."

"And you've got paint on your face," Miss Six-Year-Old informed her critically.

"Yes," Claudette agreed, paling under the close scrutiny and fearing what might come next, "All actresses have to wear paint when being photographed."

"Well," said the child, "I wish I was as cute as you are," and walked away.

◆

Lilyan Tashman has a new theory about a woman's hair—and a darned good theory, too, if you ask us, which you haven't. She thinks a woman will rate more male attention if she takes the trouble to change her hairdress at least twice a year. Not just a lock or a swirl or a curl—but a change so decided that when she enters the living room her husband will jump up and say, "My heavens, what have you done to your hair?"

◆

All is not "prop" on a studio set, as Carole Lombard discovered recently, much to her chagrin. She had to wear a very sheer chiffon negligee for one of her scenes in "Bolero" and, arriving on the set too soon, she looked around for a comfortable place to park herself until she was needed. A block of prop ice was handy—but it turned out to be real ice! And was Carole's -er-face red!

REVIEWS

IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS

John Lodge and Marlene Dietrich in the Paramount picture, "The Scarlet Empress," which is the new title for the Catherine of Russia story.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS—Fair. (*Col*) The fictional exploits of a newsreel camera-man provide some exciting moments. (Robt. Armstrong, Dorothy Wilson.)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN—Fair. (*UA*) Lee Tracy as a fast-talking newspaper reporter who gets demoted to a lonely hearts' column—and is he mortified! Sally Blane and Sterling Holloway support him nobly.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND—Fine. (*Par*) Film version of Lewis B. Carroll's classic, beloved by generations of children and now claimed to be a lofty satire by intellectual adults. (All-star cast, led by Charlotte Henry as "Alice.")

ALL OF ME—Fine. (*Par*) A combination of Fredric March & Miriam Hopkins versus Geo. Raft & Helen Mack can't go wrong, especially when the story has to do with the intense power of love.

CONVENTION CITY—Grand Fun. (*WB*) The wives of travelling salesmen are going to be a leetle bit suspicious of their lords and masters after this one. (Joan Blondell, Guy Kibbee, Adolphe Menjou.)

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW—Excellent. (*RKO*) A perfect screen replica of a compelling play. John Barrymore as the East Side lawyer who rises to great heights in his profession. (Bebe Daniels, Doris Kenyon.)

CRADLE SONG—Very beautiful. (*Par*) Poignant story of a nun whose longing for motherhood is vicariously gratified. (Dorothea Wieck.)

CRIMINAL AT LARGE—Good. (*Gaumont-Gainsborough*) A British film based on one of Edgar Wallace's spooky mysteries. Well cast and directed.

DAN G LADY—Excellent. (*MGM*) You're bound to like this latest Joan Crawford picture of back-stage life It's got what it takes—besides boasting such names as Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Fred Astaire.

DARK HAZARD—Good. (*WB*) Eddie G. Robinson as a "gentleman gambler" and dog racer. In fact the title refers to Eddie's pet dog, for love of which he even neglects his wife, the beauteous Genevieve Tobin.

DAWN TO DAWN—Unusual. (*Macpherson*) An unpretentious film, but compelling because of its tragic simplicity. Just three characters in it—Julie Hayden, Ole M. Ness, Frank Eklof.

DESIGN FOR LIVING—Highly sophisticated. (*Par*) A diverting comedy about three charming people who vary the "conventional code" to suit themselves. (Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Gary Cooper.)

DINNER AT EIGHT—Superb. (*MGM*) Don't bother about the food. It's the impressive cast that counts. And what a story! If you miss this, you're crazy. (Dressler, Harlow, the Barrymores, Beery, Evans, Billie Burke.)

EASY TO LOVE—Fine. (*WB*) A sophisticated domestic comedy, with such charming performers as Mary Astor, Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin and Edward Everett Horton.

ESKIMO—Unusual. (*MGM*) Director Van Dyke takes the bows for this fascinating story filmed in the Arctic with native talent. Malo (the lead) is certainly destined for "matinee-idol raves."

FAREWELL TO LOVE—Charming. If you are partial to exquisite scenery and tender melodies, see this foreign film starring Jan Kiepura, the tenor so effective in "Be Mine Tonight."

FILM PARADE, THE—Interesting. J. Stuart Blackton, veteran producer of silent days, gives us a "cavalcade of the motion picture," taking us as far back as Tut-Anhk-amen's day to better illustrate his idea.

FOG—Fair. (*Col*) The popular Sat. Eve. Post mystery, laid on a de luxe liner out at sea, becomes a so-so film. The cast includes names like Edmund Lowe, Onslow Stevens, Mary Brien, Donald Cook.

FRONTIER MARSHALL—Fine. (*Fox*) This effective Western takes us back to the colorful Tombstone Valley days. There is an excellent supporting cast for George O'Brien.

GALLANT LADY—Fine. (*UA*) Women will love this drama in which lovely Ann Harding runs the entire gamut of emotions. Sustaining her at various crises are Clive Brook, Otto Kruger, Tullio Carminati, Dickie Moore.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM—Amusing. (*Par*) A trip to the Left Bank of Paris where American artists seem to have a tough time making ends meet. (Chas. Ruggles, Chas. Farrell, Marguerite Churchill.)

HE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Fair. (*Monogram*) A yarn concerning a youth (Ray Walker) who is forever losing his job. (Virginia Cherrill, Geo. Stone.)

HIS DOUBLE LIFE—Interesting. (*Par*) A screen come-back for Lillian Gish! Here she plays in a unique yarn from the pen of Arnold Bennett, with Roland Young as her team-mate.

HOUSE ON 56TH STREET—Splendid. (*WB*) A stirring society-drama that will repay you for deserting the radio. (Kay Francis, Gene Raymond.)

IF I WERE FREE—Good. (*RKO*) Ye olde Triangle again—set against a lavish, sophisticated background that proves most alluring, and suavely acted by Irene Dunne, Clive Brook, Nils Asther, Laura Hope Crews.

I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Fair. (*U*) Good cast (including Eddie Gribbon, Gloria Stuart, Marion Marsh) good direction and sets, but story only so-so.

I WAS A SPY—Excellent, (*Brit. Guumont*) As the title indicates, this is a war story—vital, compelling, convincing, with a total absence of synthetic glamour, Fine cast includes Herbert Marshall, a beauty named Madeleine Carroll, and Conrad Veidt.

JIMMY AND SALLY—Fine. (*Fox*) A swell business yarn that you'll like. Jimmy Dunn and Claire Trevor in the name parts.

LADIES MUST LIVE—Just Fair. (*U*) June Knight is given a chance to sing and dance in this story of a Broadway showgirl. Neil Hamilton in cast.

LADY KILLER—Good. (*WB*) You've learned to expect boisterous comedy from Jimmy Cagney, and here you get it, although a bit rougher in spots than usual. Mae Clarke is the damsel that gets kicked around.

LITTLE WOMEN—Splendid. (*RKO*) The outstanding picture of the year! The Louisa M. Alcott classic actually comes alive in this film, headed by Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee, Jean Parker.

MAN'S CASTLE, A—Good. (*Col*) A shack on the waterfront is Spencer Tracy's "castle," and to it he brings homeless Loretta Young. But that's only the beginning . . .

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL—Just passable. (*Monarch*) Our heroine tries to be ultra-modern and have a trial marriage. Later she learns that she was married (while intoxicated) all the time. (Barbara Kent, Don. Dilloway.)

MASSACRE—Fair. (*WB*) Dick Barthelmess in a story of the white man's vaunted superiority on the Indian Reservations. (Ann Dvorak, Dudley Digges.)

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN—Fine. (*Par*) A timely topic which, in spite of excellent entertainment values, is excellent propaganda against kidnapping. (Dorothea Wieck, Baby LeRoy, Alice Brady.)

POOR RICH, THE—Very amusing. (*U*) Instead of the **nouveau riche**, we have the new poor trying to keep up appearances. Fine cast headed by Edna Mae Oliver and Edward Everett Horton.

RAINBOW OVER BRO. DWAY—Fine. (*Chest.*) A breezy family from the sticks hits Broadway—result, an amusing musical. (Lucian Littlefield, Joan Marsh, and Grace Hayes, a well known vaudeville trouper.)

RIGHT TO ROMANCE—Good. (*RKO*) Story of a beauty surgeon (Ann Harding) whose absorbing work handicaps her emotional life. Supporting cast includes Nils Asther, Robert Young, Sari Maritza.

ROMAN SCANDALS—Excellent. (*UA*) Never a dull moment when Eddie Cantor's around. In addition you're treated to extravagant settings, joyous tunes, gorgeous girls. (Gloria Stuart, Verree Teasdale.)

SECRET SINNERS—Only Fair. (*Mayfair*) A musical with a backstage atmosphere, featuring Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, Cecilia Parker.

SENSATION HUNTERS—Good. (*Monogram*) A trip to a cabaret in Panama is as good an excuse as any to dodge the wintry blasts. Interesting story acted by Creighton Hale, Juanita Hansen, Marion Burns.

SHAKEDOWN, THE—Fair. (*WB*) A saga of the corner drugstore, reminiscent of large glass jars filled with pink and green lozenges. Ricardo Cortez, Bette Davis, Chas. Farrell in cast.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE—Fine. (*MGM*) Sophisticated farce with Alice Brady in one of her fluttery roles, backed up staidly by Lionel Barrymore & Conway Tearle. Mary Carlisle good as an **ingenue.**

SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE—Fair. (*Maj.*) "All for love and the world well lost" is the theme of this tragic drama featuring Zita Johann & Paul Cavanagh.

SITTING PRETTY—Fine. (*Par*) Jack Oakie and Jack Haley (of the stage) make a swell comedy team in this very entertaining musical. Ginger Rogers and Thelma Todd as the gals who lead them astray.

STRAWBERRY ROAN, THE—Fine. (*U*) A swell Western with Ken Maynard donning the jaunty sombrero of its star.

TAKE A CHANCE—Good. (*Par*) A popular Broadway musical turned into a moderately entertaining film. (June Knight. James Dunn, Buddy Rogers.)

WHEN A MAN RIDES ALONE—Fair. (*Monarch*) Another Western—this time with Tom Tyler taking stellar honors.

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Just Fairish (*Chadwick*) A couple of dozen old plots rolled into one to make this back-stage musical, featuring Lilyan Tashman & Lew Cody.

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Fine. (*B.I.*) Filmed in England by Monty Banks, an American, and featuring Thelma Todd (another American) and Stanley Lupino, this musical has haunting tunes and beaucoup comedy.

Marlene Dietrich

in

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)

directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

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What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise will be awarded prizes. $15 for first prize, $10 for second prize, and $5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

Please Pass the Raspberries

First Prize

"WE hear criticism of Garbo's feet, which, we hear, fit comfortably into plus average shoes," writes M. G. Eibergen of Granton, Wisc., "but, oh, how we would love to be in her shoes and be able to fill them as she does."

Second Prize

"I THINK it was too bad in 'Alice in Wonderland,'" says Helen Cleveland of Winfield Avenue, Baltimore, Md., "that there could not have been just a little tag somewhere on those wonderful creatures, to let us know instantly who they were. I heard folks sitting near me, just as puzzled as I was *as to who was who!*"

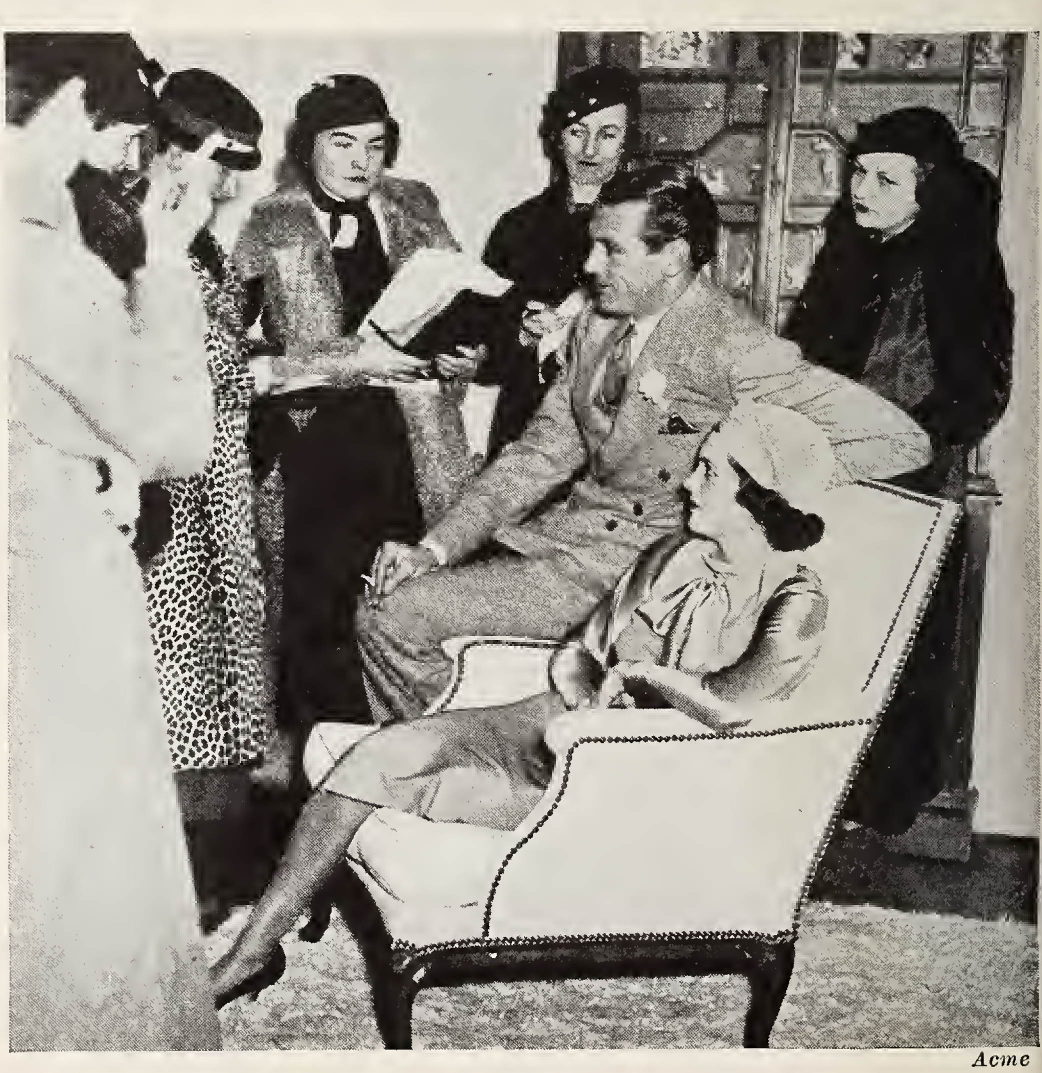
Lewis Carroll would have done it.

Third Prize

ROBERTA BUTTERFIELD of North Troy, Vt., writes "I wish to say that Lionel Barrymore's characterization in 'One Man's Journey' was perfect. My dad is a doctor and takes his pay often in potatoes, wood, chickens, etc. He has practiced over thirty years and often has thought himself a failure. But I know he isn't, for the people tell me how much they respect and trust him. My eyes filled with tears as I watched the lovable actor, Lionel Barrymore, pay tribute to *my* beloved country doctor."

"WHY not have a picture with nothing but old time favorites in the cast, such as Clara Kimball Young, Norma Terris, Anita Stewart, J. Warren Kerrigan, Blanche Sweet and Francis X. Bushman—all in the same picture?" asks Estelle Urban of E. Ontario St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Good idea. We saw Nita Naldi and Mae Murray at the Garbo opening. They looked wonderful.



Acme

What New York newspaper women look like. Gary Cooper and the new bride, *nee* Sandra Shaw, receive the press.

ANNA M. DRISCOLL of Union St., New Bedford, Mass., waxes poetic. "Jokey Jack Oakie, Gay Fay Wray, Racy Lee Tracy, Coy Myrna Loy, Able Clark Gable, Lady Alice Brady, Clown Joe E. Brown, Speeler Ruby Keeler, Scion Ben Lyon, Vixen Marian Nixon, Super Gary Cooper."

Anna Gets the Banana.

"I WAS born and raised on a farm and I love the country. But I can't remember when I've ever seen a *real* farm or country picture," writes Thelma Burger of Rogers Ave., West Springfield, Mass.

Careful, you'll start a "trend."

"TOO often we find an excellent feature picture accompanied on the program by inferior short subjects. Why doesn't an imaginative producer supply a short comedy and—let us say—a travelogue to go with the main film?" asks Lois Kaylor of Grand Avenue, New York City.

It's being done—Warners, for example—but short subjects are never in harmony with anything.

"I WONDER just how much of the beauty of the screen stars is due to the skill of the make-up man or the photographer," writes Mildred Hundley of Manchester, Iowa. "I can't believe that they're really as lovely as we see them."

They are lovelier, Mildred. The camera having only one eye cannot see form. Also, theatres with projectors above the screen, distort everything. Miriam Hopkins is so beautiful that when you see her your heart trembles.

"LIONEL BARRYMORE'S acting is masterly in 'Night Flight,'" writes Irwin Pollack of West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. "His portrayal as an itching night watchman lives with me to this day. Whenever I think of that particular picture I begin scratching myself."

The most famous itch.

"THERE is a real thrill in seeing the dancers featured on Broadway," writes Dorothy R. Spicer of Blaisdell St., Minneapolis, Minn. "Fred Astaire's dancing in 'Flying Down to Rio' has twice delighted me, and I could see it many more times—it's something radio can't give us!"

Radio, the enemy of pictures, again branded inferior.

"ANYONE can do Mae West's walk with a little practice. Why, even I, who am no more like la West than Greta Garbo, can strut about in that curiously tantalizing fashion," writes Irene M. Woodruff, of Monument Square, Charlestown, Mass. "It's very simple, and is done, not with mirrors, but with a limber hip movement, like the initial movement of the Charleston, if you remember that, and a flexing of the knees as you move. Synchronize the two and you have the typical Mae West walk. And much good may it do you!"

Don't believe my wife would appreciate it.

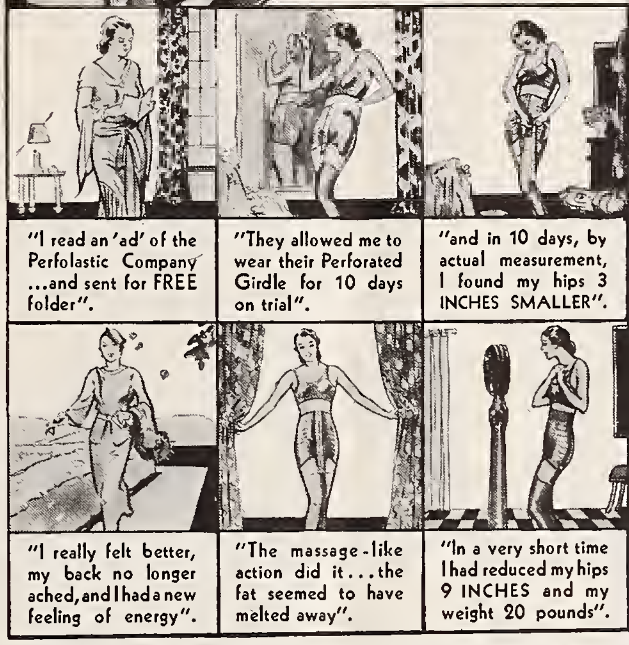
"I HAVE a complaint against the female stars of the screen. Why don't they try to make us laugh? Is it only the men who can be funny?" asks Edith Sargent of West 103rd St., New York City. "Are they all dying for admiration? Why not forget themselves and their dignity, and dig up a sense of humor?"

Did you ever see a dream laughing?

TEST the...
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
...for 10 days at our expense!

WHY JEAN! HOW DID YOU GET SO THIN?

"I have REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES"
...writes Miss Healy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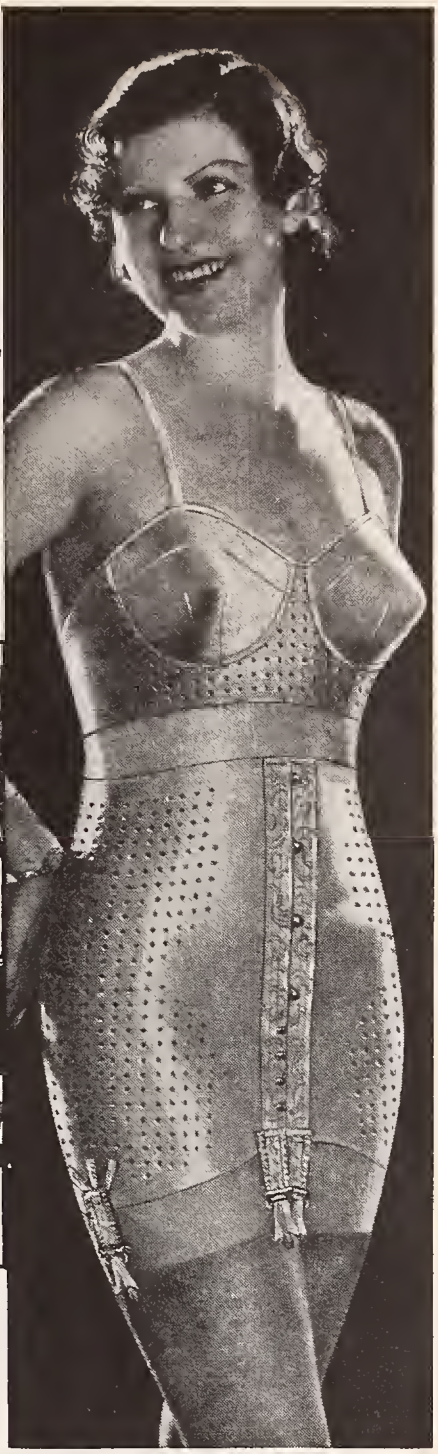
"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".
"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, I found my hips 3 INCHES SMALLER".
"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".
"The massage-like action did it...the fat seemed to have melted away".
"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds".



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...or it won't cost you one cent!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

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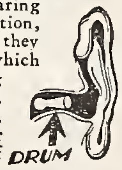
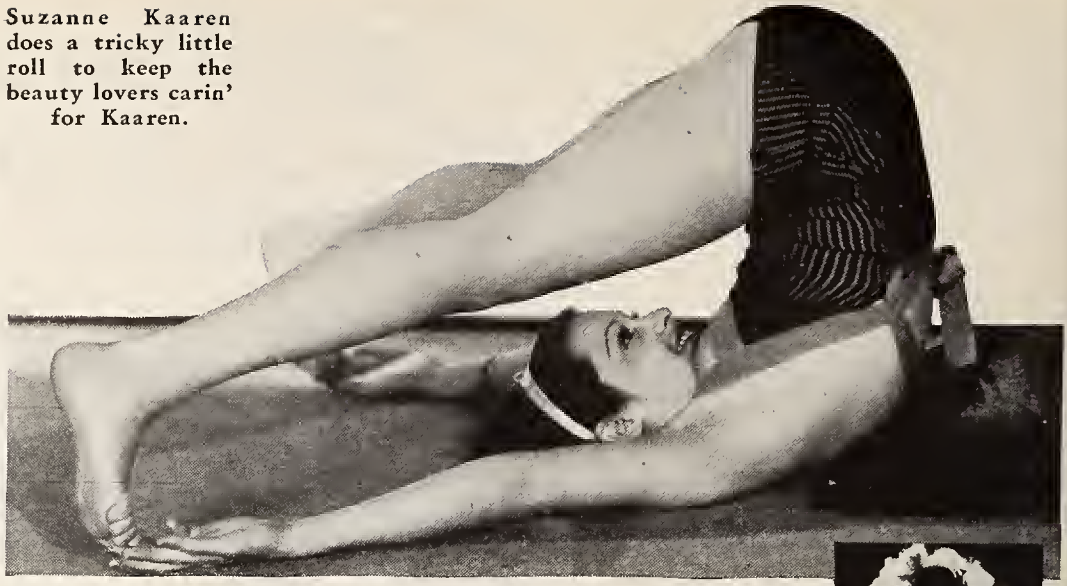




Suzanne Kaaren does a tricky little roll to keep the beauty lovers carin' for Kaaren.

OVERTURES TO BEAUTY "ALLURE"

Suzanne Kaaren

By Mary Lee

WHEN a bright young lady like Suzanne Kaaren, at the tender age of sixteen or seventeen, comes to Hollywood and shows the world that an ingenue can have *allure* . . . well, it's something to make all of us sit up and take notice. Hers is not the allure of the drooping eyes, the sweeping eyelashes, the languid gestures and the worldly boredom. Quite the contrary. Suzanne looks worldly enough, but it's a bright, gay world that she knows, and she's not bored with it. Her eyes are big enough, but they look at you boldly, full of challenge. Her lashes are long, but they curl upward, perkily. Her gestures are poised, but full of spirit. In brief, if you will look at the tiny picture of her on the right, you will see that Suzanne has one of the most coveted qualities in the world—and that is an *animated* charm and allure.

She is typical of the girls in Hollywood who are too young to practice the Greta Garbo or Marlene Dietrich kind of allure, but who are smart enough to know that people like vivacity and spontaneity. Yet they haven't a bit of the flapper or "kid" about them either. They're beyond that stage. The anxiety of waiting for their careers to open up is a serious matter. They waste no time just sitting idly by and hoping for things to happen. No siree, for there is nothing more deadening than that. Once they lose the sparkle in their eyes, the svelteness of their figures, or the smiles on their faces, they're licked—before they begin. So, if you're wondering how they keep their spirits up and their weight down—"Vell," like Baron Munchausen, "I'll tell you."

Remember that many of these newcomers haven't a lot of money to spend (even as you and I), so they create beauty for themselves. And the most important part of their daily beauty program is exercise. If you, too, want to look as alive and vibrant as Suzanne Kaaren does, then you've got to keep your body that way by doing Suzanne's stunts. Call these stunts dancing, gymnastics, or whatever sounds most pleasant to you—but don't forget that they're work, *hard work*.

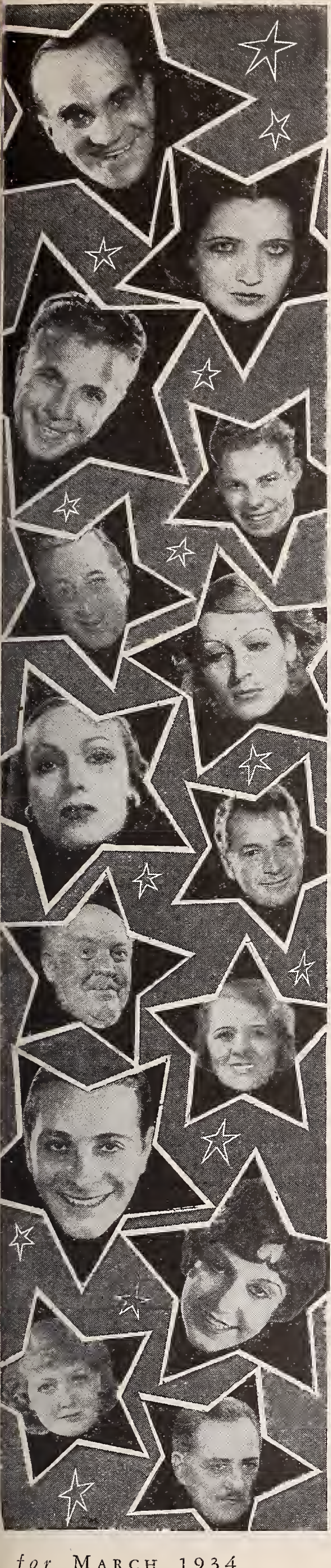
The best time for these exercises is early morning. Throw a thin mattress on the floor, or a pair of double-thick blankets, and get to work. (The pad helps prevent bruises, if you're susceptible.) One of the easiest is the exercise illustrated above. Lie flat on the mat, with your arms over your head. Then sit up and touch your feet with your hands; then roll back again and lift both legs over your head, and pull them down till your toes touch the ground. Do this all in one even roll, and repeat eight or ten times. This gets at those fleshy mounds over your hips, and limbers the waistline.

Now—and this one is a little harder—turn over on your stomach, and, reaching backward, grasp both ankles with your hands. Lifting your head from the ground, pull your arms in, draw up your legs as far as you can, and rock back and forth on your stomach. Relax, and sink back to the original position. Then up and at 'em, and try it all over again. This develops a hard, firm stomach, strengthening the stomach muscles and literally rolling off the fat.

Now for those kicking exercises. Not only should you do that old one of lying on your back and kicking first one leg, then the other, into the air, or lifting them slowly, but lie on your left side, with your right hand on the floor in front of you, and then kick your right leg up near your shoulder. Turn over on your right side and repeat with your left leg. Also, try kicking backwards as you lie on your stomach, propped up on your elbows, always trying to touch your head.

After these lying-down exercises, see if you can take it standing up. The old leaning-over-and-touching-the-ground starts this series off. Here's a more complicated version, however. Lean first toward the left foot and grab your ankle firmly with both hands. Then, holding on to your ankle, try drawing your head down to your knee, keeping your leg stiff, of course, and *no fair* cheating! After a few days of practice, you should be able to make these ends meet. Do the same on the left side

[*Continued on page* 12]



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RICARDO CORTEZ	HAL LEROY
FIFI D'ORSAY	GUY KIBBEE
HUGH HERBERT	KATHRYN SERGAVA
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New Relief Works Faster—Modern Doctors Approve

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It is foolish to let any of the ordinary aches and pains distress you. You can be sure to feel well at any particular time and need have no wasted afternoons and evenings.

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Overtures to Beauty

[*Continued from page* 10]

of course. Then, after you get really expert, try walking while you hang on to both ankles. This straightens out those crooked muscles that stretch all the way up and down the backs of your legs, and, at the same time, it squeezes off the fat in front.

For the waistline, there's nothing better than to stand with your legs and the lower part of your torso absolutely still, fold your arms and swing the upper part of your body from right to left, as far as it will go.

Incidentally, since a lot of you have been writing me about bust development, here's one that will give you a nice high chest, and the appearance of a larger bust, if you keep at it regularly. However, someone must help you do it. Stretch your arms up above your head. Have some one grab each of your hands and then slowly draw your arms to the side and back, and, very gently, pull them together so they meet at a point about even with your waistline. I'll guarantee they won't meet at first . . . if they do, you're not doing it right. What does this have to do with your bust line? Why, the further you stretch your arms like that, the more you increase your chest expansion.

These exercises, tiring as they may be at first, really stir up new life in your veins. The exertion gives you better circulation, which helps reduce waste tissue to just nothing at all. But don't be too anxious about this reducing business in the beginning. You won't lose half as much as you expect to—or would like to. It takes a week or two for the pounds to start rolling. But once they start—my! how they fly!

The improved circulation will have good effects on your skin, as well as your figure. You'll probably find yourself even picking up a bit of country-air color. But most important of all, this activity will give you that glorious glow which is the very essence of the new Suzanne Kaaren allure.

◆

WHEN Ricardo Cortez met Dolores Del Rio on the "Wonder Bar" set the day they were to rehearse for their spectacular dance, he said, "Look at me. I started out to be a great dramatic actor and what do I turn out to be? An adagio dancer."

LISTEN IN!
SILVER SCREEN
Is On The Air

The representatives of SILVER SCREEN, in Hollywood, prepare for you each Friday the interesting news of the motion picture players. They visit the sets and talk with the stars. They listen to the "play-back" and see the previews. They watch events transpire, and then wire their reports for this broadcast. All with the accuracy and good humor that you will find in SILVER SCREEN.

Every Friday, 2 P. M.
STATION
WMCA
New York

SILVER SCREEN

TOPICS *for* GOSSIPS

HAVE Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson decided to call off this marriage business? Or is it a temporary tiff? Or is it just a lot of nonsense from a lot of gabby gossipers? Anyway over the chicken a la king in the Brown Derby they are saying that Jean has moved back to her home in Bel Air with her mother and step-father, while Hal lives on alone in the honeymoon love nest at the Marmont. Well, some people like it that way.

◆

GARY COOPER had the most chaperoned honeymoon in history. Not only did Sandra's mother and father accompany the young couple to Arizona, but Judge and Mrs. Cooper also joined them there.

◆

THE biggest surprise Hollywood has had in years was when Kay Francis announced—after arriving in New York—that she was divorcing Kenneth McKenna. Even the most suspicious of the gossip writers didn't suspect it. Kay told Warner Brothers that she was going to spend Christmas in New York with her husband or else— And she told all her intimate friends here that she and Ken were planning the merriest of holidays. And then came the divorce news! You can't even believe your own eyes these days.

◆

ALL the boys on the Paramount lot, including Freddie March, W. C. Fields and Charlie Ruggles, tried to crash the set of "Bolero" the day that Sally Rand was scheduled to do her famous fan dance. But there were bars *that* thick across the door—not even Georgie Raft could get in and he's in the picture. So the boys just up and sneaked in on the "Good Dame" set where Dorothy Dell, the "Miss Universe of 1930," was making her film debut with a hoochy-kootchy number.

◆

CLARK GABLE has gone in for race horses in a big way. And Mrs. Gable is just as excited over them as Clark is.

◆

"LITTLE WOMEN" was such a grand success that now Radio aims to do "Pride and Prejudice," written some many years ago by Jane Austin. As many of the "Little Women" cast as possible will be used again—but especially Katharine Hepburn and Joan Bennett.

◆

AT COLLEEN MOORE'S cocktail party recently there could have been a lot of chilled glances and awkward pauses when Gloria Swanson ran into her former Marquis—now Connie's. And Marion Nixon with a new boy friend ran into Eddie Hillman, her recent "ex," who now escorts Mary Carlisle places. But everybody talked and had a grand time.

IRVING THALBERG, JR., brought his Momma flowers the first day of her new picture, and Norma was *that* pleased that she blushed pink. But young Irving still says that the three little pigs are his screen favorites.

◆

AND Baby LeRoy has "gone Hollywood." Every time he comes into the Paramount publicity office now he tottles up to where his picture is hanging on the wall, points to it, and gurgles, "Baby." It doesn't take them long in Hollywood.

◆

WHATEVER you say about them you can't say that the Hollywood boys aren't good to their mothers. Jack Oakie took his "Maw" with him on his vacation to Honolulu and wrote back, "When I'm not ducking her at Waikiki, she's got me chasing around to women's clubs where I sit beaming and trying to balance teacups. She's wearing me out." And now Gene Raymond, the local Beau Brummel, has chased off to Europe for a six weeks' vacation, and has taken his mother with him.

◆

WHEN the Barrymores feel prankish there's nothing to do about it. John and the beautiful Dolores rarely go in for Hollywood parties, but this year, for some unknown reason, they decided to attend the swanky opening of the Mayfair. Dolores looked like "a Dream Walking" but the master appeared in old bedroom slippers and dark-colored glasses and spent most of the evening glaring at the profile of Mr. Warren William.

◆

WELL, it's the old story of your family never appreciating you. Alison Skipworth got a letter from her brother in the East, which said in part, "I saw you in Tillie and Gus. Why do you insist on staying in Hollywood? Please come home."

◆

NO MORE "eight handsome escorts" for Bette Davis for a long time now. Her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, is visiting her in Hollywood, and doesn't seem to care for "eight handsome escorts." Maybe we could interest him in "Eight Girls in a Boat"?

◆

TO WELCOME her home after a fierce struggle with old demon appendix in a local hospital, Joan Blondell's husband, George Barnes, presented her with a baby miniature Peke, which is just about as big as your hand and the cutest thing you ever saw. Joan promptly christened him "Cupcake."

◆

DESPITE all the rumors that Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewel eloped or something the week before Christmas—and there were millions of them—both Lee and Isabel say that they did no such thing, that they are not married, but that they expect to marry in about a year. But after the Lupe Velez episode and the Kay Francis divorce nobody believes anybody any more. However, dope that I am, I am inclined to believe Isabel and Lee. Isabel says she wants to be a real picture star before she marries Lee. But maybe she is just testing Lee before taking the final steps—just seeing if he can walk the straight and narrow for a year. Well, anyway, it's love all right. You just ought to see those two together at a night club or a party.

[*Continued on page* 51]

FIRST SIGNS OF SPRING

June Vlasek tries out her 1934 vivid green and white bathing suit, consisting of a tie-on brassiere and tie-on trunks. Specially designed for the tide on beaches.

A VISIT TO NORMA SHEARER

ON THE SET OF "RIP TIDE"

By Elizabeth Wilson

Charles MacArthur, author of "Rip Tide," took this snapshot of Norma and Baby Irving when they were all abroad.

OVER on stage 22 on the Metro lot (pronounced Meat-ro by the Governor of California at Marie Dressler's birthday dinner party, and you can be quite sure Louis B. Mayer won't invite him any more after that) there was much ado about getting on a boat. Of course it was only a piece of a boat and it wasn't going anywhere except back to the prop department, but everybody was awfully fussed up over getting on it. Dozens of extras in new tweed coats and snappy scarfs (Christmas presents, no doubt) were rushing madly for the gangplank while western union boys and stewards carrying luggage made it as difficult as possible for them.

And, in the midst of all the excitement there stood Norma Shearer ecstatically lost in the big bold arms of Herbert Marshall. Lucky girl. She was telling him above the uproar that she didn't want the pearl necklace—that just knowing him was enough. So I gathered that "Rip Tide," the first Shearer picture in a long time, too long a time, was well underway with Sex and Glamour straining at the leash. Strangers May Kiss A Free Soul—and *voila*—Rip Tide.

Thank heavens, Norma didn't go queenly on us, and instead of doing "Marie Antoinette," as was first announced, she's playing once more a smart young modern with sophisticated ideas about life and love and Bob Montgomery and swimming in the moonlight. Indeed, they tell me that there is a little swimming-in-their-best-clothes scene, which is faintly reminiscent of one of Tallulah Bankhead's Hollywood parties, where, at five in the morning, she and her guests jumped into the swimming pool in Hattie Carnegie models, diamond bracelets, top hats, white ties and tails. After that it became the smart thing to do, and you couldn't think of leaving a party until you had practically drowned in the swimming pool trying to manage your train. Charlie MacArthur, who dashed off the script of "Rip Tide," while he and Irving Thalberg and Norma and Helen Hayes were having a nasty time of it in their mud baths over in Germany, very likely heard about the new fad among the smart young people, in fact, very likely he did it himself, so he wrote in an extra sequence in his story. Well, if it becomes a fad out your way you might just as well know now that wrist watches take to water like cats, not ducks.

Anyway, they finally got Herbert Marshall (Bart to his friends), off on the boat—though, confidentially, I might just as well tell you that he really didn't sail after all that fuss they made about it, but got off the boat and married Norma and made her Lady Rexford and an honest woman, until Bob Montgomery came along one sunny afternoon on the Riviera. Hi ho—now you know.

Norma, released from the Marshall arms, came rushing over to speak to me just as if I were the Queen of England. When it comes to downright sheer cordiality and a hearty handshake you can't beat Norma. She has a way of making you feel that now that *you* have come life is at last utterly complete. You are so swept in by this cordiality (especially after the chilled looks and clammy mitts you get from some of the Glamorous Ones) that you don't mind in the least when she calls you Miss So-and-So when you are definitely Miss Whatsit. But you really can't hold that against Norma, for forgetting names and faces and numbers and appointments and—ah well, just forgetting—is one of her idiosyncrasies. Only that very morning she had gone up to Director Eddie Goulding (he made the old English curtsy famous in Hollywood), and said, "Eddie, What's my name?" Well, Eddie dropped her a curtsy and said he was under the impression that she was Norma Shearer, but he'd check on it with Irving Thalberg. "No, no," exclaimed Norma, "I remember my own name but I can't remember what name I have in the picture." Her name's Mary, a very difficult name to remember, to be sure.

We talked for fifteen minutes about Katharine Hepburn who, Norma thinks, is about the best actress on the screen. She has never met her personally, but so entranced is she with the Hepburn personality and ability that she runs her pictures over and over again on her own projection machine at her Santa Monica beach house. And then we talked about Helen Hayes, who is one of Norma's best friends, and of her sensational success in "Mary of Scotland" on Broadway this season. And then Herbert Marshall joined us and he and Norma had to retire to her dressing room to study their lines for the next scene.

"You once told me," I said in parting, "that your life's ambition was to be known as the Mad Shearer. How are you progressing? Do they refer to you as the Mad Monkess of Santa Monica yet?"

"Oh, I've tried so hard to be *Mad*," she said regretfully, "but it just seems to be against my nature. I can be vague, forgetful, and slightly crazy at times, but I just can't do those delicious little insane things that delightfully mad people do. I can't stay on boats after that all-visitors-ashore gong rings, and I'm always too dead asleep at three in the morning to call up London, and I've never had the nerve to go to a party in a night gown when the hostess says, 'Don't dress.' I suppose I am frightfully *bourgeois*."

Norma is too intelligent to be insane—that's her trouble. Watching her on the set, talking to her, you get the very definite idea that here at last are brains all bundled up with charm and beauty. However, I may say that when I

Norma Shearer Comes Back to Pictures in the Same Gay Spirit That Made "Private Lives" so delightful.

last saw Norma she was doing right well towards accomplishing her life's ambition. I was sitting in the drawing room of her most attractive beach house waiting for her to remember that she had a date with me when suddenly the door burst open and there was a wild bare-footed creature in a mink coat! (And Ophelia only sang songs and threw flowers!) But it seems that every time there is a thick fog Mrs. Thalberg just can't resist taking off her shoes and going for a turn up and down the deserted beach. She likes to feel the sand wriggle between her toes. Which is all right—but ah—that mink coat! Can't you just hear the gentle fisher folk and the sea gulls whisper to one another, "There goes Mad Shearer again."

On Norma's sets there is always an orchestra—just as Joan Crawford must have her victrola and her favorite records, so must Norma have her three musicians who play appropriate ditties. Norma has had these same three musicians for six years or more, ever since silent pictures, when a little Hearts and Flowers was better for tears than glycerin. Of course, with talkies, the musicians can only play between takes. The morning I was on the set they were playing the Song of the Islands. Herbert Marshall said it made him think he was back in Hawaii again with Four Frightened People and DeMille—but he was just as glad he wasn't.

There was quite a stir on the set when Mrs. Pat Campbell and little Moonbeam entered. Mrs. Pat is what Hollywood calls a "character" because she is very English and calls a spade a spade —and a kept woman a—er—kept woman. Which practically ruined her socially when she was here before. She plays Herbert Marshall's plain spoken, brittle, old aunt in the picture. When Director Eddie Goulding was discussing the part with her he told her, "You see, you play a very grand middle-aged English lady, something like yourself. . . ."

"Middle-aged, bosh," commented Mrs. Pat, "I'll be seventy years old, to a day, on February 9, and

[*Continued on page* 52]

She calls you Miss So-and-So when you're really Miss What-Is-It, but you can't hold that against Norma, for forgetting is one of the things she does so charmingly.

"I'M IN LOVE"

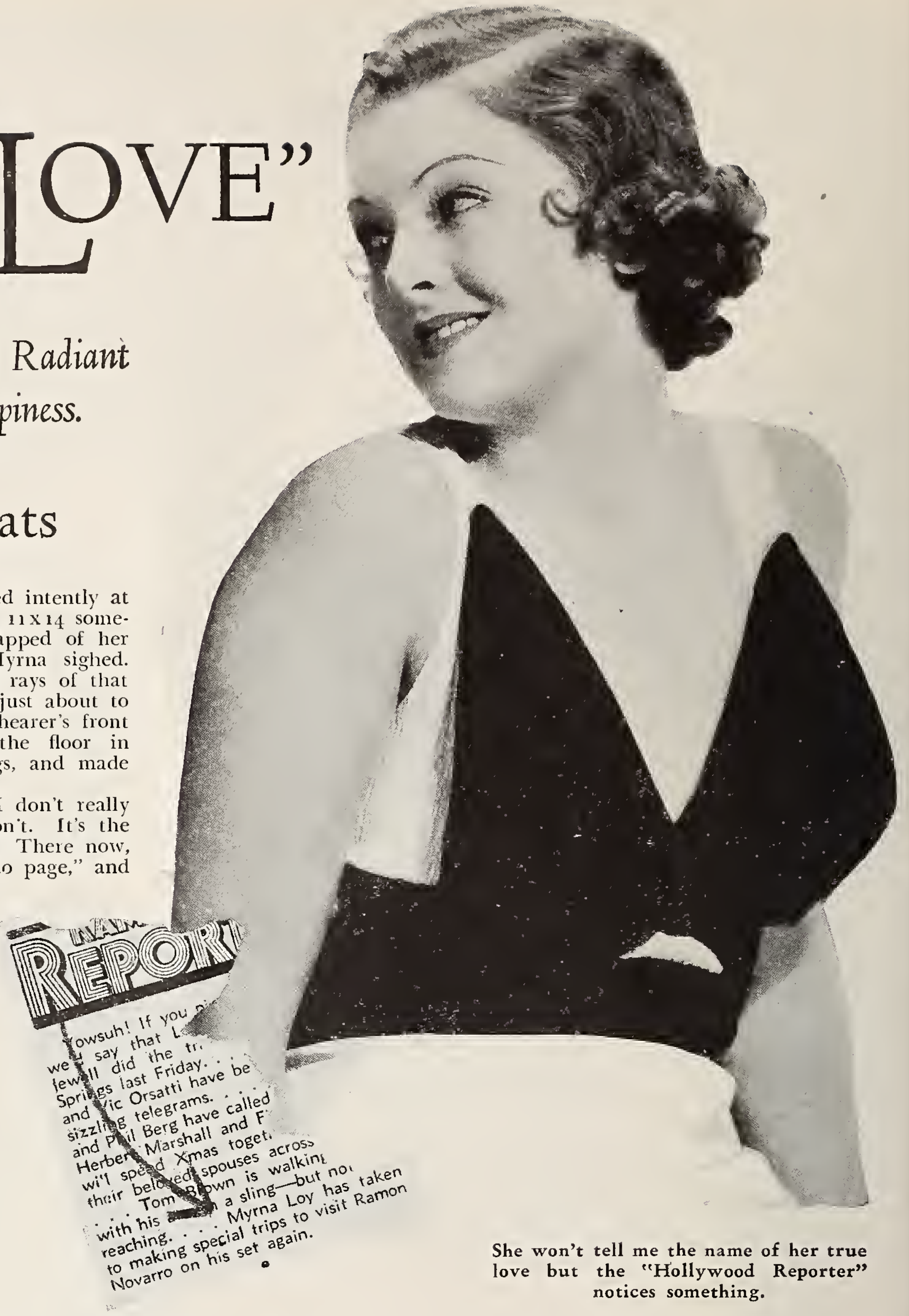
Myrna Loy Is Radiant With Happiness.

By Patricia Keats

MYRNA of the Hollywood Loys gazed intently at her latest fashion portrait—a little 11x14 something that Clarence Bull had snapped of her two nights before at the studio—and Myrna sighed. Then she held it up to catch the fading rays of that muchly tooted California sun, which was just about to do dip-downs into the ocean in Norma Shearer's front yard. Then she put the picture on the floor in front of her, crossed her pajama-clad legs, and made faces at it.

"That," she said at last, "is terrible. I don't really look like that, do I? No, I'm sure I don't. It's the dress. It was two sizes too large for me. There now, my little buttercup, you'll never see a roto page," and viciously she drew a big black circle around le derriere—or is it *la derriere?* I must ask Claudette—and carefully nipping off the right hand corner she consigned fashion number ten to a pile of rejections on her left. Then she morosely regarded fashion number eleven, which was a little *chichi* something whipped together *pour le sport.*

(For the benefit of the uninitiated, I might mention that this little ceremony of nipping off corners and defiling pictures with pencil scratchings is thoroughly enjoyed by every Hollywood star. It's an occasion. After every portrait "sitting" in the studio gallery the star is allowed to look over the proofs and decide which ones she wants developed for publicity purposes, and which ones she hopes to high heavens she never sees again. It's probably the one time in the whole motion picture business where the star is allowed to scratch and chew and tear as much as she wants to. The "front office" never consults a star about a part, and the director never consults her about the way she wants to play it, but the photographer, the dope, always consults her about her pictures. *Entre nous,* it doesn't mean very much. For, time and again, stars have met themselves in Vanity Fair, and the fan magazines, and the Atlanta Constitution, in the same old sequins with gadgets on the shoulders that they definitely remember penciling and nipping. So what? So they do nip-ups. But where are they? Well, anyway, it's a pretty custom—like opening Parliament in London.)



REPOR

Yowsuh! If you
we'll say that L
Jewell did the tr
Springs last Friday. . .
and Vic Orsatti have be
sizzling telegrams. . . .
and Phil Berg have called
Herbert Marshall and F
will speed Xmas toget
their beloved spouses across
. . . Tom Brown is walkin
with his [illegible] a sling—but no
reaching. . . . Myrna Loy has taken
to making special trips to visit Ramon
Novarro on his set again.

She won't tell me the name of her true love but the "Hollywood Reporter" notices something.

While Myrna was growling and admiring (Oh she's quite a human person—that Loy girl—you'd like her), I took advantage of the occasion to look her over.

Without any aids of Lure—and, with the exception of lip rouge, there wasn't an aid in sight—I must say Myrna doesn't look like an Exotic One who would cause men to leave home and launch ships, nor on the other hand does she even slightly resemble Mona, the Hag. Although she has been a half caste, a heathen Chinee, a me-like-white-man, and a goddess of something impure on every screen in the country, Myrna, in real life, looks distinctly wholesome. She has reddish hair and freckles—quantities of them. Full lips, even teeth, and a giggle. She seems quite simple and unassuming—no swank or elegance or place-cards. But ah—she has the most devastating blue eyes with long curly lashes that come swooping down over them—and when those lashes swoop, then you know that despite all appearances all is not wholesome in Loy—thank goodness. Don't let the freckles and the red hair fool you. Cleopatra had freckles and red hair. Yes, indeed, when those lashes swoop you have a pretty good idea that Myrna knows where several bodies are buried. Frank-looking Myrna has her not so frank mysteries—and therein lies her charm. But I can't go into charm today—but anyway I'd just like to bundle up those swooping eyelashes and take them home with me.

Myrna lives in Hollywood's most up to date apartment house, guaranteed not to bend more than double during earthquakes. Of course Wynne Gibson insists that she bruised her head on the curbstone in front of the Clover Club during the little upheaval last March, but the management insists that it was Lee Tracy's balcony that bumped her. Besides Wynne and Lee, Ricardo Cortez and Isabel Jewel and Tom Gallery and Carlyle Blackwell also live there. The day I saw Myrna, she had taken temporary refuge in a very undesirable apartment on the second floor, until somebody had the decency to move out and let her get on the tenth floor, where she could get more swing for her money during the quakes. The apartment was in great disorder. Elinor Glyn would have had a fit—not a drape, or a soft light, or a tuberose, or a falling rose petal in the place. What—no Glamour? No, no Glamour.

[*Continued on page* 54]

CLICKED TWICE

Douglass Montgomery Made the Grade as Kent Douglass and, in "Little Women," Does It All Over Again.

By Charles Grayson

With Sylvia Sidney leaning on the necktie, Douglass appeared on Broadway in "Crime."

HE ALWAYS was a noisy kid. Lynne Fontanne once said that he even made a racket buttoning up an overcoat. But this morning he was even worse than usual. It was five o'clock, and cold. But he kept standing down there in the street and yelling until at last I went to the window, wondering how he had managed to live so long.

"Go away," I demanded inhospitably. "*Far* away."

"Let me in," he insisted. He was wearing a sweater and a pair of duck pants. He shivered. He held up three eggs. "Look, I've brought my breakfast."

I went down and let him in. It was the least I could do for the neighbors. For if he quit making noise himself, then he would start that monstrous old Pierce Arrow which crouched at the curb – the famous Leaping Death which for so many years has broken Southern California eardrums.

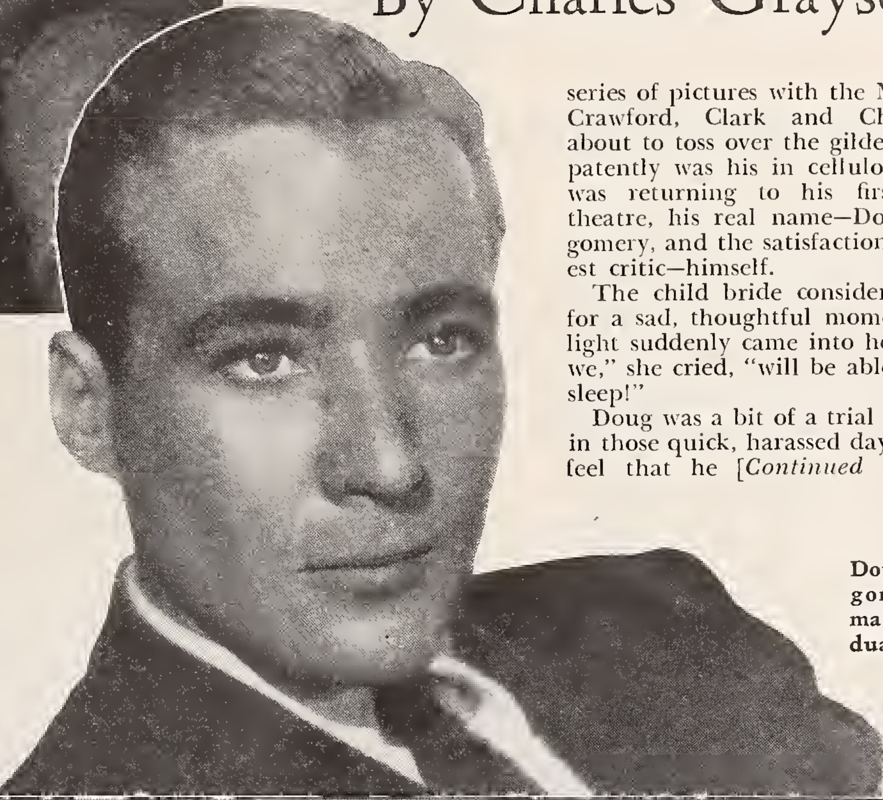
He came in and put the eggs on the mantepiece. He was trying to grin and be light, but it wasn't any good. He was about as gay as a guillotine. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Now?"

"Well, I did it," he said. "They boosted the offer up to twelve fifty a week, but I couldn't go it. I've been up all night, thinking. And I've decided to get out–back to New York."

My wife came in and I told her that we were about to lose our playmate. That our dramatic friend – whom the movies had grabbed from the stage, labeled "Kent Douglass," bleached the hair of, and marched through a series of pictures with the Misses Davies, Crawford, Clark and Chandler – was about to toss over the gilded future that patently was his in celluloid. That he was returning to his first love – the theatre, his real name—Douglass Montgomery, and the satisfaction of his severest critic—himself.

The child bride considered the news for a sad, thoughtful moment. Then a light suddenly came into her face. "And we," she cried, "will be able to get some sleep!"

Doug was a bit of a trial to his friends in those quick, harassed days. He didn't feel that he [*Continued on page* 52]



Douglass Montgomery — the man with the dual monickers.

"Little Women" was well received because of the delicacy of the treatment. Douglass deserves a large share of the credit.

SOME GROW—SOME SWELL

Famous Writer Points Out the Faults of a Few Stars—Just to Make Them Better Boys and Girls.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

"SOME grow, some swell."

Woodrow Wilson, ex-president of the United States, once made that remark about the men he appointed to important posts in his government.

It applies likewise to Hollywood, where, as the years pass, certain human beings are appointed by the public to the glittering pinnacles of motion picture stardom.

Some grow. Some remain static. Some swell. And some swell up and bust.

No other class of people are as famous as motion picture stars. Their names are known to every man and woman, boy and girl—in every great city, village and hamlet throughout the world. They are better known than statesmen, than champions, than great authors, than any musicians or painters or stage stars. The name of Garbo is known to more people than the name of Frances Perkins, our Secretary of Labor. Mickey Mouse is familiar to as many people as Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Movie stars earn more money and receive more adulation, more direct worship, than any other class of people who have ever lived.

They come, these fortunate and gilded few, from here, there and everywhere—and nowhere. Sometimes they work hard and long and achieve by genius or great ability. Sometimes they shoot into the glory zone almost overnight, by some trick of personality or appearance or some quality of entertainment that is impossible to name.

And then what?

Some grow. Some swell.

It is amusing, sometimes it is tragic to watch the effect of this heady and dizzy height upon human beings. Sometimes they become laughable in their sheer, unadulterated ego—sometimes they are encouraged by appreciation and applause to new and better things and become our greatest stars.

Women like Marie Dressler, Helen Hayes, Ruth Chatterton—they grow in work and personality daily.

Dick Barthelmess, who has been a big and outstanding star longer than any other man before the camera today, is one who remained sort of static. Dick grew some and swelled some—and then decided to call it a day. He grew enough to hold his position—but he swelled enough to keep him from progressing as he should have progressed, from being the really great actor he should have been.

For example, there is no actor on the screen today who is so generous and fearless with his casts as Barthelmess. People, if you will notice, are always "stealing" Dick's pictures. Connie Bennett, young Doug Fairbanks, Bette Davis—somebody is always getting a lot of glory and a big start out of some part played with this everlasting star. Dick doesn't care. He is big enough to let them have their chance, big enough to believe that he owes it to the public to give them good pictures, if he can. Over and over, I have heard writers and directors warn Dick that some other part would overshadow or at least equal his own, and always Dick would say, "Okay. If it's a good picture, that's what I want." That's why he still gets $8,000 a week.

On the other hand, Dick hasn't broadened his mind as he should have done—because he has a good mind. He gets a little "grand" sometimes, assumes the rôle of a young man about town and a bit of an English accent. That smothers him in self-satisfaction—and it robs him of the divine discontent which alone leads to great work.

Yeah—some grow, some swell.

Take, for instance, Clark Gable.

Some years back, Mr. Gable tried awfully hard to crash the movies. Finally, he gave it up as a bad job. Journeying to New York, he became a stage leading man, just medium successful. He returned to Hollywood in a stage play—and, within a few months, Clark Gable was the greatest sensation pictures had known in years. Girls stormed the studio gates and—more important—the box office. His salary leaped from three minor figures to four very major ones. Famous stars clamored for him as a leading man, *even the great Garbo.* The story department was busy day and night searching for Gable stories, and producers bowed low when he passed.

Watching from the sidelines, the Gable inflation came so fast it looked like a trick by Houdini.

Would Clark Gable, I remember saying to myself, the boy from an Ohio farm who had never known success nor fame nor wealth, swell up like one of those fishes in an aquarium under this public idolatry? The betting around was ten to one that Mr. Gable would so swell and that he would become pretty obnoxious.

But Mr. Gable didn't swell then and he

Gary Cooper wobbled in his cowboy saddle.

Franchot Tone —promising.

Clark Gable— bigger and better.

No one in pictures has grown so much as Jean Harlow.

hasn't swelled yet. For a time, he remained in a state of suspended animation, reduced to a state of coma by these incredible happenings. Then, like a sturdy oak tree, he began to grow.

A certain dignity came to support his shyness and modesty. He gained poise and added certain graces of manner and speech—he learned how to dress and which fork to use. But he didn't change. He remained quite definitely Clark Gable—only nicer. He did the things he had always liked to do, his talk didn't center around the pronoun "I.".

I remember, a year or so after Gable's first sensational success, I dined with him and his charming wife at the home of the Edgar Selwyns. Edgar Selwyn, of course, is a great figure in the American theater. He was himself a famous stage star and matinee idol, a producer of many successes, a fine playwright—and now is a good director. Some discussion about the theater came up and somebody asked Clark Gable a question, in a very flattering manner. Clark grinned boyishly and turned the question over to Edgar Selwyn. From that time on, he kept Mr. Selwyn talking of plays and actors and playwriting all the evening—and Clark listened, really listened. He'd been given a chance to shine and show off his somewhat limited knowledge of the stage—and he didn't do it.

In spite of bad handling and bad stories, Mr. Gable continues to grow both on and off the screen. He's very, very grateful for his success, and I think he'll be one of our big stars.

On the other hand, there *are* those who swell.

Poor Douglas Fairbanks Jr., has swelled—and how little he has grown. It's too bad. Perhaps it's partly because Doug's success was always a little synthetic—handed down partially because of his name and his father's fame. The boy, who had certain natural talent and grace of personality, has become a very bad imitation of Mr. Noel Coward. Somebody or other, or maybe many somebodies or others, flattered his slight and surface knowledge of things intellectual, and young Doug believed 'em—*and* his press agent. He began to parrot a lot of smug, pseudo-intelligentsia phrases, he wrote very bad poetry and worse prose, and he began to paint, which is a shame. He saw a lot of the spotlight floating around in his general direction, and with true Fairbanks' love of the spotlight grabbed it as often as he could—by almost any means. He was a pretty fresh, spoiled kid when they made him a star in his 'teens because his name was Douglas Fairbanks Jr.—and he hasn't grown in the brittle glare of fame, he's just swelled. Too bad.

On the other hand, all Hollywood, from the prop boys and cameramen to the most hard-boiled old timers, tell me that one Mr. Bing Crosby is growing rapidly under the warm sunshine of public approval.

In the beginning, no one in Hollywood was particularly glad to see Bing Crosby. A radio crooner. A cafe entertainer. Somebody famous for gargling songs through his nose. Bing! Not an actor, certainly. Mr. Crosby had quite a reputation, earned or unearned, for being very pleased with himself, inclined to go around a bit, and not above accepting the open adoration of ladies, who liked to hear him moan, as his natural due.

On the screen he was an instant and unexpected success. Audiences just naturally went for him—his acting, his personality, as well as his songs. One picture, and Bing was "in."

Everybody got ready for the balloon ascension. But it never went up.

In a very quiet, slightly puzzled manner (he suggests the absent-minded professor looking for the lost umbrella that is hung over his arm) Bing went about his own business, which, it seemed, was to learn as much as he could about this new business of making motion pictures. He was more often silent than not. He foregathered with the sound men and the cameramen and asked questions. He was very dubious about himself as an actor and very willing to take direction. And was so frankly pleased when he did something well that everyone else was pleased, likewise.

There wasn't any swelling around or showing off, or any other women. Bing openly adores his pretty wife, is nuts about his baby, thinks his home is better than Buckingham Palace—it's a very nice home, but most unpretentious—and altogether has done much growing and very little swelling.

Of course, as for that Gary Cooper! Of course it's very difficult to know about Mr. Cooper. He practically never does or says anything anyway. But when I think back to the Gary I first knew, and see the man of today—a period of about ten years—it delights me no end. In his silent way, Gary absorbs sponge-like, but he will be just Gary Cooper to the day he dies. I knew him well when he first came to Hollywood—a big, awkward, bashful cowboy, with all the poise and social grace of a Great Dane. He has become rich and famous since then and many women have loved him. Too many, I imagine Gary thinks. But one night we were at a dinner party at Pickfair. It was a very stately dinner, with gold plate and engraved menus and orchids and footmen and most distinguished guests. Gary, in formal evening attire, very dignified, sat right opposite me, and suddenly I looked up and he winked at me. It was a very funny, grave wink—but it took me back ten years, and I knew he was saying it was grand fun but, after all, he was still Gary Cooper, the cowboy.

Mr. George Bancroft, however, was one of those who sort of swelled up and busted,

[*Continued on page* 56]

ALL *the* WORLD FOLLOWS

Hollywood Creates the Fads and Fashions.
Here Are the Newest Ideas.

THE whole world follows the movie stars. People go to films and look to Hollywood for inspiration in *what to wear, how to wear it and what to do.*

Mae West and her hour-glass figure and clothes comprise the current rage.

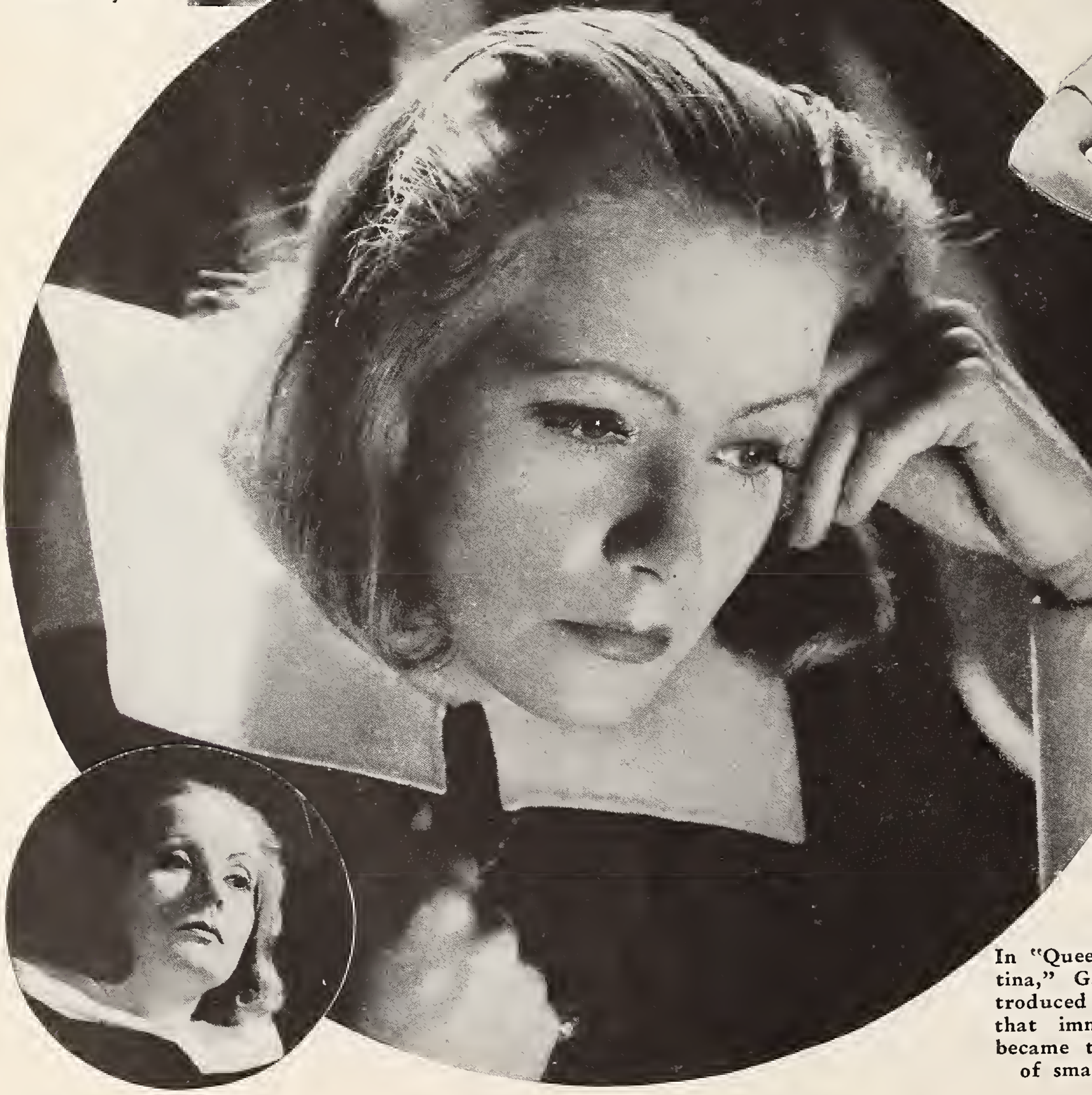
And, incongruous as it may seem—the other is the song from "Three Little Pigs," which was played everywhere! In fact any day now I expect to see milady of fashion parading in a "Big Bad Wolf" skin coat.

What's coming next? It is difficult to predict accurately, but my hunch is to look carefully at the new Garbo picture, "Queen Christina." In the past Garbo has been responsible for more style innovations than any other movie star.

The tall, lanky Swedish girl, who cares not a pouf for clothes personally, has been virtually a style dictator of the country. It was on Garbo you first saw the wide shoulders and the high-necked evening gown. She wore them in "Inspiration," at least two years before they were taken up in earnest. It was Garbo, in "Romance," who wore a funny little hat on the Eugenie order. Garbo's "Mata Hari" coat, with its peaked labels and broad shoulders, was copied by every coat manufacturer in the country. And Garbo's long bob has been inspiration for thousands like it.

Adrian, the young man who designs the clothes that Garbo wears, showed me pictures of some of his "Christina" models. Notice, when you see the film, that "plate collar" which she wears in certain scenes. A round, stiff collar, which practically cuts the head right off, it is very startling and quite interesting. Adrian merely smiles when you ask him if it will start a new style, and remarks: "not practical for necking!" You ask me, though, and I predict that you will see collars much like it, and

Little Maria Dietrich, Marlene's daughter, with her hair in the Alice in Wonderland style.



In "Queen Christina," Garbo introduced a collar that immediately became the acme of smartness.

Shorts, as Lupe Velez in Hollywood wears them, are now seen everywhere.

he STARS

By Muriel Babcock

A leis of real gardenias make a stunning effect for evening, and Joan Crawford is sponsoring the innovation.

"Ribbons on everything," says Gwen Wakeling, designer. And Ann Harding starts the idea off, for the rest of the feminine world to follow.

used in the same way, shortly. In "Christina," too, I saw a military jacket with a double, round, but flat-laying and overlapping collar, which looked pretty perky.

Adrian confided that he has some revolutionary ideas coming out in the things which Norma Shearer will wear in "Rip Tide." But—due to the way manufacturers and dress houses snap up everything new in the movies (remember how they grabbed Joan Crawford's "Letty Lynton" dress?) he is keeping his sketches under lock and key. Still pictures of these costumes will not be released until the picture opens.

Which brings up another point. Do you realize that Hollywood, in setting fads and fashions, must be from three to six months ahead in creating them? It takes that long to get the picture, in which they flash through the country, produced and released.

A dress that Travis Banton, style designer for Paramount, created last week for Marlene Dietrich to wear in her new picture, will not be seen by you and me until early next spring.

It was Banton, incidentally, who put feathers on Marlene Dietrich and started the feather vogue which swept the world. Do you remember how Dietrich wore coque feathers around her neck in one of her "Shanghai Express" costumes? Today, you see bird of paradise effects, ostrich feathers on evening gowns and wraps, all because of that.

Look at the heavy makeup on the young ladies of today, notice the broadly drawn mouths, the deeply outlined eyes. Who is to blame? Joan Crawford! And quite unconsciously so.

The story behind those deep red lips lies, strangely enough, in Joan's terrific ambition to succeed as an emotional actress. When she was cast for "Rain" and given her first important tragic, dramatic role, she bent every atom of strength and energy to think up a makeup entirely different from those worn in her "hey-hey" roles. Experimenting with lipstick, she attained that expressive, sensual mouth of Sadie Thompson. She found that lipstick was effective in attaining character as well as attractiveness.

Women the world over copied that makeup and, today, when someone uses an extra dash of lipstick, the remark is passed: "Ha, like Joan Crawford!"

Jean Harlow, whether you realize it or not, cost dress manufacturers and garment designers thousands of dollars because, after "Hell's Angels," they had to do a complete right-about face in their modeling of the figure.

The frank figure of today, in which the bust is accentuated, came into being after "Hell's Angels," in which Miss Harlow revealed her beauty more intimately and daringly than ever before. She created a sensation which was copied the world over.

It was Jean, too, who was responsible for the one-time vogue of platinum hair. This lasted only a short time and reached nowhere near the proportions of the frank figure trend.

Remember the Mary Pickford curls? They were very important in their day and worn by thousands of would-be ingenues of the Pickford era. Garbo's long bob is still famous although the tiny hats of the last year have played havoc with it to some extent. The Claudette Colbert bangs, although distinctive, have never exerted any perceptible influence on hair styles.

Startling to me is the influence "Alice in Wonderland," just released as a picture, has had on hair styles. Already you see combs in the hair accompanied by that straight combed-back look which Alice always achieved in the illustrations of the Lewis Carroll book. Maybe this is because there has been so much advance publicity on "Alice" and so many photographs of the ideal person for the title role published in advance. At any rate, Alice's style of hairdress is with us today.

Would you like to know the lowdown on the great 1933 "Pants For Women" epidemic? Pajamas for beach and lounging had been in vogue. But not until Dietrich was photographed publicly at the Brown Derby in her natty gray trousers and mannish jacket, at the Mayfair in her tuxedo, on the street with her small daughter also in trousered suit, did the world get interested in the tailored trousers for women.

Modern interior decoration—straight line chairs, austere lamps, concealed lighting, absence of furbelows, and the lovely decorative heritage of the luxurious periods of the past—owes much of its development to the movies.

Cedric Gibbons used modern interiors first in comedies. He said you could suggest so much more with modern effects than with old-fashioned. He exaggerated his first modernistic furniture for the fun of it. His first serious use of it came in "Her Cardboard Lover." The world liked his work.

Following the release of "When Ladies Meet" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the studio was flooded with requests for plans of the quaint, lovely little farmhouse home portrayed in that picture. Women wrote in and wanted to know the names of the various pieces of furniture, where to buy quilts and curtains such as pictured.

You see, the movies are responsible for a lot of things!

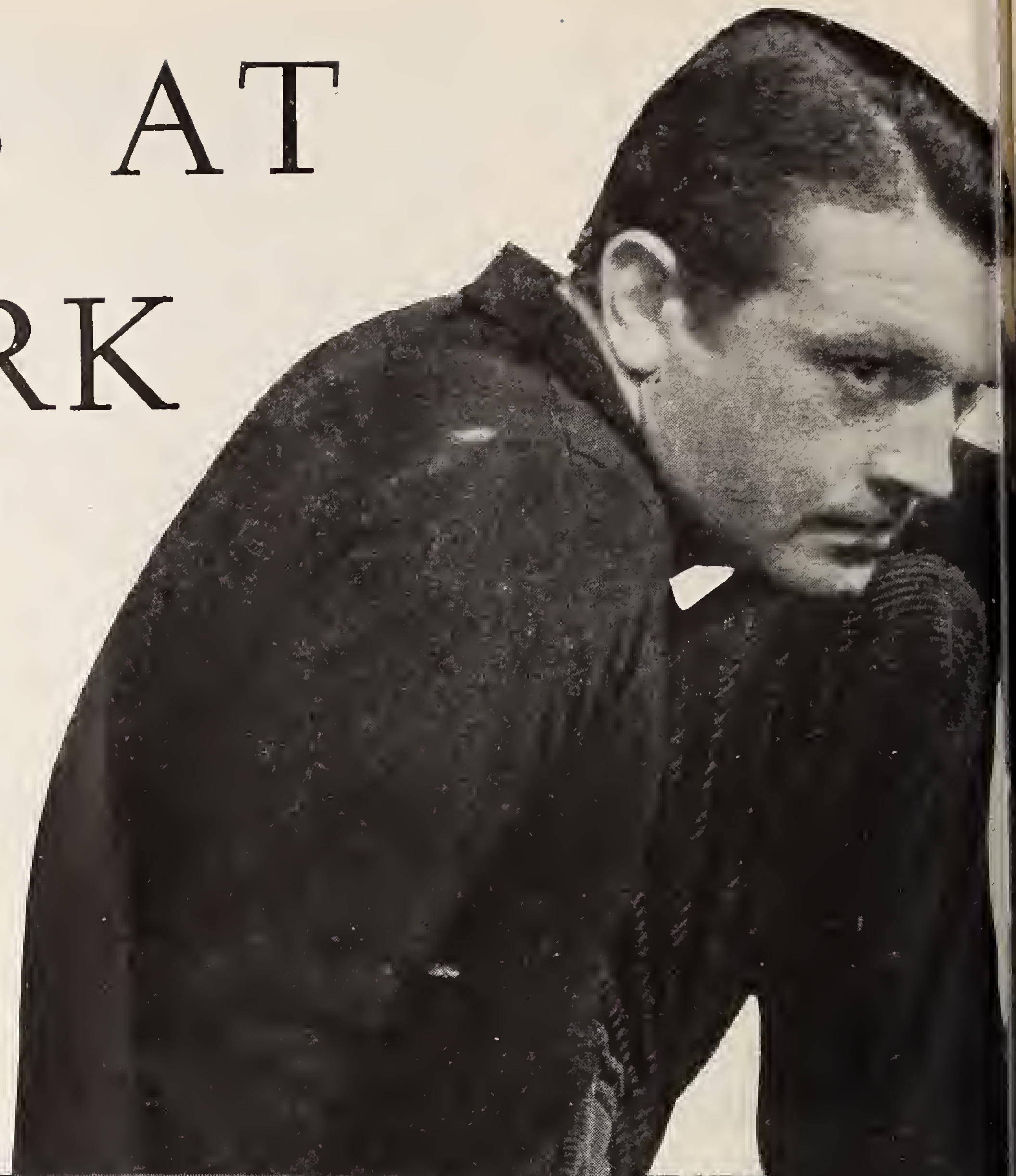
The world copies the movie stars in little and big things, and the only thing for which I am thankful, is that Heather Angel's monocle has caused not a ripple.

STARS AT WORK

Over Hollywood with

S. R. Mook

A Survey of the Studios and Lots.



WHAT a day! What a day! What a day!!! I waken at six-thirty and find the sun already shining in a cloudless sky. Suddenly I'm sick of California. This much vaunted climate is fine for invalids and octogenarians. But I'm not an invalid and I won't be an octogenarian for another five years. I want some cold weather and snow and rain and I can do without earthquakes for a few weeks. I lie in bed thinking about the futility of it all. The houseboy shoves the morning paper under my door and I learn that "She Loves Me Not" has just opened in New York and is a hit. There are lots of other hits. I jump out of bed and a cold shower starts the blood pulsing. Damn it! I'm going to New York. Today! Tonight! But first there are all those sets to be covered.

Bud Fine, Russell Hopton, Jim Dundee and Jack LaRue in "Good Dame." That's the Sylvia Sidney picture.

At Warners

I BUSTLE out to Warners' First National studio without any breakfast. The publicity department let out a shriek of dismay when I burst into their office. "What are you doing out here at this time of day?" they moan. "Don't you know no one is supposed to come around before ten thirty?"

"Whadda I care?" I retort. "I'm going to New York tonight and I've got to cover the sets before I catch my train."

"Tonight?" they echo. "Aren't you excited?"

"No," I snap. "I hate New York. But today I hate California worse. So I'm going. Let's get started."

We barge on to the set of "A Modern Hero" starring Richard Barthelmess. Dick surveys me with raised eyebrows. "I knew when I saw you at the Colony Club last night you were in for a hard night. Why didn't you go home and get some sleep instead of staying up all night?"

"I did go home," I retort. "I did get some sleep. Look how clear *my* eyes are—how pink and white *my* skin!"

"You didn't go home," he insists. "If you'd gone to bed you wouldn't be out here at this time of the morning. *Nobody* gets up this early—except picture actors."

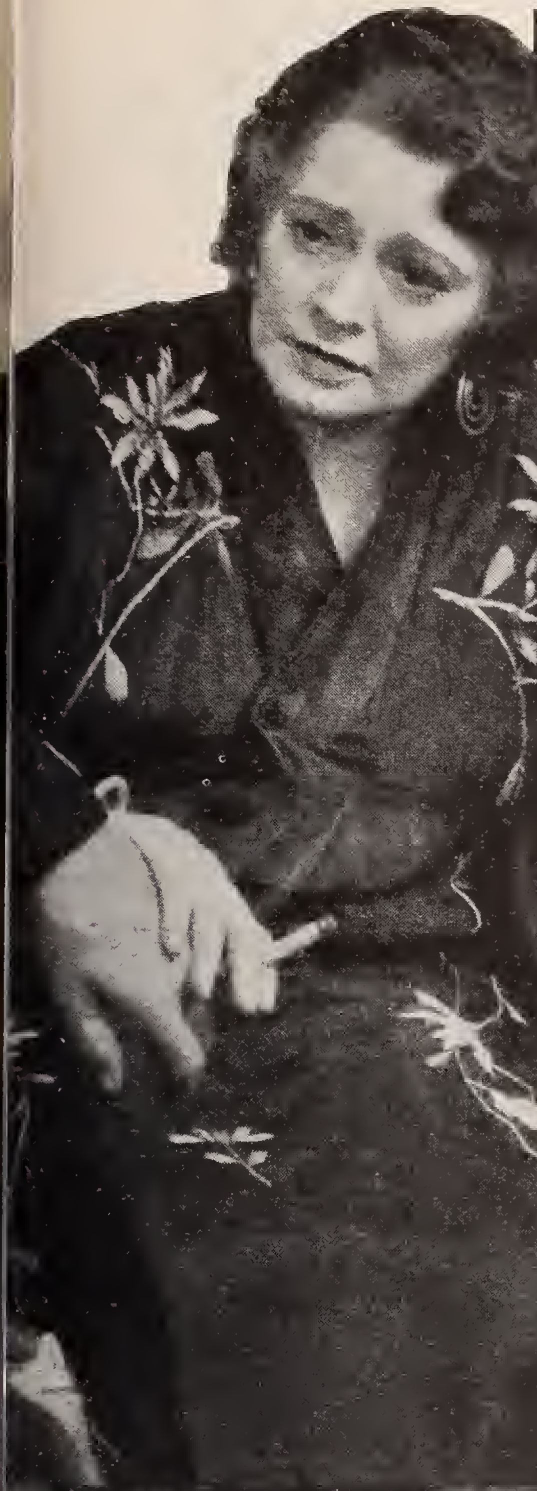
"They do, too," I snap. "I'm going to New York tonight. Now go on and make a scene like a good boy. I've got lots to do today."

"Today?" he whistles. "Excited?"

"No, I'm not excited. I just want to get my work done. Will you make just one scene so I can go?"

Dick has a whispered consultation with the director and to my amazement they promptly shoot the scene. It is the interior of a sleeping car belonging to a small circus. There is a built-in bunk, a chair, and cheap cretonne curtains over the windows—no other furniture. Dick, in a pair of brown cord pants with a wide leather belt and a black, turtle-necked jersey sweater, is lying on the bunk. Marjorie Rambeau in a black wig, her hair straggling about her face, and clad in a cheap black silk kimona with gold Chinese figures worked into it, is sitting at the foot of the bed. She is his mother and is explaining his father to him.

A scene from "I Walk Alone," with Victor Jory and Rosemary Ames. Victor predicts that Rosemary will be a screen sensation.



In "A Modern Hero," Richard Barthelmess listens while Marjorie Rambeau tells him about his father.

Dick regards her with an intense, burning look. "*He* was Nathan Wolfson," Marge explains proudly. "They were the most powerful banking family in Europe. They were like royalty—*greater* than royalty. And," wistfully, "Nathan was an only son." She makes a hopeless little gesture. "So he was not free." An edge of bitterness creeps into her voice as she continues: "I knew I should give him up—he must go back to the world he belonged in." Her voice drops to a hoarse whisper: "So—in London one morning—I left him, still asleep."

As the full import of her words begins to penetrate, Dick sits up, looking at her eagerly, fixedly. But there is a slight pause as Marge, with agony in her eyes lives over those moments again. "I joined a circus going to Australia," she finally continues, "so he couldn't follow me—but always hoping that he would." She reaches for the bottle of brandy, and begins fumbling with the cork. "Then I read of his marriage. His family arranged it," looking away from Dick, her face desolate. "That night when I went into the big cage—I didn't care what happened," glancing down at the empty sleeve of her kimona, where one of her arms should have been. "Then," with ironic bitterness, "my favorite leopard solved the problem for me!"

There is a dramatic pause. Dick looks at her, stirred with a feeling of tenderness he has never known before. She looks at him and her eyes fill with tears. "So you see," she whispers with a pathetic little smile, "You are a *real* love child."

Suddenly her voice breaks and she buries her face in her arm. Dick jumps up, grabs a coat off a hook on the wall and starts out the door. He is halfway through it when he stops, turns back into the car and goes over to her. He stands there staring at her. Then he pats her shoulder gently, turns and goes quickly, quietly out. There is the sound of a door closing as Marge sits there gazing off into space for a moment or two—thinking—wondering.

Barthelmess has always been one of my favorite actors and my admiration for him increases. There are precious few who could listen to a monologue as long as that, with never a word of their own to say, and simulate interest the way he did—his expression changing with almost every word she uttered.

"Lucky devil," he says as we shake hands, "I wish I were going with you."

Next door to Barthelmess, "As the Earth Turns" is shooting. They have probably the most beautiful set of the month here. Almost a whole farm has been erected inside one of the stages. There is the farmhouse, the barn, fences at varying distances apart, a driveway, the old well with a rough stone coping around it and an orchard of peach trees in blossom. There seem to be miles of them but really there are com- [*Continued on page* 60]

When Lee Tracy and Mexico had their tiff, "Viva Villa" got the publicity. They are finishing it in Hollywood. Wallace Beery, Katherine DeMille and Stuart Erwin in the wedding scene.

The ASSASSINS O

MURDER!

An ugly word. An altogether too common word. And nowhere more ugly or more common than in Hollywood.

Usually, when murder is committed, the one murdered is out of misery. His days of fear and worry and pain are over. But not in Hollywood.

The other day, a friend stopped me. "I am trying to get Charlie Ray a job," he said quietly. "He is willing to do *anything*. You don't know of a chance, do you?"

"I didn't know he was in Hollywood. I thought he was in New York——"

The man smiled. "Charlie slipped into town as a forgotten man. A friend, a big man in this business, is helping him to pay his and Mrs. Ray's expenses. The idea is to get him some kind of place where he can feel that he is making enough to support himself and his wife—"

A murdered man *who was still living*. A man who had crept back into his home town, *where he had been murdered*.

Clara Bow was the first person to tell me about the assassins of Hollywood. It was when she was at the very height of her majestic fame—a fame that I believe most of us underestimated. Clara Bow was the most powerful Queen who has ever reigned over Hollywood—including Garbo and Mae West. That statement is proven by both box-office and fan mail figures.

"It won't last if they don't let me play something besides the 'It' girl," she said. Her voice was desperately serious. "The public is going to get tired of that word *it* and the expression 'flapper,' too. All crazes pass. They are crazes. Why don't they let me do something else? I can act. I know I can. They know it, too. But no scenario writer will think of turning out a story for me unless I am an 'It' flapper. They will *murder* me, I tell you!"

I was then doing a story called "After The Flapper, What?" Clara did not know the answer, but she certainly understood the whimsical fancy of the American public. She realized that whatever came *after* the flapper meant *her* death in motio pictures.

And she had placed her chubby fing upon the obvious assassin—the scenari writer who could not even imagine a stor for Clara that did not portray her as th personification of just one type of char acter: the "It" girl.

I talked with a very famous scenari writer about this. She has asked me t refrain from using her name for reason which will be obvious when I have finishe quoting her.

"You and Clara Bow are right," she tol me. "We kill one of them after another. It is cold blooded murder because we realize what we are doing. It is even premeditated, only we are not responsible for the premeditation. Have you ever heard of a story conference? Do you know who sits in on that conference? We write a yarn and take it into that conference. When we have finished, a producer will say, 'All very well. But you haven't had him punch anyone in the jaw? In his last picture they went crazy when he punched the girl in the

William Haines (above) and (below) the "Pine" room of his home. The rust colored corduroy club chairs, the old drum table, the Sheraton secretary all indicate his unerring taste.

OF Hollywood

By Ruth Biery

The Stars Have Good Reason to Fear the "Typers."

There once was a time when Charles Ray—in silent pictures like "The String Bean"—had a great following, but he was killed by being typed.

jaw! You must put in a punch—'

"We explain that the character did not fit the punch. This man would not punch the girl in the jaw. He would be ashamed to—

"'Well, change his character, then. Have him punch the girl in the jaw; he must. They liked it last time; they'll like it this time. Besides, the New York office—'"

Although she did not tell me, I knew to whom she referred. The sock that James Cagney handed Mae Clark with the grapefruit in "Public Enemy" had been such a success that, when they were preparing his next story, a wire had been received from the New York office, ordering that he sock every girl in every picture, henceforward. "Make him tough!" was the order for Jimmy.

Charlie Farrell has won his fight against the "typers" and is making a fresh beginning.

"Make him a country boy," was the order for Charlie Ray. "Don't let him play anything else—" And when the fad for country boys was over, Charles Ray was found lying by the wayside, *murdered.*

True, he tried to come back in other rôles. But it was too late. The public had learned, through the long series of pictures in which he played only the one rôle, to accept him as such. If he had been the country lad in one; the city shyster in another; the old man in a third—then we would have hailed him as *Charlie Ray, actor.* But since we had learned to see him as one particular type again and again, we laughed when we finally saw him in another. He had been so well stamped upon our minds as a *pattern* that we could not erase him.

How many of the true heroes of Hollywood have been assassinated? I can remember when they were turning out one Wally Beery-Raymond Hatton cheap comedy after another. Wally was desperate. "If this keeps up, I'm done." He escaped. Lady Luck smiled broadly. But his partner?—*Murdered!*

Billy Haines was not a wise-cracker by nature. He didn't even have much sense of humor. He was a wistful lad who had sold green string beans on the pavements of New York to keep himself from starving. And then he had won a motion picture contest and made an accidental and naughty wise-crack, in a fit of temper, at a producer. The producer laughed. Immediately Bill Haines was fitted for only one occupation in life. To make people laugh. He understood. He was shrewdly intelligent. He told me, "I sat up nights making up wise-cracks or hunting them up. You know . . . old joke books. I made it a profession to be funny. It was tough work. But if they thought I was a comedian, I couldn't afford to disappoint 'em!"

Haines foresaw his murder early in the game; he prepared for it. And while he was "playing the game"—learning to coin wise-cracks and throwing expensive, Hollywood parties, he was quietly and unobtrusively finding an outlet for his truly artistic nature (he wanted, as a boy, to become an artist!) by studying interior decorating. He filled his apartment library with books and pamphlets on the subject. He learned to tell an original antique from a fake, through long nights of intensive work. And when he felt he had learned enough to attempt an outlet for the creative urge within, which had been intensified by real study—he designed, built and furnished himself a home in Hollywood.

I wish there was space to describe that home, in detail. I shall never forget the first time I entered that upstairs drawing-room. It was as though I had left the emotional, fire-wagon pace of Hollywood and stepped into the quiet, reminiscent peace of Old England's back country. My nerves relaxed; my mind stopped seesawing back and forth like a hobby horse. And, just as I reacted, so did the balance of Hollywood.

"Oh, Bill, would you furnish my home for me? Would you?" And as he hung back, modestly, forgetting to wise-crack, the cry became louder. "Please, Bill. Money is no consideration. I'll pay you—"

[*Continued on next page*]

And wise Bill eventually consented and eventually pocketed the huge fees which had been suggested, not by himself but by those who were begging the favor. By the time his murder was committed William Haines was more famous, locally, as an interior decorator, than he had been as an actor.

But not all of Hollywood's "to-be-murdered" stars are as fortunate or far-sighted as Billy and Clara Bow.

Mary Brian fought against playing the perennial juvenile. Mary, quite recently, had a rather pathetic interview written about her. "I Must Make Myself Over Again," she told the writer. She must prove that she can be something besides the sweet, college sweetheart, since she has long since outgrown that rôle.

We have told you in another story how Charlie Farrell feared murder so desperately that he left the team of Gaynor and Farrell and went without work for *nine months,* at the loss of $90,000, to try and avoid the catastrophe. He even played his part wearing *eye glasses* in "Aggie Appleby," just to prove that ability-at-characterization, rather than a familiar personality, could carry him to success.

Understand, the producers responsible for the assassinations committed by the scenario writers, who have written a drunk scene for each Marie Dressler picture, a killing for each George Raft, a sleazy love-scene for each Garbo, a fallen-woman for each Dietrich, etc., have thought they were justified. Their interests are obviously the box-office. It is a natural conclusion that if Bill Haines makes a big income for them in one slightly naughty picture, he will do it in another. Why should they think of the star? They pay him a huge salary for taking such a risk; by the time the public is tired of his enforced specialization in entertainment, they will have found a newcomer with a new pull for the box-office.

Before Barbara Stanwyck would make any more pictures for her producers, she had them insert a clause in her contract to the effect that she would not be forced to play any more farmer-girl rôles.

We all know the battle George Raft waged against doing "Temple Drake." He separated from his studio, and was on the verge of leaving for England to make pictures, when his producers called him back—and offered him $1,500 a week to remain here; he had been receiving $750! And George has just proven in "The Bowery" that he is capable of showing that tender side of his little-boy nature on the screen, as well as the hardboiled menace which he was forced to develop to raise himself from the Tenderloin district of New York, where he had his beginnings.

Eddie Robinson placed a firm foot upon a producer's floor and refused to be "hard-boiled" any longer. "Silver Dollar" and "I Loved a Woman" resulted from his independence.

Brilliant writers, who have been imported to Hollywood to write picture material, have followed one of two paths. They have followed the "murder" instructions of those hiring them or they have returned from whence they came to pen sarcastic articles about the business. I. A. R. Wylie and Dorothy Parker are examples of the latter. The others, too numerous to mention, pocket their checks with their tongues in their cheeks and continue to write scenes that have already proven acceptable at the box-office!

Do I hear the criticism, "But don't the stars have a choice of their own stories?"

There has been much publicity to that effect. I will give you just one example, with the assurance that you can apply it to any star in this business.

Connie Bennett was supposed to have a choice of her stories at Radio. She laughed when I asked her about it. "No star under contract, drawing a salary from week to week, has the choice of stories. I had the theoretical right at Radio. This is the way it worked. The studio promised so many Connie Bennett stories for the year; I was signed to make that many. Suppose they submitted five stories to me and I turned them all down. The time had come when I *must* make a picture to keep the studio's promise for so many Bennett productions, and to keep my contract with the studio. Then I had to choose the least of five evils. I have had four bad pictures in a row due to this very situation.

"My new contract with Twentieth Century is different. It calls for three pictures a year, but I do not have to make *any* of them unless I approve the story. If none are made, my contract is automatically extended. In other words, no one loses but myself. It is up to me to help find a good story!"

"Bolero" is a dancing holiday for George Raft and Carole Lombard.

Another question I hear asked is: "What about Janet Gaynor?"

Ah, there is always one exception, I believe, to prove each point.

Janet happens to play the type of girl who has been handed down intact throughout the generations. She represents that will o' the wisp charm which other women have always wanted to mother; which fathers have always wanted to see their sons capture; that sons have always yearned to marry, and, as such, may last forever, if she does *not* change her type.

Who, in Hollywood, is in danger of being *murdered* today? Two names—new names which *top* 'em all—flash across our minds at once. Katharine Hepburn and Mae West. And we don't need to worry about Katy. No one could type her; she is capable of outwitting a whole host of assassins, single handed. She has already done it. She refused to sign an original contract unless it was for a definite picture. She chose to make her début with a Barrymore! Katharine Hepburn studied this business before she entered it and made her arrangements *first.* "Bill of Divorcement," "Christopher Strong," "Morning Glory," "Little Women," "Trigger"—and then away to the stage.

"I need the experience on the stage. I want it. But I don't want the movie audiences to get tired of me. My absence will give us a good chance to get a different type of story. I want each one to be completely different, you know——"

Mae West is a different story. She is obviously a craze. She is so much of a single type that no one can vary her. She writes her own stories, because she is so singular that no one else can even write dialogue for her. And she will last just as long as the public does not change its mind. No one knows that better than Mae West!

Jean Harlow and her studio received shocks when "Bombshell" was released. The world thought it was a war picture, and having tired of war pictures long ago, stayed away from it. But both the studio and Jean thought that the name *"Jean Harlow* in Bombshell" would attract patrons. Jean was a star whose very name was thought to be important enough to pack the theatres. It wasn't.

But does this mean that the world is already fatigued with the platinum blonde craze? Jean is a capable actress, like Clara Bow. Has she, too, been assassinated by too much *sameness* in her pictures?

A common saying in Hollywood has been, "Even a Garbo must die!" Hollywood has wondered if the day would come when Garbo's "mystery" might become an old story. Only the box-office at "Queen Christina" can answer that question. The picture is crowded with many obvious, former *Garbo touches.* But she is dressed in the clothes of a new period. . . . But so is Dietrich in "The Scarlet Empress." Will they not help to assassinate one another by appearing *at the same time* in eighteenth century disguises?

After all, you readers are the only ones who can tell when these people, who are still being typed, will be murdered. You accepted the "It" girl for many years; you may accept the "Com' Up An' See Me, Sometime" girl for many more.

The scenario writer concluded her interview with me: "Yes, we have been the assassins. But we have been well-paid for our killings. And our day is ending, thank goodness. The people of the United States will not put up with gangsters and kidnappers forever. So the stars of Hollywood will not put up with our assassinations. They are already banding together to prevent murder. They are willing to take *less* money that they may have *longer lives.*

"DESIGN FOR STARRING"

Some Star in Hollywood, Some Star on Broadway, But Miriam Hopkins Is a Star Wherever You Find Her.

By Lenore Samuels

ON A SUB-ZERO morning in January (the coldest, according to the proud weather bureau, that New York had experienced since that memorable winter of 1917—if you want to remember back that far), I went to have breakfast with Miriam Hopkins. Although Fifth Avenue is noted for its gaiety, at 11:30 of that bleak, cold morning it had taken on quite an unaccustomed air of depression. So it was with genuine relief that I entered the Hotel Pierre, that luxurious habitat of the socially elect in the fashionable Sixties.

A second after I had rung the bell of Miriam's apartment on the 14th floor, her cheery voice bade me enter, but when I came into the exquisitely furnished sitting-room, so redolent of good taste and comfort, there was no Miriam to greet me. That unmistakable, seductive voice of hers could be heard, however, on the telephone in an adjoining room. Interrupting her conversation once more, she invited me to take off my coat and make myself right at home. Which I proceeded to do, warming my chilled fingers on the radiator and in the meantime admiring the magnificent view of Central Park from the windows.

The telephone clicked and Miriam's voice was wafted out to me again. "I'm still in bed," she called. "Do you mind? I always rest as long as I can on matinee days."

Assuring her that I not only didn't mind, but was delighted at the chance of visiting with her so informally, I drew up a chair close to her bed while she took up the telephone again to order breakfast for two.

She was, I saw at once, smaller and even daintier than she appears on the screen. In her pink silk bed-jacket, with its tiny embroidered Peter Pan collar, she looked for all the world like a healthy sub-deb home from boarding-school for the holidays, and tremendously enthused about everything. Her lovely golden hair (she's a natural blonde—you can tell that by her eye-lashes which are so light they are almost white) was piled in curls high on the back of her head after the fashion affected by the southern belle in "Jezebel," the post-Civil War play in which she is starring on Broadway.

In "Jezebel," Miriam Hopkins charmed the audience at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, while her picture, "Design for Living," was held over by popular demand at the Paramount.

While we dawdled over our coffee and toast and fruit, we chatted disconnectedly in between vivacious telephone conversations (she had a phone on either side of her bed, and almost as soon as one was hung up the other would start to ring), while I listened, completely absorbed by her generous mixture of wit and charm and high good spirits. The following sketch of her was gathered during these varying snatches of conversation—

During Miriam's first year in Hollywood under contract to Paramount, she commuted back and forth from New York seven different times. She could not get the nostalgia for this old city of ours out of her senses . . . the marvelous art and auction galleries, the shops, the spontaneous little suppers at Tony's, her favorite midnight rendezvous, the sparkling dinner parties at which she met that small coterie of friends who had come to mean so much to her . . . all these led her back to New York again and again.

But, during her second year in Hollywood, Miriam, being a girl of intelligence and character, decided to discipline herself. So she remained in Hollywood for twelve full months, without one teeny weeny visit East. The test worked. Now, although she's revelling at the opportunity of spending a full winter and spring in New York, she's actually looking forward to her return to Hollywood the latter part of May. She's even seriously considering the purchase of an estate at Santa Monica, intending to make it her permanent home.

"It would be nice for Michael," she ex-

[*Continued on page* 56]

FAN MAIL

Each Month the Best Fan Letters Received Will be Forwarded to the Stars to be Answered.

Irene Dunne answers Miss Wadsworth.

The Fan Letter to Irene Dunne—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—

It seems rather tardy to be writing to you on this particular subject, but ever since I saw the film, "Back Street," I have been getting tied up in endless arguments with my friends regarding the character played by Irene Dunne.

Considering how carelessly John Boles treated her upon occasion, and also considering that he possessed a wife and children upon whom he lavished every courtesy—shouldn't Irene have married that up-and-coming young man from her home town when he begged her to?

My friends argue that her love for Boles was too overpowering. I say that cold logic ought to have governed her actions, for no woman wants to dwell on the back street of a man's heart. Or, does she, secretly? Do you know the answer to this riddle?

Sincerely,
Joan Wadsworth
New York City

Irene Dunne's Answer—

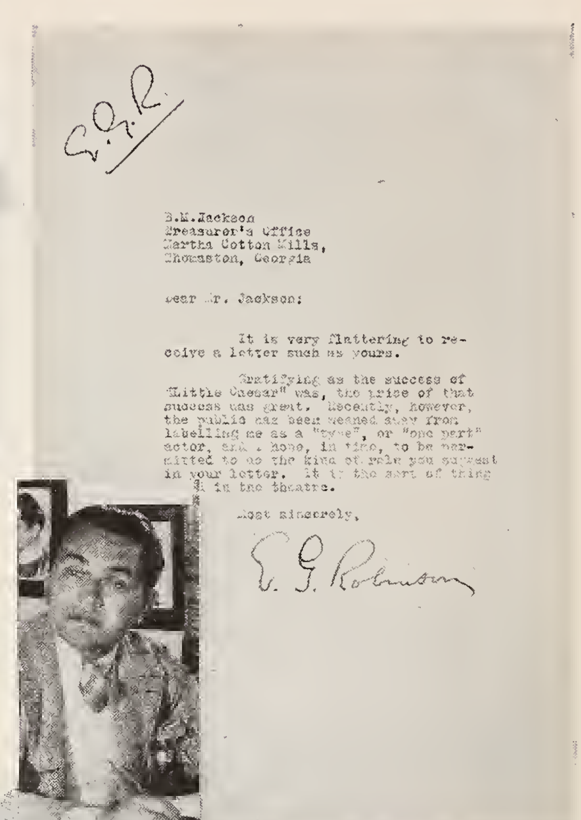
Dear Miss Wadsworth—

Was so happy to have your letter forwarded to me.

Your question is: Does any woman want to live on the "Back Street" of a man's heart? I should say definitely "No"—but, in the case of the woman in "Back Street," to have married the nice young man who pursued her from her home town, and given up the one great love of her life, would have brought her little happiness.

I have received very many letters from brave, true women who have lived on back streets of life and, while always a glimpse of happiness is seen in their revelations, one is bound to feel the longing for the freedom of the more fortunate woman. So I should say finally that no woman enjoys even secretly living on a "Back Street."

Best wishes to you always,
Irene Dunne



E.G.R.

B.M.Jackson
Treasurer's Office
Martha Cotton Mills,
Thomaston, Georgia

Dear Mr. Jackson:

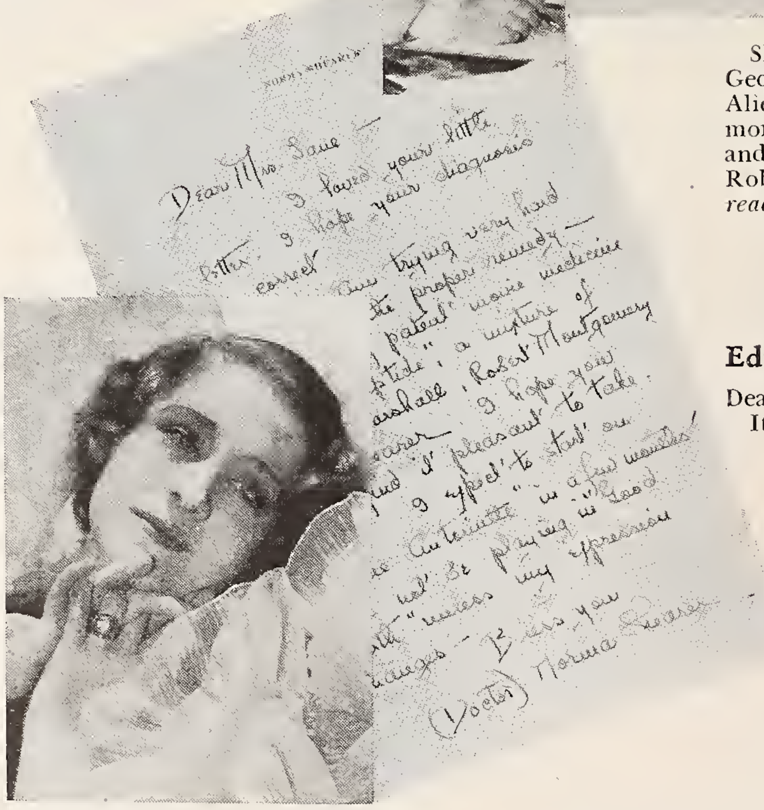
It is very flattering to receive a letter such as yours.

Gratifying as the success of "Little Caesar" was, the price of that success was great. Recently, however, the public has been weaned away from labelling me as a "type", or "one part" actor, and I hope, in time, to be permitted to do the kind of role you suggest in your letter. It is the sort of thing I did in the theatre.

Most sincerely,

E. G. Robinson

Edward G. Robinson, pen in hand.



Norma Shearer has a sense of humor.

The Fan Letter to Edward G. Robinson—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—

Edward G. Robinson is to American movies what the late Ring Lardner was to American literature—a true intellectual, with the faculty of speaking Everyman's language fluently and convincingly.

As formidable gangster, deep-sea fisherman, pioneer prospector, tabloid editor, condemned slayer and esthetic patron of arts, Robinson's acting strikes the same responsive chords in Humanity's heart as do the writings of Lardner.

Show us Robinson, man of letters, in George Beban's famous role, "The Alien"; allow us to lose ourselves once more in rollicking laughter, quick tears and poignant heart-searing drama. When Robinson, brilliant linguist, acts, we *react!*

Sincerely yours,
B. M. Jackson
Thomaston, Ga.

Edward G. Robinson's Answer—

Dear Mr. Jackson—

It is very flattering to receive a letter such as yours.

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Most sincerely,
E. G. Robinson

The Fan Letter to Norma Shearer—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—

I haven't been quite right lately. Sleep and appetite bad. Snap at the kids and collectors. Provider husband doesn't seem to be the fascinating lad of yore.

DEPARTMENT

Address:—(Your Favorite Star)
% Editor, Silver Screen's Fan Mail Dept.
45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

DIRECTIONS

1. Make your letters short.
2. $10 each will be paid for every letter printed.
3. Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.
4. The orginal answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.

And it has just dawned on me what's ailing me. I've been missing Norma Shearer. Just heard she's back from a jaunt in Europe and will soon appear in "Marie Antoinette" and "The Good Earth." That's music to my ears and balm to my troubled soul. Hurry, please, Norma and set me right with the world.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Violet Lane
Charlotte, N. C.

Norma Shearer's Answer—

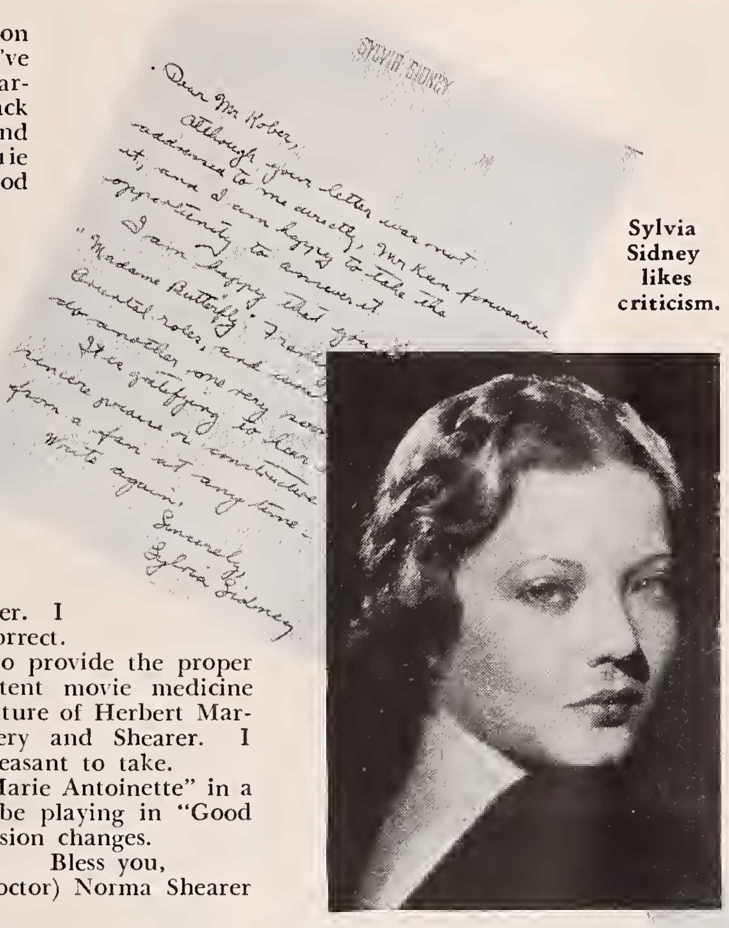
Dear Mrs. Lane—

I loved your little letter. I hope your diagnosis is correct.

Am trying very hard to provide the proper remedy—a bottle of patent movie medicine called "Rip Tide," a mixture of Herbert Marshall, Robert Montgomery and Shearer. I hope you will find it pleasant to take.

I expect to start on "Marie Antoinette" in a few months. Will not be playing in "Good Earth" unless my expression changes.

Bless you,
(Doctor) Norma Shearer



SYLVIA SIDNEY

Dear Mr Kober,
Although your letter was not addressed to me directly, Mr Keen forwarded it, and I am happy to take the opportunity to answer it.
I am happy that you liked "Madame Butterfly". Frankly I love Oriental roles, and would like to do another one very soon.
It is gratifying to hear sincere praise or constructive criticism from a fan at any time. Write again,
Sincerely,
Sylvia Sidney

Sylvia Sidney likes criticism.

The Fan Letter to Sylvia Sidney—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—

It is to be hoped that more films will be shown of Sylvia Sidney, an actress of rare ability and of a certain unquenchable spirit. She seems to be possessed with an aura of mystery not unlike an oriental. "Japanesy" might be a good one-word description. Sylvia's acting appears to add to the illusion of the motion picture, due to her ability to apparently live the part she is playing. She has power to charm, and her voice and gestures are at times haunting.

L. Kober
South Hills, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sylvia Sidney's Answer—

Dear Mr. Kober—

Although your letter was not addressed to me directly, Mr. Keen forwarded it, and I am happy to take the opportunity to answer it.

I am happy that you liked "Madame Butterfly." Frankly, I love Oriental roles, and would like to do another one very soon.

It is gratifying to hear either sincere praise or constructive criticism from a fan at any time.

Write again.

Sincerely,
Sylvia Sidney

The Fan Letter to Mae West—

Editor,
Silver Screen.
Dear Sir:—

I am taking the liberty of voicing the opinion of all fan dance admirers.

Would it be possible to have Mae West portray her version of this new and fascinating art?

Very truly yours,
Walter E. Johnson
Chicago, Ill.

Mae West's Answer—

Dear Mr. Johnson—

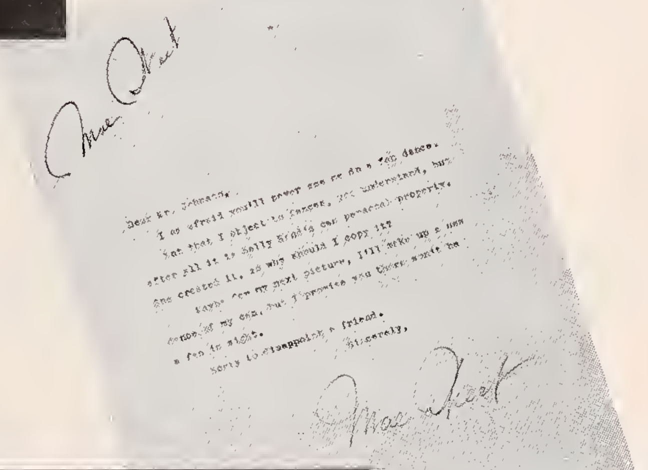
I am afraid you'll never see me do a fan dance.

Not that I object to fances, you understand, but after all it is Sally Rand's own personal property. She created it, so why should I copy it?

Maybe for my next picture, I'll make up a new dance of my own, but I promise you there won't be a fan in sight.

Sorry to disappoint a friend.

Sincerely,
Mae West



Mae West

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Maybe for my next picture, I'll make up a new dance of my own, but I promise you there won't be a fan in sight.
Sorry to disappoint a friend.
Sincerely,
Mae West

Mae West writes Mr. Johnson.

Send Your Letters To Silver Screen's Fan Mail Dept.

Janet
GAYNOR
Lionel
BARRYMORE
"Carolina"

Robert **YOUNG** • Richard **CROMWELL** • Mona **BARRIE**

Henrietta **CROSMAN** • Stepin **FETCHIT** •

DIRECTED BY HENRY KING
SCREEN PLAY BY REGINALD BERKELEY
FROM "THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY" BY PAUL GREEN

Glorious love story in a setting vibrant with drama. Seven stars, the season's most illustrious cast, enthrall you as it unfolds. A human, pulsing romance that will be engraved in your memory for all of 1934.

FOX

Portfolio of Players

Lazarnick

PAT PATERSON

A NEW girl, from London, with screen, stage and radio successes to justify Fox in casting her immediately in "Bottoms Up." Now that good English is inseparable from good pictures, the imports from Sweden and Hungary are falling off and our British cousins are arriving by every boat. Pat will find that Leslie Howard, Charles Laughton, Clive Brook, Heather Angel and Diana Wynyard taught us to expect great things. That's Heather greeting Pat and her scottie on their arrival.

CONSTANCE BENNETT

"MOULIN ROUGE," one of the new Twentieth Century pictures, has Connie supported by Franchot Tone. She wears a dark wig in it and creates some very dashing effects, as you can see at the left. She never seems to stop growing, is always surprising, and always better. That's Constancy for you!

JACK HOLT

THE Compleat Angler, Movie Hero and Stream Whipper is Jack Holt. He is under a long term Columbia contract. Between pictures he fishes the high waters of San Gabriel Canyon for rainbow trout and, incidentally, furnishes an excellent subject for the artist photographer, Orville Snider.

MARGARET SULLAVAN

SHE'LL be hard at work on her second picture by the time this reaches all the new Sullavan fans. "Little Man, What Now," the best seller German novel by Hans Fallada, is the basis for Margaret's next picture. "Only Yesterday" made her famous. Her radio appearances are delightful. Can she make "Little Man" a success?

Freulich

Ernest A. Bachrach

First Picture—Katharine makes her bow in "Bill of Divorcement" with John Barrymore.

Second Picture—"Christopher Strong." Katharine holds the interest of the critics.

KATHARINE HEPBURN

"TRIGGER," which will be released late in March, will be the fifth Hepburn picture. Here are scenes from all of her films. Her fans are violent, her critics are savage. Katharine rose so quickly that when her play "The Lake" was not too well received, many believed the Hepburn craze over. We do not. We believe in the new, wonderful, spiritual quality of this great actress.

Third Picture—"Morning Glory," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Fourth Picture—"Little Women." The year's greatest. With Paul Lukas.

Fifth Picture—"Trigger." Katharine and Robert Young. Can she fail now?

Hurrell

JEANETTE MACDONALD

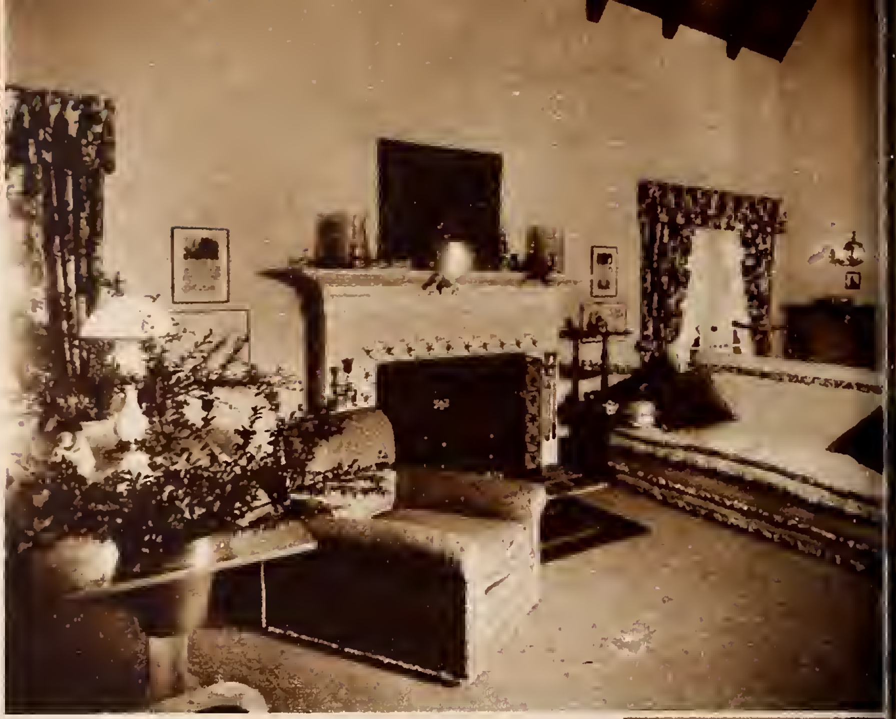
HER latest picture is "The Cat and the Fiddle," in which Ramon Novarro sings to her—but Jeanette's a girl who can sing right back at him. Jeanette has a nice new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—more money. Which is a long way up from the Ned Wayburn Capital Theatre chorus, where she started. She is a reddish blonde and five feet five. With three-inch heels she'll be as tall as Ramon.

Clarence Sinclair Bull

OTTO KRUGER

HE WAS mentioned as having given one of the Best Performances of 1933, and experts predict a great future for him in "Men in White," now being made. Meanwhile he is with Ann Harding in "Gallant Lady," and good, too! Otto retains his own personality although he made a great reputation on Broadway in "The Royal Family"—in which he played the part believed to be an ironic study of John Barrymore.

Harry Lillis Crosby (popularly known as "Bing") and Dixie Lee Crosby—and the baby.



The living room. The table at the left is polished maple with a large semi-circular hole cut in each end. In this hole fit the copper buckets in which fresh flowers are kept. The easy chair is upholstered in a dull salmon damask trimmed with a white cotton cord. The divan is an offshade of white—very rough material, which looks a lot like some tired old bedspreads in vogue in the south years ago. It is trimmed in a heavy green and white fringe. The pillows are green corduroy with a white and green fringe.

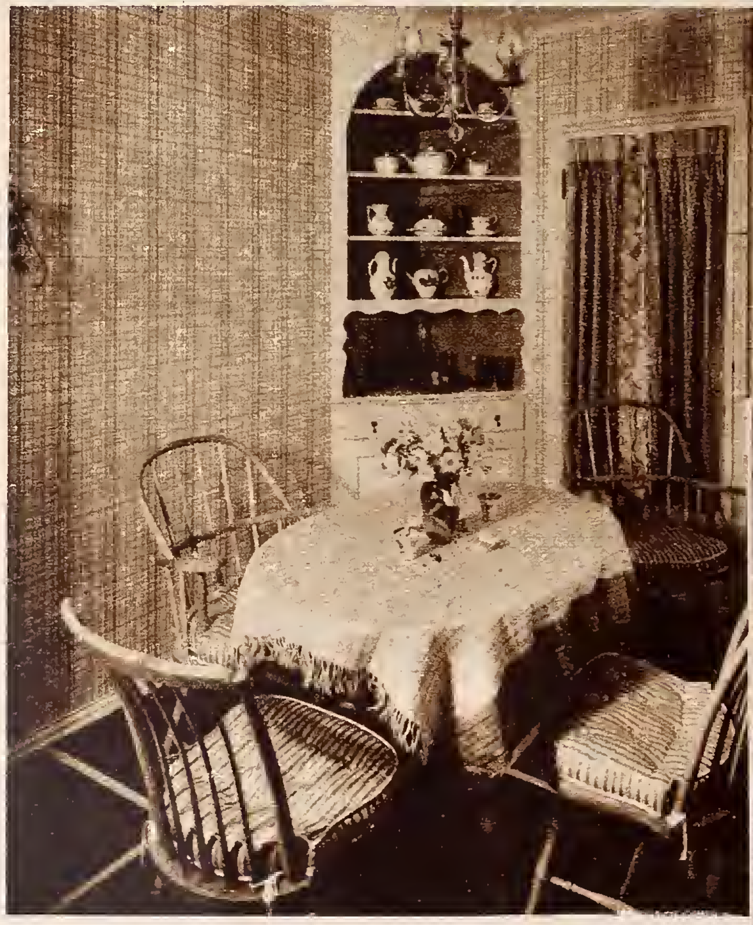
The "HOMIEST HOME"

We Have Heard of "Modernistic" Homes, "Exotic" Homes, "Flamboyant" Homes. Bing Crosby Has a Home to Live In.

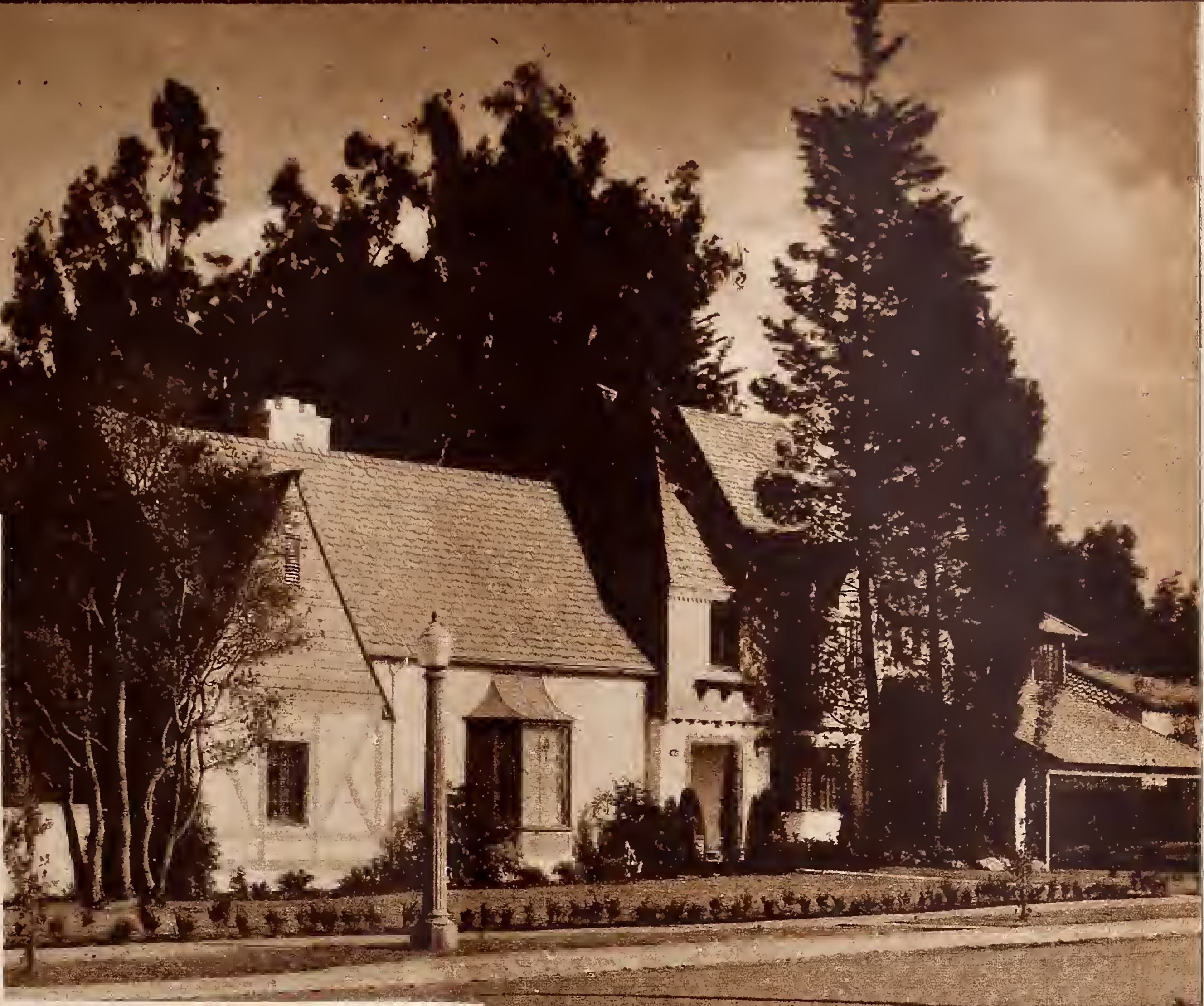
By S. R. Mook

The dining room
early American w
on the wall is ma
The white plates
Mr. Crosby at a
I had lured him.
them, which was
"apiece," but B
and insisted upon
lot (of ten) for
goes to prove how
tively you can furn
a famou

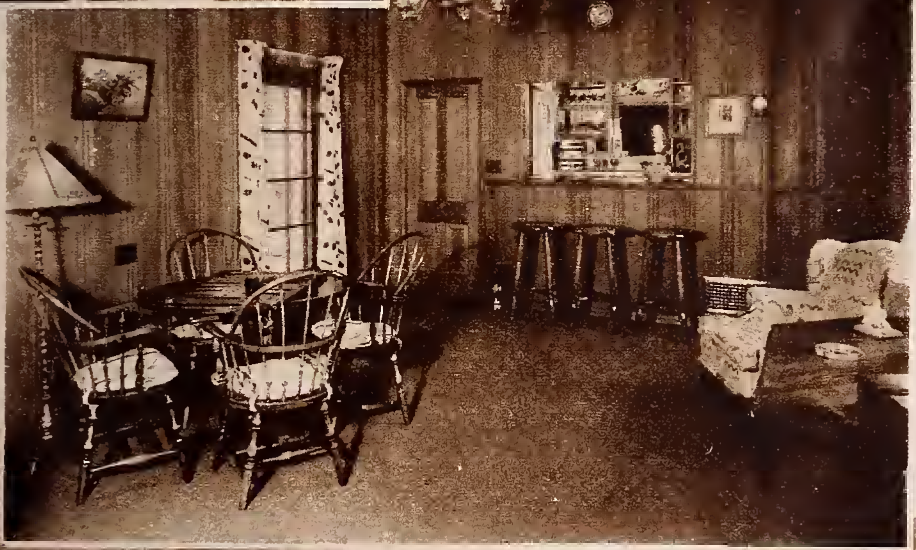
The front door is a dull blue with a peep hole through which callers can be identified without having to open the door.



The breakfast nook. The walls are papered in a blue plaid with an occasional thin stripe of dull red. The floor is covered with battleship linoleum with inlaid stripes of white. The curtains here are of glazed chintz with white dotted Swiss ruffles. The furniture is polished maple and the daisies on the table have white leaves and yellow centers. The cabinet in the corner is a built-in affair, enameled white, with a blue interior.



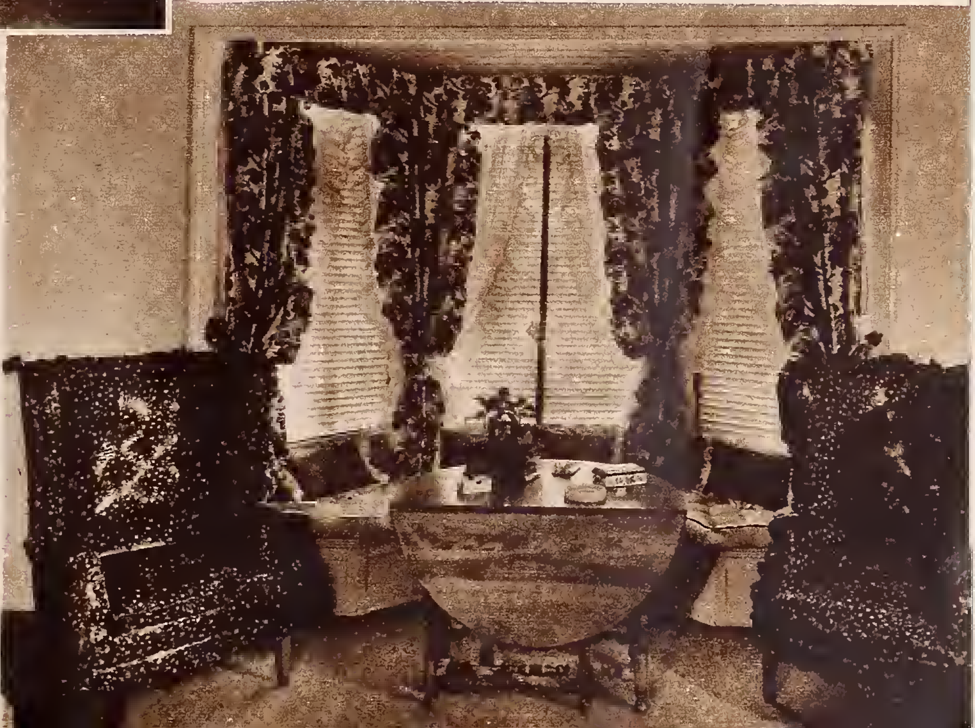
This is the front of the house (southern exposure), and facing a large walnut grove across the street. The room with the stick-out window is the living room and the flat window is in the den. Behind the den (you see the windows) is the play room. To the right of the front door is the dining room and above it is the baby's room and nursery.



The playroom. The walls are of California redwood. The chandelier has old-fashioned globes such as were used on oil lamps, the three stools in front of the bar are of maple and the cuspidor is a heavy brass affair picked up at an auction for $2.00. That's a ship's clock above the bar and the wall on which it is mounted is a panel that pulls down so the bar can be locked. The table and arm chairs at the left are of polished maple. The backgammon board on the table is made of cork and was a present from Sue Carol.

Master bedroom. (Left) Four poster mahogany bed. White dotted Swiss spread and valance with glazed chintz curtain in the back. The lamp on the bedside table is porcelain, with a white dotted swiss shade.

Another corner of the living room. (Right) There are white muslin, ruffled curtains, with overdrapes of glazed chintz. The table is maple and the two chairs are upholstered in a dark plum glazed chintz.



WYNNE GIBSON
PRESTON FOSTER

"SLEEPERS EAST" is a railroad-gangster-chorus girl story, but Wynne Gibson and Preston Foster are lovers, so who cares about the plot.

Scotty Welbourne

DOLORES DEL RIO
AL JOLSON

IN "WONDER BAR," Dolores dances in Al's cabaret. Jolson put over talking pictures ("The Jazz Singer"), and now he deserves a break.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

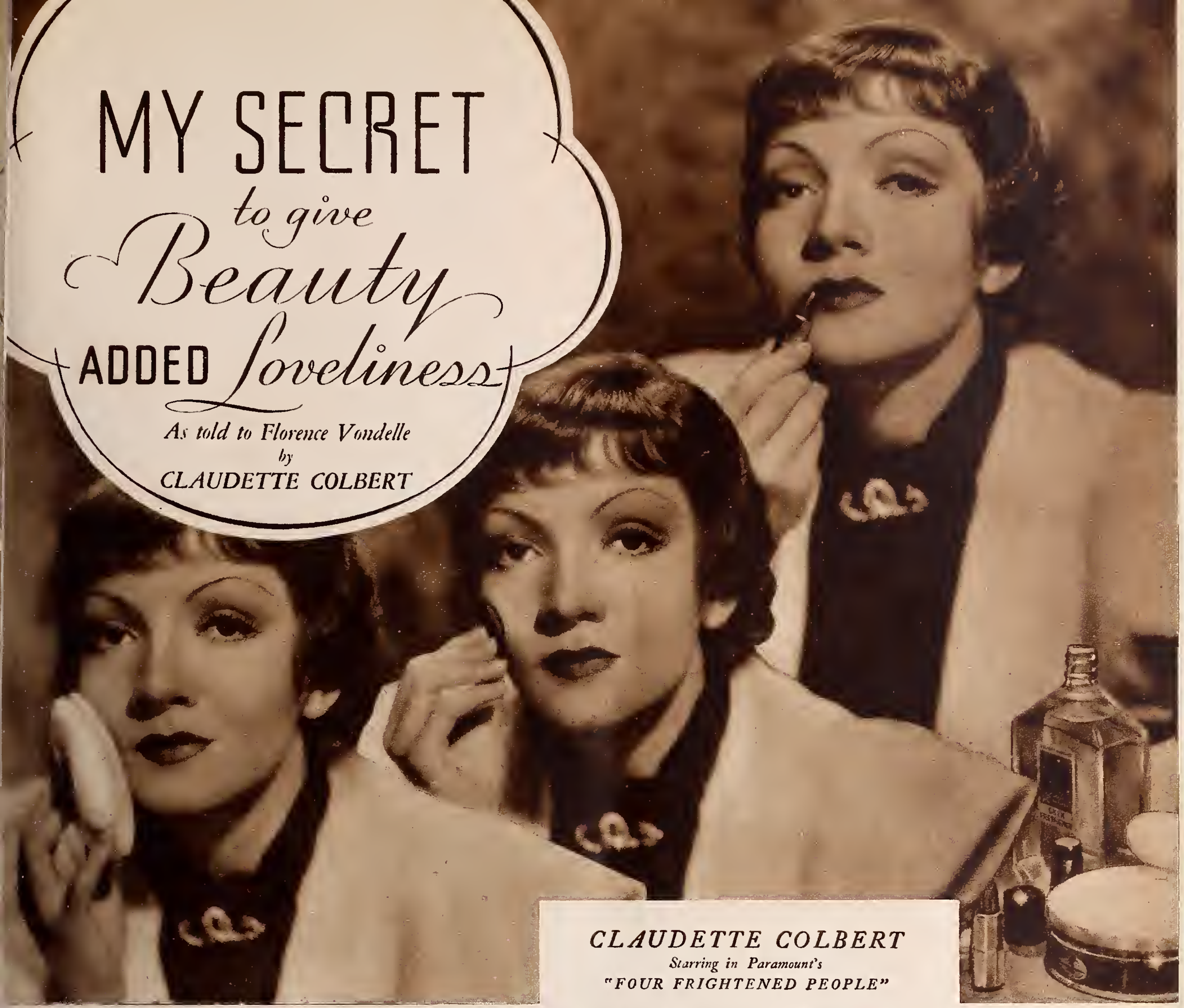
GENEVIEVE, in "Easy to Love," gets even with her erring husband by flirting with Edward Everett Horton—a swell pair of comics.

HUBBY Adolphe enjou looks oldly at wifie enevieve obin when she ows her independence.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN ADOLPHE MENJOU

MY SECRET *to give* *Beauty* ADDED *Loveliness*

As told to Florence Vondelle
by
CLAUDETTE COLBERT



CLAUDETTE COLBERT
Starring in Paramount's
"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Powder...*the first essential is face powder to harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin. Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct. A color harmony tone, richly beautiful, to enliven the beauty of the skin. Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.*

Rouge...*next, to impart a youthful, natural glow of color to the cheeks, rouge must, of course, harmonize with your face powder and your colorings. Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone...and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, it blends evenly ...imparting a delicate, lifelike coloring.*

Lipstick...*last, and so very important, is lip make-up to accent the lovely appeal of your lips. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It's moisture-proof, the color is natural and permanent and once I've made up my lips I know they'll appear perfect for hours.*

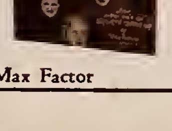
WHEN you see the lovely beauty of Claudette Colbert flash upon the screen, you know that she gives extra thought to her make-up. Each detail is perfect, yet unnoticed ...it is the vision of beauty that attracts and impresses.

"To me, make-up means the accentuation of nature's colorings," explains Claudette Colbert. "That is why color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, is so perfect. The color tones of powder, rouge and lipstick harmonize to bring out a new enchanting loveliness."

New loveliness for you, too...for you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Max Factor's Face Powder, $1; Max Factor's Rouge, 50c; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, $1. At leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...*Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony*



Test YOUR Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick

Just fill in coupon for purse size box of powder in your color harmony shade and lipstick color tester, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illus. book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*...FREE.

© 1934 Max Factor

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR, HOLLYWOOD 17-3-74

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDES
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check*
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	*type above and here* ☐

NAME ____________________

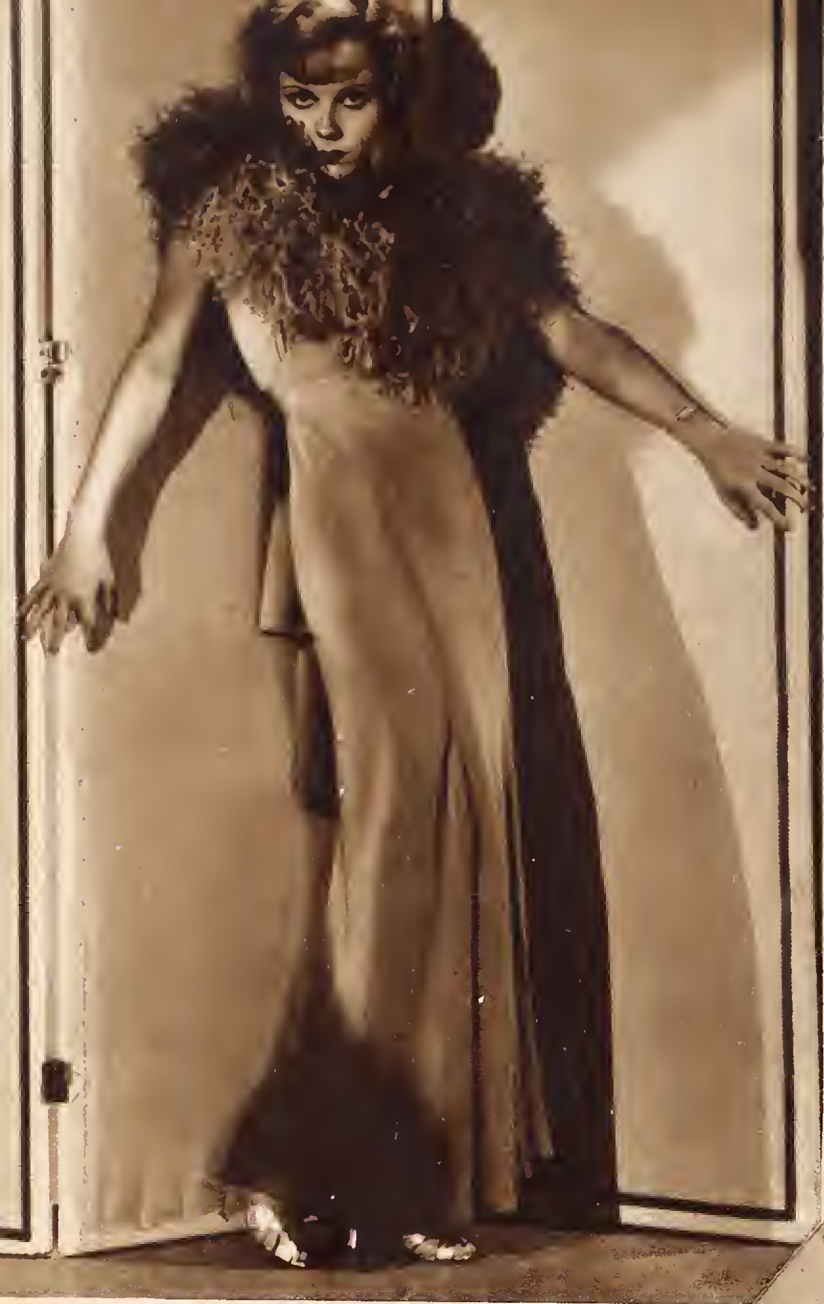
STREET ____________________

CITY ____________________

STATE ____________________

DAUGHTERS OF STYLE

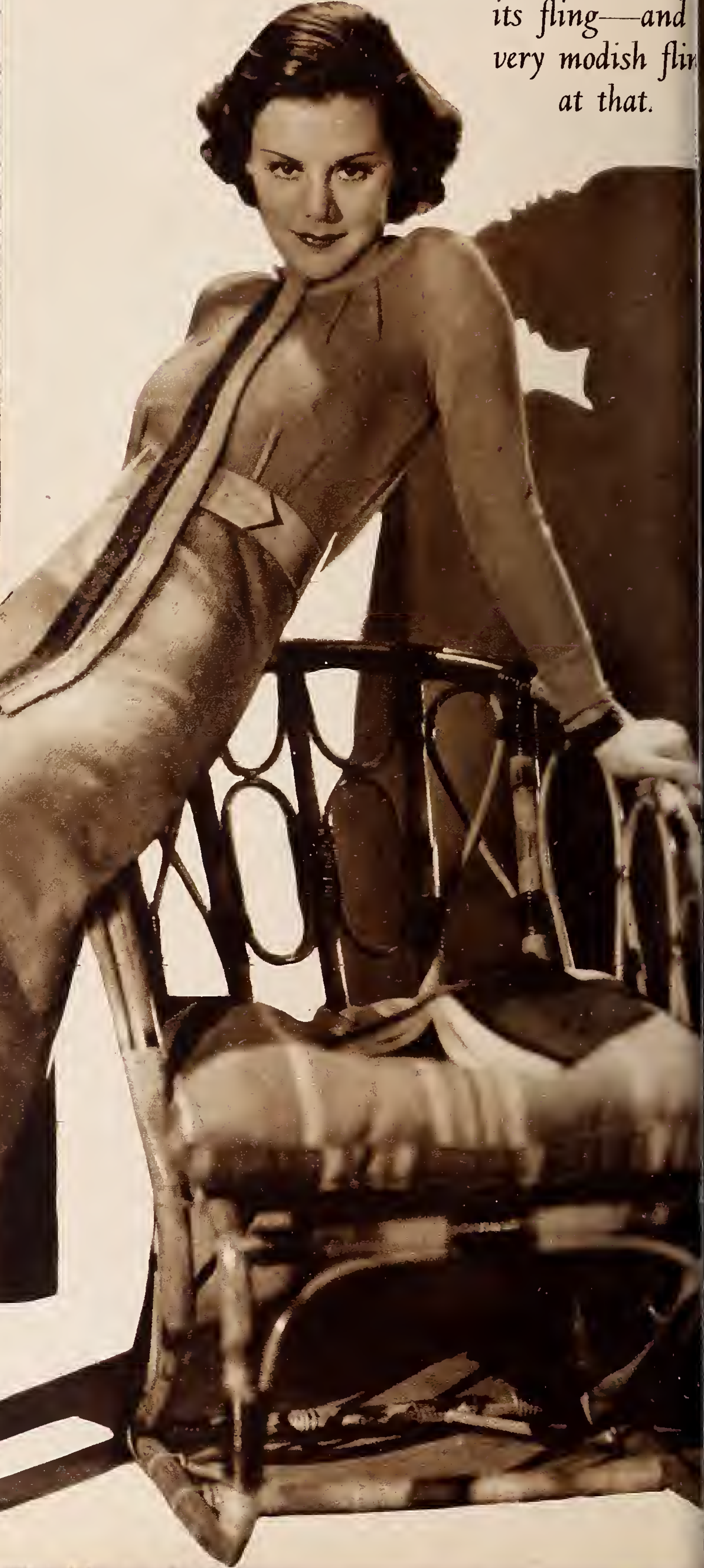
Youth will ha
its fling—and
very modish fli
at that.



DOROTHY LEE

John Miehle

IF YOU have a penchant for sophisticated simplicity, and yet crave a few furbelows for gala occasions, why not choose an evening frock like Dorothy Lee's. Of cerise chiffon, it can be worn with or without the cerise feather boa, which ties at the low back with a trailing chiffon bow.



HELEN MACK

YOU can look just as charming in the office as you do on the dance floor if you copy Helen Mack's charming cherry-red wool frock, with its distinctive four-in-hand tie arrangement in cherry-red and grey.

HINDS
CREAM
HINDS

SATIN-SOFT HANDS PLAY STAR ROLES IN LOVE

Satin-textured hands, laid confidingly on a man's sleeve . . . soft, white fingers, brushing a caress across his cheek . . . how they send up heart-beats! Learn from the screen stars, experts in love, the value of soft, alluring, white hands. So easy to have them! Every night, and after exposure or washing during the day, smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**. Hinds is much more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that smooths, softens, and protects. And it's so inexpensive!

NOW IN A SMART NEW BOTTLE

LUPE VELEZ' hands are enchanting. Shown with William Cagney in the Reliance film, "Joe Palooka," released through United Artists.

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream, too, by the same makers. Delicate, light . . . liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10:30 E.S.T. WEAF, N.B.C. network.

EVELYN VENABLE

FREDRIC MARCH

"DEATH Takes a Holiday," successful as a play, is now being picturized. In the plot, Death (Fredric March), gives up his work, takes a day off and no one can die. He meets Evelyn and Life gets the best of him. Evelyn studied for her career, and appeared first in "Cradle Song." Now she is a regular actress—educated, refined, beautiful. She's the 1934 type—so let's bid a last long farewell to pretty, pretty sex girls. "Design for Living" was March at his most wonderful best. The monocle in this photograph is part of his make-up.

THERE IS ONLY ONE Dorothea!

Baby LeRoy and Dorothea in "Miss Fane's Baby is Stolen." In "Cradle Song" Miss Wieck was delightful in a mother-like rôle.

By Harriet Parsons

Dorothea Wieck is different, and is well liked in Hollywood.

SHE sleeps with her script under her arm every night when she's working. Ordinarily she's an avid reader, but when she's working you can't get her to read the most interesting book.

Between pictures she indulges herself in the maddest combinations of food. Avocados, oranges, cottage cheese and bananas mixed together, and liberally sprinkled with salt and pepper, constitute one of her pet dishes. But when she's on a picture she doesn't know from one week to the next whether she's had a square meal or not. And doesn't care.

She's a sweet-tempered, gracious person—except when she's working on a picture. And then, beware! She'll fly off the handle at the slightest provocation. A story went the rounds of Hollywood, immediately after she started her first picture in this country, which nearly did her great harm. It seems she was getting ready for the first scene of her first American picture and was intensely nervous. She shrieked at the hairdresser, who was a bit slow in answering her call, "Why you not run when I speak? In Germany when I call, they run!"

She's always abjectly sorry after she's lost her temper and she apologized profusely later. Before the picture was over she and the hairdresser were seen arm in arm, and the latter had asked for an autographed picture which she received with a grand inscription.

You see she's like that—*Dorothea Wieck.* She has a terrific intensity over her work which makes her resent anything which distracts or interferes.

It even made her leave a husband, whom she adores, after three brief months of marriage. A husband, *Baron Karl von der Decken*, who is a novelist and editor in Berlin, and of whom she is extremely proud. Before she started "Cradle Song," during the five months when she was perfecting her English, she wrote to him nightly—twenty and thirty page letters in longhand. When shooting began she still cabled him daily—but those lengthy letters ceased. Like everything else they had to give place to career.

It's small wonder that Dorothea Wieck has this passionate single-mindedness when working—this ability to concentrate utterly on the job in hand. Surrounded from early childhood by artists; great great granddaughter of Schumann and Clara Schumann Wieck, great pianist of her day; daughter of a painter father and musician mother; niece of a noted actor; protegé, during her adolescent 'teens, of the famous poet, Klabund, it is natural that she should have this fevered devotion to her own particular art. Born of artists, nurtured by artists, the concentration which is an essential part of genius is deeply ingrained in her. [*Continued on page* 57]

Dorothea Wieck pronounces her name as if it were spelled *DORAKAYA VEEK.*

REVIEWS

RECENT PICTURES O.K. FOR CHILDREN

Alice in Wonderland
Little Women
Smoky

CHRISTINA

Rating: BEYOND AND ABOVE ADJECTIVES—*M-G-M*

WE NEVER thought we would ever feel like a king, sceptre in hand, ruling his kingdom, but now this experience has come to us. Garbo puts us on a throne. Go to "Christina" and be inspired. You will see Garbo become as human as a boy, and once more she will captivate you with her marvellous spirit. A kingdom roars about her but, alone, she upholds emblazoned upon her soul the age old and glorious truth: a woman may give all for her love.

The cast is authentic. They are all royal personages brought to Hollywood at great expense by M-G-M from the 17th Century. They are all great men to know. Lewis Stone is grand and Aubrey Smith will never have a finer time. We did not get so much from John Gilbert, but somehow no one can criticize Jack anymore, after so brave a return.

C. Aubrey Smith, Garbo and John Gilbert in "Queen Christina."

Garbo is the girl queen in boy's clothes and once, when she is on horseback in the snow, she laughs and the flowers in the park bloom. Her charm is infectious and utterly irresistible.

The ending is sheer poetry; fragile and still, but with a strength and sweep that swings up to the heaven of Best Pictures. Rouben Mamoulian is the director and he has opened for us the closed pages of the past. His magic gives us new centuries to visit, and we can brawl in ancient saeters and once more come to Garbo's feet to worship. If you have read Undset, you will almost meet Kristin Lavransdatter at "Christina."

MOULIN ROUGE

Rating: OO-LA LA, ZE CONNIE! MAGNIFIQUE!—*Twentieth Century*

AND now it's time to get out all the superlatives for Mr. Bennett's offspring, who married into the nobility. Connie hasn't had such a grand picture since "What Price Hollywood" and she certainly gives it the works. As Raquel, the actress from the Moulin Rouge (that delightful place in Paris where good tourists go bad) Connie sings and dances and acts, and you realize, definitely, that Connie Bennett is one of the most glamorous and captivating stars of the screen.

Franchot Tone and Constance Bennett in "Moulin Rouge."

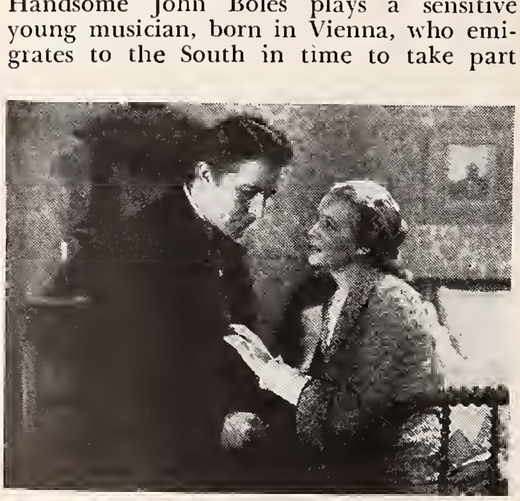
The story is somewhat reminiscent of "The Guardsman" but it is much more boisterous and rollicking. Connie plays the wife of playwright Franchot Tone, who has very decided ideas about a woman's place. After their steenth battle on the subject, Connie walks out on him to prove to him and the world that she has a definite talent as an actress and a singer. She impersonates Raquel, the naughty French star imported for Franchot's play, and completely deceives her husband and his best friend, Tullio Carminati. They both fall passionately in love with her—and for the rest of the picture Connie is torn between a natural delight that she can "vamp" her husband, and a furious rage at his evident unfaithfulness. Both as the wife who's as mad *as mad can be* with the husband she adores, and as the sibilant French seductress, Connie is perfection itself and all that can be desired.

And just in case you should be too exacting—there are the Boswell Sisters and Russ Columbo and several musical numbers. It can't miss.

BELOVED

Rating: SWEET AND LOVELY—*Universal*

ONE of the most beautiful and effective love stories ever to be screened. And if the quaint old-fashioned romance of John Boles and Gloria Stuart doesn't get you—then you're completely out of vogue. Handsome John Boles plays a sensitive young musician, born in Vienna, who emigrates to the South in time to take part in the unfortunate War Between the States. He woos Gloria Stuart, beautiful daughter of an old aristocratic family, with his songs and music and when he returns from the war to find everything devastated and ruined he takes her to New York where he proceeds to teach violin for twenty-five cents a lesson, while he works on his symphony.



John Boles and Gloria Stuart in "Beloved."

Years pass, the world changes, there are defeats, disappointments and triumphs, but always there is John's beautiful love for his wife, the sympathetic and understanding Gloria, and always his persevering loyalty to his symphony that no one buys. His grandson becomes the leading "jazz" composer of New York, and it is through him that John and his symphony are finally "discovered."

Director Schertzinger has composed the incidental music for this picture, and his waltz theme will haunt your mind for many a day.

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE

Rating: MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG—WHEN UP POPS THE DEVIL—*Universal*

WELL, it seems that all the really amusing people are going to California by bus this year. On Universal's bus are Lew Ayres, a rich young man about town, who falls for pretty and shapely June Knight and decides to woo her all the way to California. June has fancied herself in love with smooth-talking Alan Dinehart and they are planning to run away together to California, but Alan's wife, Minna Gombell, sort of breaks that up by insisting upon accompanying her spouse.

The bus hasn't reached Poughkeepsie before June finds out that her boy friend is married, and a first class crook besides, so she switches her affections to Lew Ayres. And that brings on a swell murder along about Arizona. Contributing to the comedy, which is really quite sprightly and gay, are Alice White, a little blonde gold-digger, who is bumming her way across the country, Eugene Pallette, a self-appointed barker, Robert McWade, a professional grouch, and Henry Armetta, who no speaka da English and gets lost.

June Knight and Lew Ayres in "Cross Country Cruise."

A very amusing comedy up until the time Mr. Dinehart murders Miss Gombell and throws the suspicion on Miss Knight, then it goes melodrama in a big way. June Knight is one of Universal's new "imports" from Broadway—and you'll be seeing her around.

FUGITIVE LOVERS

Rating: AN EXCITING TRIP—*M-G-M*

HERE'S another of the "bus" pictures which you'll be seeing these next few months. There's a regular epidemic of them—and not a serum in sight. On M-G-M's bus is Madge Evans, a beautiful chorine, who sets out for California on the spur of the moment to shake off the unwelcome attentions of gangster Nat Pendleton, who fancies himself quite a guy with the dames. But Nat catches her and swings on to the California bus himself—though Atlantic City is more in his line.

Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans in "Fugitive Lovers."

Ted Healy, a loud-talking and guzzling traveling salesman, and his Stooges, now a vaudeville team, all catch the bus too, and things are right merry until Bob Montgomery escapes in a prison-break and joins the little crew. Of course he and Madge fall in love at first sight, and of course all the police on the Continent start tracking down poor Bob. There are moments when the picture is very exciting and moments when it isn't.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS

Rating: ALL HAIL A NEW SCREEN PERSONALITY!—*R-K-O*

FRANCIS LEDERER, the matinee idol of Europe and Broadway, certainly lives up to his exciting publicity in his first picture. He is a distinct personality, sex, curls, and everything. But his first picture isn't so terribly hot, in fact it's rather cold, with poor Francis all done up in furs as an Eskimo. Now, now we ask you!

The story's about a hunt in the polar regions by an expedition from a London museum. Francis, as the Eskimo, helps them in their research, and they, in turn, make it possible for him to realize his life's ambition—to see "the white man's land." But the poor Eskimo discovers that civilization isn't all it's cracked up to be. Elissa Landi plays the love interest.

Francis Lederer and Steffi Duna in "Man of Two Worlds."

FLYING DOWN TO RIO

Rating: ALMOST AN ALTITUDE RECORD—*Radio*

ANOTHER smash hit among the musicals! And with far better music than most of them have. If you aren't dancing the "Carioca" in the next month or so, you haven't lived or gone places and seen things. It is the most exciting thing since the rhumba—and what rhythm, oh! si si señor, what rhythm! The story's about a blonde orchestra leader, Gene Raymond to be sure, who goes for a luscious and bewitching señorita, Dolores del Rio, and thereby loses his job in a swanky Miami hotel. But a friend of his down in Rio gets him a job there, so he and his piccolo boys fly to Rio.

Fred Astaire and Dolores Del Rio in "Flying Down to Rio."

Of course, there are complications—Gene finds the girl of his dreams again, but only to discover that she is engaged to his friend. But don't worry—there's a happy ending. Besides the "Carioca" the highmark of the picture is the versatile and snappy dancing of Fred Astaire, fresh from the Broadway prosceniums. Ginger Rogers is swell as Fred's wisecracking dancing partner and she puts over a ditty besides. Raoul Roulian, as the Latin friend in need, and Gene Raymond both give excellent performances. And Dolores is more mysteriously beautiful than ever.

MR. SKITCH

Rating: VERY FUNNY—*Fox*

THE incomparable Will Rogers' newest picture is as wholesome and homey as sweet potato pie. Will plays the papa of the Skitch family, which suddenly finds itself caught in the depression. So Will packs the Missus, ZaSu Pitts, his pretty young daughter, Rochelle Hudson, a couple of know-it-all twins, his young seven year old heir, and the dog into an old model car and starts out to see the West via the auto camps. Every time ZaSu mourns that they've eaten the last bean, Will scampers out and gets a job of sorts, ranging from Grand Canyon guide to waiter at the swanky Calneva in Nevada. All kinds of amusing things happen and you'll be vastly entertained.

Rochelle falls in love with a West Point officer, Charlie Starrett, and pretends that she is a rich girl—as girls will. ZaSu has quite a tussle with the honeybears in Yellowstone Park. And Harry Green, a wealthy Jew from New York traveling for his health, gets involved with the Skitches to add to the comedy. But the big "surprise" of the picture is a young English actress, Florence Desmond, who gives impersonations of the movie stars that will knock your eye out. When she did Katharine Hepburn at the preview of "Mr. Skitch" the audience fairly tore the house down.

Florence Desmond and Will Rogers in "Mr. Skitch."

You really mustn't miss Will in his latest antics—and the clever Florence Desmond.

BOMBAY MAIL

Rating: VERY INTRIGUING—*Universal*

HERE'S a first class murder mystery that will keep you guessing up until the final five minutes. His Excellency, the Governor General of India (played by Ferdinand Gottschalk), is on his way back to England via the *Bombay Mail*. During the night His Excellency is foully murdered and, of course, everybody on the train is suspected. Inspector Eddie Lowe of the British Secret Service is summoned, and through his canniness is able to solve the mystery in the twenty-four hours before the *Mail* reaches its destination. There are more weird, mysterious people traveling on that train than you have met up with in a month of Sundays—and every mother's son and daughter of them looks guilty. Among the suspects are Onslow Stevens, Ralph Forbes, Shirley Grey, John Davidson and Hedda Hopper. Lots of excitement and suspense.

Brandon Hurst, Shirley Grey, Jameson Thomas and Edmund Lowe in "Bombay Mail."

THE LAST ROUND-UP

Rating: GIT ALONG, LITTLE DOGIE, GIT ALONG—*Paramount*

A SWELL western that throws you from one suspense to another. Randy Scott again plays the handsome hero of the wide open spaces who, by a fluke, gets himself involved in a gang of outlaws, called the Border Legion. Monte Blue is the leader of the gang and Fuzzy Knight and Fred Kohler are his *pardners*. Barbara Fritchie, the love interest, is something new in western heroines, and a very tasty eyeful. If you go for westerns you'll go for this one with spurs on.

NEW PICTURES *(Continued)*

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT

Rating: IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOU—*Paramount*

A VERY slight story but an unusual idea puts this picture into the "atmosphere" class. Some of you may not like the unexciting theme, but at least you'll like the novelty of its presentation. The story revolves around an exclusive girls' school in Switzerland. One of the girls, Dorothy Wilson, has loved not wisely but too well Douglass Montgomery, a poor chemist in the town. When it is discovered that she is going to have a baby the girls all rush to her side and make light of the entire matter. Even the icy athletic instructor, splendidly played by Kay Johnson, warms up considerably and condones the whole affair. Of course, Douglass Montgomery decides that the fact that she is rich and he is poor shall not interfere with his love, so the young couple are married. You knew they would be all the time.

The crew of "Eight Girls in a Boat."

GOING HOLLYWOOD

Rating: BING, BANG—HOORAY!—*M-G-M*

A MARION DAVIES—Bing Crosby—Hollywood—musical picture! What more can you ask? Marion plays a school teacher, who falls in love with Bing's crooning over the radio, and sort of forgets the kiddies' examination papers. When she learns that Bing is going to Hollywood to appear in pictures she manages to catch the same train—but alas, Bing is all hot and bothered about Fifi Dorsay, who's engaged to him, and he can't see Marion for a flock of cinders.

Marion Davies and Stuart Erwin in "Going Hollywood."

The Art of Paul Lukas Captures the Spotlight!

But Marion's got determination and their paths keep crossing in the studio and on the sets until Bing finally sees the error of his ways. Bing sings and sings—and you'll love it. Besides the beautiful Marion and the crooning Bing there are Stu Erwin, Ned Sparks, Patsy Kelly and the three Radio Rogues, with their uncanny impersonations, all adding to the fun. Grand entertainment.

BY CANDLELIGHT

Rating: LANDI LOSES HER DIGNITY—AND WHAT FUN!—*Universal*

THOUSANDS'LL cheer for Landi after seeing her in this gay, intriguing picture of love and mistaken identities in romantic Monte Carlo. It used to be that every time Elissa appeared on the screen we knew there would be a Problem and a long-suffering lover, and it was all getting too, too depressing when suddenly Universal up and discovered that the little Landi girl is one of our best comediennes.

Elissa Landi and Paul Lukas in "By Candlelight."

She plays the rôle of a Viennese maid who poses as her mistress, a countess, even going so far as to borrow the countess' clothes and the count himself. Elissa proves what a clever actress she is by keeping the character of the maid when she is supposed to be the countess—and she's as bubbling as a glass of champagne, and far more intoxicating.

Handsome Nils Asther plays the prince, who goes in for beautiful women and candlelight, and Paul Lukas is his butler who so ardently admires his master's technique that he can't help but practice it in his master's absence. Of course that brings on difficulties and happy confusion—especially, one night, when Prince Asther comes home unexpectedly, to find Butler Lukas posing as the prince to impress Maid Landi who is posing as a countess with a jealous husband. There is nothing for Nils to do but pose as the butler—and he does with the most hilarious effects.

The dialogue is frothy and it is a very gay picture, guaranteed to put you in a good humor. Esther Ralston is beautiful and charming as one of the Prince's "affairs," and Dorothy Revier is quite lovely as the Countess. Grand entertainment.

MADAME SPY

Rating: CORKING GOOD—*Universal*

THOSE spies are with us again. Fascinating people and always so darned good looking. This time Fay Wray plays a beautiful Russian spy with a Greta Garbo bob. When Nils Asther, so *so* handsome in his Austrian uniform, crashes in his plane, Fay nurses him back to health and they get married. Back in Vienna things begin to happen, especially when Nils' old pals, John Miljan and Edward Arnold of the secret service, show up and after much excitement prove to the infatuated Nils that he has married a famous Russian spy.

Fay Wray and Nils Asther in "Madame Spy."

Then the tables turn and Nils shows up in Moscow on a little spying job for Austria and, of course, the first person he sees at the Court is Fay. Intrigue upon intrigue, and all kinds of secret codes and things. But Fay's heart isn't in her spying any more—she has fallen desperately in love with her former husband. Of course she saves him when all of Russia is on his heels and there's a happy ending. A corking good spy story.

THE MEANEST GAL IN TOWN

Rating: AND NOT VERY FUNNY EITHER—*R-K-O*

THE best comedians in town—look 'em over: ZaSu Pitts, Jimmy Gleason, El Brendel, Pert Kelton and Skeets Gallagher. But such a weak story and flock of old gags that they have a hard time keeping body and soul together. ZaSu plays the owner of a small town's Emporium and El Brendel is the local barber who's in love with her. Pert Kelton's a stranded show girl and Jimmy Gleason's a man about town.

El Brendel and ZaSu Pitts in "The Meanest Gal in Town."

A "hit" picture starts a "trend," a "trend" leads into a "cycle," yet always there is novelty and surprise. "The Little Women" wave is passing and the "Queens" have arrived, leaving the "Gay Nineties" only a memory.

MORE GOSSIP

Whispers Are Little Daggers.

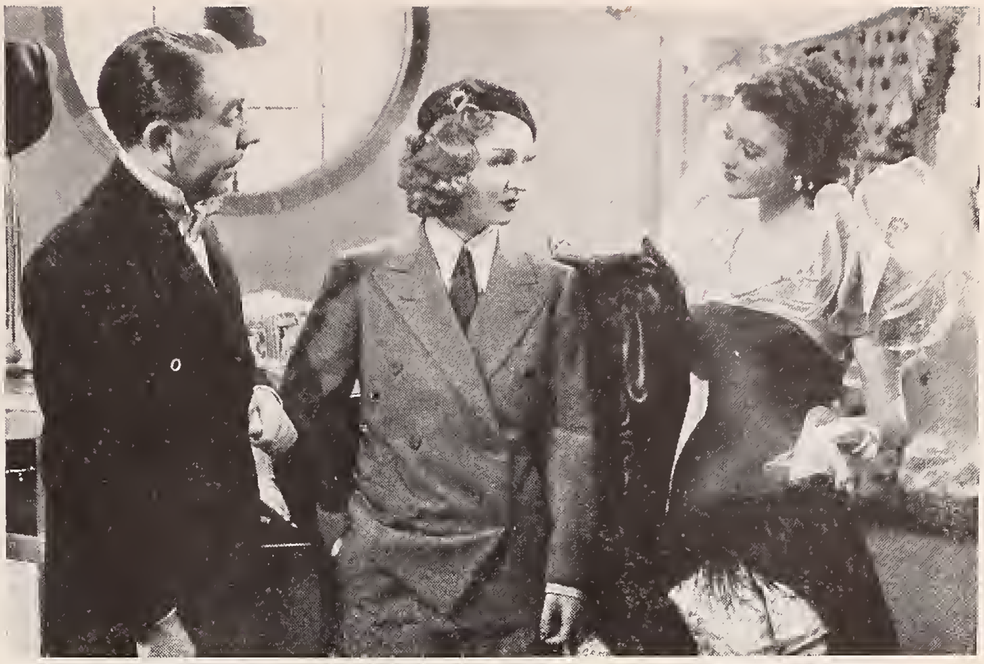
THOSE Queer Things That Happen Department: Two years ago Margaret Sullavan, who became a star overnight after "Only Yesterday," took a test for Paramount and was given both turned down thumbs and cold shoulders. Now Universal, who "discovered" her, laughs while Paramount is gritting its teeth.

And a year and a few months ago, a young actor named Franchot Tone had the New York critics raving about his performance in "Success Story" on Broadway. Franchot was signed by Metro and went to Hollywood and got himself engaged to Joan Crawford. And now "Success Story" has been bought for pictures and goes into production with young Douglas Fairbanks Jr. It's all in the family.

◆

IS THAT old Swedish reserve breaking down? Is the thaw setting in? Is Garbo going to turn out to be flesh and blood after all? It seems that she really does have human impulses now and then. And one of them came the other night when she actually drove out to Pasadena and attended her own preview! Yes, sir, you could have touched her with your own little pinky! And furthermore, you could have knocked the unsuspecting publicity people over with a flamingo (Hi—there—Alice in Wonderland!) But life has its little ironies. "Queen Christina" ran one reel—let out a couple of snorts and hisses—and completely broke down. And poor Garbo had to go home without getting that famous public reaction.

Ned Sparks, bright and gay cinema actor. He's the very Spirit of the Depression.



HERBERT MUNDIN FLORENCE DESMOND HEATHER ANGEL

FIRST STILL from the new musical "Fox Follies."
Florence Desmond's impersonations of Hollywood stars bring down the house—especially is her Katharine Hepburn splendid. Florence goes mostly with the English crowd in Hollywood, except for Ted Fio Rita, the famous orchestra leader. She and Ted planned to elope one night in Hollywood, but got lost in a fog on the way to the airport and changed their minds. Yuma never saw them.

THE Garbo-Mamoulian romance seems to develop steadily. The two have been spotted lunching at the Ambassador and dining at the Russian Eagle quite often lately.

◆

THOSE bad boy writers from the East, Gene Fowler and Ben Hecht, must have taken "Once in a Lifetime" a little too seriously. When they were given an office at Metro they promptly put very hot art studies on their walls, and hired a beautiful blonde secretary whose job was *to take no dictation, answer no phone calls and receive no callers!* But their fun didn't last long. Louis B. Mayer heard about it.

◆

UNA MERKEL says it's bad enough to receive uncomplimentary reviews on your own pictures—but it's expecting a little to much of an actress to have to take it on the chin for someone else. In a recent review of "The Way to Love," with Maurice Chevalier, the critic of *Vanity Fair* remarks "what with knives suddenly hurtling through the air, Una Merkle shivering with hysterics, and Chevalier mooning about his ambition, "The Way to Love" looked like a production from the joint studios of Rene Clair and Mack Sennett."

So Una sent a wire which read: "I spell it Merkel and besides I wasn't in the picture."

◆

LA TASHMAN is about the most inveterate reader in Hollywood. She never sleeps more than four hours a night and spends the rest of the time reading.

◆

KING VIDOR says he has at last discovered truth in advertising. Driving through San Diego recently he saw this sign over the theatre: MAE WEST—I'M NO ANGLE.

◆

JOAN CRAWFORD has had a new library added to her home in Brentwood. It's done in knotty pine and quite beautiful—but there's a white rug! What will the book worms say when they see that white rug!

HOW to acquire poise and confidence? Irene Dunne says that bashful girls should wear high-heeled shoes.

◆

WHEN an actress turns down a chance to star in a brilliant London production—all because of a man—it must be love. So, guess the Teasdale-Menjou romance is the real McCoy. Verree received a most flattering offer to star in "The Human Element," which will open in London in the near future, but she turned it down cold.

"I can't do it," she told Zoe Akins who fashioned the play from Somerset Maugham's story. "Any other year I'd have simply jumped at the chance. But I happen to be very much in love—and the gentleman involved has to remain in Hollywood. And so shall I."

◆

DEAR me, how those Hollywood kiddies do put on airs. If you haven't been snubbed by somebody's precocious four-year-old you really haven't lived. It's Mrs. Pat Campbell, the famous English actress, who's laughing now over the recent ritz she got from young Irving Thalberg, Jr. Young Irving, who celebrated his third birthday in August, was visiting the "Rip Tide" set to see Mama Shearer act. After the "take" Norma very proudly introduced her young son to Mrs. Campbell.

"And what is your name, my little man?" Mrs. Campbell inquired politely.

"Mr. Thalberg," Irving Junior informed her.

◆

MADELINE FIELDS, the voice of Carole Lombard, is this department's favorite when it comes to screen stars' secretaries. Whenever you call her, she says "No"—just like that. When I called the other day, before I could even say a good hello, Madeline shouted, "Whatever you want, *No.* Miss Lombard dislikes publicity, she can't bear to see her name in print. She particularly dislikes fan magazine interviews. The answer is *No* to everything. Well—when do you want to see her? Can you come over right away?"

Clicked Twice

[*Continued from page* 17]

was suited to pictures, and persuasion couldn't convince him otherwise. He raced about wildly, attempting to silence the nagging voice which told him that the things he was doing were pretty futile— that his place was on the stage and that the films weren't for him.

He took a plane that night, and it seemed that one of the most promising screen careers of the decade had terminated. Certainly that was the way it looked when, months later, I went down from New York to catch him in a show in Philadelphia. I found him in a blaze of energy and playing to delighted crowds. The stage-door alley was packed with autograph seekers.

"Isn't it great!" he exclaimed when we were back at the hotel. "This is something pictures can't give—this keyed-up feeling that you get from an audience in the flesh."

"But those girls," I pointed out, "weren't hanging around to get a look at the Theatre Guild's pride and grief. They wanted to see the guy who played in 'Paid' and 'Five and Ten' and 'Waterloo Bridge.' Or am I being coarse?"

His face clouded and I saw that despite his exuberance he had had the same thought. The general release of his pictures, particularly the last ones—"Waterloo Bridge" and "A House Divided," in which he had found his best camera angles—had shown clearly that he was wrong in his belief that he was not a screen type. Yet, despite the clamor for his services in Hollywood, he continued on in an undistinguished season in New York.

Returning to his Pasadena home for a summer vacation, he kept stoutly to his position of passing up the films. Unable to remain idle, he played a few weeks with the Pasadena Community Theatre, and once more was off for New York.

"Maybe I'm a fool," he told me just before he left. "Things look bad back on Broadway, and Heaven knows the movie money wouldn't be unwelcome. And, then, it looks more and more all the time as if pictures are becoming the theatre of today. But I don't mind being broke if I can do the sort of things I like. No salary is large enough to make a dull rôle attractive—and it's only those awfully stupid straight parts that I've been offered here."

Back in the Big Town he appeared in two plays, "Men Must Fight" and "American Dream." Both were marked down on the theatrical scoreboard as flops, and while they gave Doug the satisfaction of rôles into which he really could set his teeth, they were woefully neglectful of his bank account.

There is a general understanding that Doug is independently wealthy, an idea fostered by his spendthrift ways. But he is not moneyed—he has the same financial troubles which beset most of us. And often more so, due to the extravagance of his habits.

"I can't help it," he admits blythely. "I've never been able to feel that money isn't a whole lot more fun to spend than to keep. I like good luggage and clothes and fine wines; I like to live well. If it keeps me broke in doing so, all right. Ever stop to think that that's a swell way to keep young?"

Getting poor by spending is doubtless a pleasanter task than being so from scratch, but broke or not Doug is not one to take unwelcome work merely to obtain the w.k. root of all evil. Instead of taking picture offers in the East, he once more returned to Pasadena for summer stock—this time to repeat his New York and London hit in "Volpone."

Again, impressed by his performance, the picture men approached him. We were swimming one afternoon when he suddenly went down to the bottom of the pool and stayed there for a long time. "Maybe he's sulking," Tommy Wanamaker suggested. But pretty soon he came up with the worried look which means he's been thinking.

"Ah," we jeered, "*effect shot* of a Young Man with a Problem."

"No problem," he said. "Just a kind of feeling that maybe I'm a chump for the ages. I was offered another contract this morning—another long-termer. That makes two. For five years. Five years! Good God, imagine being tied to a place for that long, having to do any rôle shoved at you! Any wonder that I told them to go stick—"

He jumped back in the water and stayed under for so long that we were talking over dynamiting for the body when he came plunging back out. "If they'd only let you pick your spots!" he yelled. "But they won't—want to have you sewed up so they'll benefit too if you click in a good rôle. So they insist you sign a termer before they pass out the plum. Can't blame 'em, I suppose—but it's surely tough on people who hate restrictions, being tied up to one company."

One of Doug's few delusions is that he has a fine singing voice. Suddenly he began to bray a ditty about the blues being all around his bed. Wanamaker and I went and hid in the water. When we came out Doug was balancing a highball glass on his forehead. "Guess it's about time to be making a start back East to see what's what on Broadway."

"There's a broken manager for every light on Times Square," I pointed out. "You're like the guy who searched all over the world for diamonds, never looking for them where they were—in his own backyard."

"Maybe. Hollywood is my backyard, true enough, and certainly the diamonds are here. Looks like it's just a matter of us not being able to get together on a friendly basis."

And then suddenly that happy condition arrived. Although not signed to one of the hated long-termers, Doug was given the part of Laurie opposite Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women." When the picture was finished and the raves over, his work echoed so loudly that they were heard down the street at Paramount. Whereupon he got the only male rôle in the fascinating special, "Eight Girls in a Boat." Now RKO-Radio wants him back for one of those super-super things. Which may show that diamonds yield themselves gracefully when the proper time comes.

I said so the other afternoon as we sat immersed in a philosophical speakeasy glow. "Very nifty," he answered, "and it's also nice to be on the receiving end of some checks again—but I don't know. Actually I'm just as uncertain as to what the score is as I ever was.

"I've got to keep going. My work is my life, and to get static in it would be fatal. A lot of people think I'm screwy, but I think there are a few of you who understand that in my own way I'm trying to be true to myself. And that's the important thing. It's killing to be a square peg in a round hole—and I don't know yet if this is my racket. I'm beginning to believe that it is, and that perhaps I've been mistaken in keeping away from it as long as I have.

"Yet that's nothing new for me. I've made mistakes all my life, fallen down and got up and gone on. I remember some lines about mistakes that I once read: 'But that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther . . . and one fine morning—'

"That's it! To keep on trying—because after all it's the search that's the kick of life, and not the rewards!"

Which explains perhaps why Douglass Montgomery has the distinction of being "The Star Who Clicked Twice."

Rip Tide

[*Continued from page* 15]

you know it very well."

Mrs. Pat, whose acidulous remarks to the screen's "great" made dinner conversation in the past, hasn't been quite so verbose this trip—so far. Though she did tell Lilyan Tashman off at a recent party. Lil arrived wearing one of her smart creations from New York, and all the ladies were gurgling over it and admiring the birds of paradise that swept over the face. Mrs. Pat stood it as long as she could. "My dear," she said at last, "you look exactly like an English sheep dog in that extraordinary hat."

Mrs. Pat didn't have to work that morning, but she thought it wouldn't hurt to drop around and talk to Director Goulding again about the possibility of getting little Moonbeam a part in the picture. Little Moonbeam (not to be confused with Moonyeen, the lady who got herself killed in "Smilin' Thru") is a white Pekingese who played with Mrs. Pat on the New York stage in "The Party," and he is quite stage struck. In fact, as Mrs. Pat informed Eddie, he is pouting with Metro because he hasn't been allowed to act in any of their pictures.

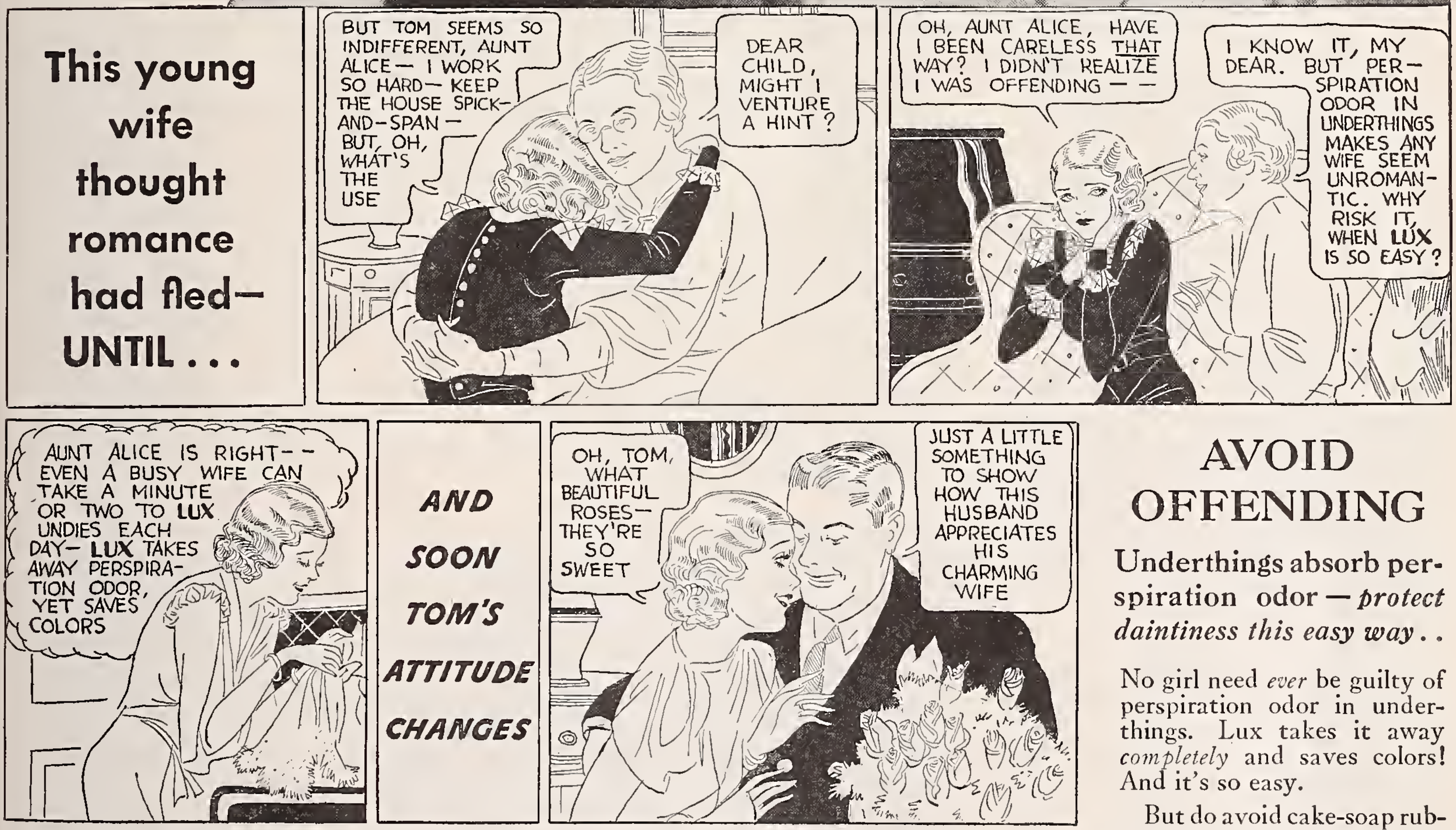
Well, I don't know whether Moonbeam got the job or not, but I do know that his fond mistress has a trust fund for him, and if she dies first he is to be kept in choice bones for the rest of his life. While Mrs. Pat argued it out with the director over her darling's prowess before the camera, I moved over to Lil Tashman's dressing room. Lil was supposed to be learning lines for her next scene where, as Norma's sister, she crashes a sedate English party stinking drunk. But learning lines to Lil is only a matter of seconds. She glances at the script for two seconds, then talks to ten different people on ten different subjects for an hour or so, and then arrives on the set letter perfect in her dialogue.

This is the first time that Lil has worked on the Metro lot since she and Norma played together in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," which was one of Metro's first talkies. She's an ardent Shearer fan and thinks that Norma is the best dressed of the screen stars—which always makes Norma laugh—and makes me laugh, too, when I think of the bare feet and the fog in her hair.

Also, for the first time, La Tashman is wearing gowns designed by Adrian, and the studio is still gasping over her comments on a little tri-cornered creation Adrian whipped up for the Tashman head. "That," said Lil, "is too extreme." Which is the first time that Tashman has even admitted her limitations.

Because of the daring style innovations of Norma's elaborate wardrobe in this picture, the studio has given orders that no full length "still" be made of her for publication until after the release of the picture. Isn't that exciting? I hear that what Adrian has done to the silhouette is something that will change your life. Can you wait!

"what's the use"


This young wife thought romance had fled—UNTIL . . .
BUT TOM SEEMS SO INDIFFERENT, AUNT ALICE— I WORK SO HARD— KEEP THE HOUSE SPICK-AND-SPAN — BUT, OH, WHAT'S THE USE
DEAR CHILD, MIGHT I VENTURE A HINT?
OH, AUNT ALICE, HAVE I BEEN CARELESS THAT WAY? I DIDN'T REALIZE I WAS OFFENDING — —
I KNOW IT, MY DEAR. BUT PERSPIRATION ODOR IN UNDERTHINGS MAKES ANY WIFE SEEM UNROMANTIC. WHY RISK IT, WHEN LUX IS SO EASY?
AUNT ALICE IS RIGHT— — EVEN A BUSY WIFE CAN TAKE A MINUTE OR TWO TO LUX UNDIES EACH DAY— LUX TAKES AWAY PERSPIRATION ODOR, YET SAVES COLORS
AND SOON TOM'S ATTITUDE CHANGES
OH, TOM, WHAT BEAUTIFUL ROSES— THEY'RE SO SWEET
JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING TO SHOW HOW THIS HUSBAND APPRECIATES HIS CHARMING WIFE

AVOID OFFENDING

Underthings absorb perspiration odor — *protect daintiness this easy way . .*

No girl need *ever* be guilty of perspiration odor in underthings. Lux takes it away *completely* and saves colors! And it's so easy.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali—these things fade colors, injure fabrics. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

LUX
Won't shrink woolens
won't fade colors
if it's safe in water it's safe in LUX
NRA

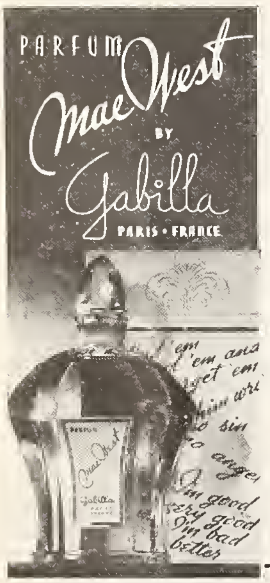
—for underthings

Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors

MAE WEST says:
"I like a man what takes his time.... but there's a limit to everything!"

"When a man takes three years to pop the question, it's time for action . . . and action is one thing at which I'm an expert. I find that once a member of the male sex gets a whiff of that scent Gabilla blended for me—he begins to forget his ten reasons for remaining a bachelor."

Now you, too, can use PARFUM MAE WEST by Gabilla of Paris. You can enjoy that strange fascination which is Mae West's. PARFUM MAE WEST is loaded with lure... dripping with sex appeal. A few drops behind your ears—and it's all over but the wedding march!



PARFUM MAE WEST is now available at your favorite drug or department store—priced from 65c to $25 per bottle. Better not lose any time. Some one else might start working on him with PARFUM MAE WEST.

If your favorite store cannot supply you, order from us direct, using the convenient coupon and enclosing 65c in stamps for 1 dram size—$1.00 for ¼ oz. size.

As a special introductory offer we are sending you six intimate photographs of Mae West with your order.

PARFUMS WESMAY, Inc.
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Enclosed find ( ) 65c. ( ) 1.00
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....
NOTE: This is not merely an endorsement —this is the personal perfume of Mae West.

I'm in Love [*Continued from page 16*]

"Thank goodness, that's over," Myrna said at last, wrapping up the dismantled fashion sitting and giving it to a boy to return to the studio. "Let's talk. I always get fearfully embarrassed at interviews. You ask me questions and I'll answer—maybe," and Myrna laughed and gave her eyelashes a swish and I knew darned well that I could ask questions until the cows came home and that that sly little minx would trick me out of my answers.

"Yes, there've been a lot of complaints about you," I said. "You've been in Hollywood in pictures since 1925 but there is less known about you than any other star. No gossip, no rumors, no hits, no runs, no fun." Without any air of mystery about her—Myrna has never refused an interview, dodged down a side alley, or worn dark colored glasses—she is the most mysterious person in Hollywood today—not even excepting Miss Gustafson. When the day's work at the studio is done, very few people know what Myrna does, says, or thinks.

"But," I continued, "in your own quiet way you have suddenly blossomed forth during this last year into one of the Most Important People on the Screen. How come? Metro, with all its Shearers and Crawfords and Harlows, suddenly discovers that you have more glamour than a Christmas present from Tiffany's, and they write you up a new contract with a lift in salary, and go out scouting for stories for you—instead of giving you those little scripts lying around that no one else wanted. How'se about it? What's this new high in Loys?"

"I think my change during the last year," said Myrna seriously, "may have been caused by two things. First, I am really seriously honest-to-goodnessly in love. And second, after all these years of floundering around and taking what the gods and the casting offices threw my way, I have at last gotten complete confidence in myself and know what I want and where I am going. I have a definite ambition now. And I know that my real personality does photograph on the screen. If you only knew how many sleepless nights I have spent worrying over that—worrying because every studio in Hollywood thought only of me as a weird exotic with taped eyes and wandering brows, and I played so many Eurasian half-castes that I began to wonder if I really did have a personality that would photograph after all. I did so want to be me. After 'Animal Kingdom,' 'When Ladies Meet' and 'The Prizefighter and the Lady' I knew I was a personality, not a type any longer. Gosh, it has made a difference in my outlook on life."

"Wait—wait a minute," I stammered, "You're in love? And it hasn't been smeared all over the newspapers and low-down columns? Wonder woman—how do you do it?"

Myrna gave another one of her fascinating giggles. And swooped those lashes again and I knew right well that two hours from now I would still be as vague about her "love life" as Alice Brady in a pea soup fog.

"I'd rather not give you the name of the man" (Yes, I was afraid of that), Myrna said. She gave a sly smile. "Of course, out of fairness, I can't say that I owe everything to him, for there were three men before him who managed to see through darkest Africa and realize that I wasn't just a native girl with a good figure. And believe me, I am certainly indebted to them.

"It seems Mr. Griffith had been assigned to direct Ina Claire in 'Rebound,' and he and the Pathe executives were looking every place for a girl to play the part of *Evie*. They had tested a lot of people and had resorted to looking at some old film just for ideas. 'Oh dear God,' Mr. Griffith said, 'please send us *Little Evie*.' And that night he saw me doing the usual half-caste in a film and sent for me to take a test for *Little Evie*. The next day Mr. Griffith sent for me and I played *Little Evie*—a nasty little snob from the social register—but thank goodness, not a half-caste. It was after 'Rebound' that Director Griffith called me 'glamorous' and told me: 'You can do what Mary Astor has done. Go out and get yourself a big contract.'

"But I didn't—right away. Mr. Mamoulian was another director who helped me to gain confidence in myself. I learned that he insisted upon me for the Chevalier picture 'Love Me Tonight,' though the Paramount studio didn't want to pay my salary for such a small part. I wasn't so keen about the small part myself—but at least it allowed me to wear modish clothes and speak English, so I took it and Mr. Mamoulian everyday would hand me a little blue slip of paper, which meant I had more and more lines to say. He encouraged me when I most needed it."

It was late. The telephone was ringing. I had to go. I think Myrna Loy is a swell person. I would like to know some of those thoughts that go on behind those swooping eyelashes—but I presume this is all I'll get out of old Mona Lisa Myrna.

Wide World

A welcome home party for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Left to right, M. C. Levee, Doug's agent, Gloria Swanson, Doug Jr., Mrs. Fredric March and Harold Lloyd. In the rear are Fredric March and Michael Farmer, Gloria Swanson's husband.

"Beauty of Face and Figure

HARD TO KEEP IF YOU ARE TORMENTED BY PAINFUL FEET, CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS or SORE TOES"

Says **DR. SCHOLL**

Just as comfortable feet can be made the foundation of new beauty, grace and attractiveness for you, so will tortured feet show in tired eyes, wincing lines, a halting stride and in a silhouette robbed of its once soft, lovely curves.

Corns, callouses, bunions and sore toes can affect you in these respects as seriously as most any other painful foot trouble. Whether it's simply to stop nagging friction or pressure of your shoes on a tender spot on your feet or toes, or to ease the sharp pain of a corn, callous or a bunion — Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will give you

RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop the cause of these foot troubles —shoe friction and pressure—by cushioning and protecting the sore spot. They soothe irritated nerves and inflamed tissues and prevent corns, sore toes, blisters and abrasions. "Breaking-in" discomfort of new or tight shoes is avoided, enabling you to walk, dance or golf with comfort.

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NOW, to quickly and safely remove corns and callouses, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks,* included in every box for that purpose. One or two applications and the hard, dead skin can be lifted right off painlessly! Don't cut your corns or callouses and risk blood-poisoning. Avoid caustic liquids or plasters—they can cause acid burn.

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for hammer toes, very large joints and thick corns and callouses

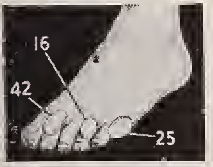
In addition to the regular thin sizes, Dr. Scholl has perfected a new series of Zino-pads "THICK" for removing pressure and friction of shoes in exceptional cases where the regular sizes are not of sufficient thickness to give complete relief. Ask for them by number.

For Corns—Sore Toes

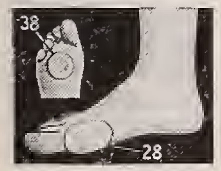
For Callouses

For Bunions

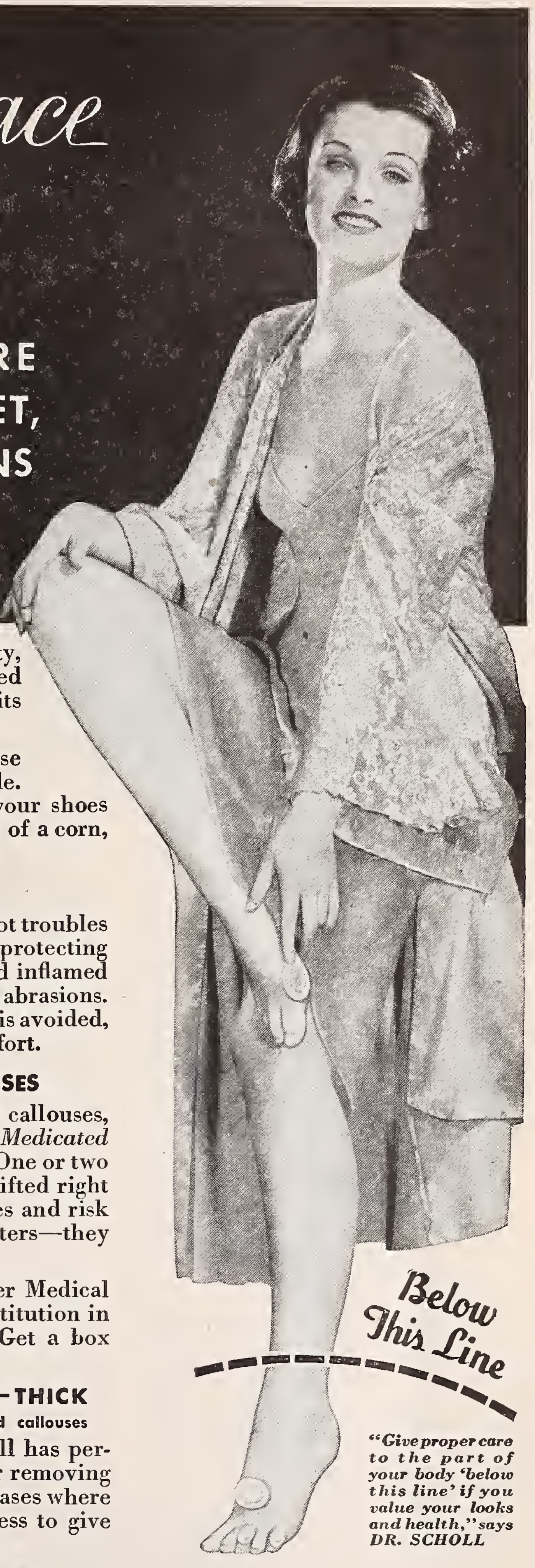
For Soft Corns



42 for Hammer Toe
16 for Thick Corns
25 for Tender Joint Behind Little Toe.



38 for Thick Callouses
28 for Large Bunions



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"Design For Starring"

[*Continued from page* 27]

claimed briskly. "It's good for a child to grow up and be able to call one special place "home."

Michael, lest you forget, is Miriam's adopted boy and she's simply crazy about him. He came in from his morning romp in Central Park (in spite of the icy temperature), while we were having breakfast. Although he's just twenty months old, you could not, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, call him a baby . . . not in these modern days of child-expression. He's really the most adorable fair-haired little boy, with sturdy legs still brown from the hot California sunshine, and with deep-set dark blue eyes that are forever crinkling with inner laughter. Up upon his mother's bed he climbed like a cute little puppy dog, gurgling with glee over his own prowess, his eyes fairly eating up the fruit and toast on Miriam's half-finished breakfast tray.

"I shouldn't give him anything," she admonished herself sternly, "Miss Nathan would be furious (Miss Nathan is Michael's nurse, and a graduate dietition to boot), but, like all mothers, she couldn't resist Michael's gurgling demands and fed him just the tiniest bit of toast. "He loves his food," she murmured proudly. "He even asks for more spinach." Which makes little Michael Hopkins something of a phenomenon in the world of children . . . or doesn't it?

The question whether she would like Michael to follow the theatrical profession when he grows up brought a protest from Miriam. "I want him to follow his own bent. Just now he seems to get a tremendous pleasure picking notes out on the piano. So in about six months I'm planning to have him take piano lessons. They have new teaching methods these days," she added, smiling wryly as we exchanged horrid reminiscences of our own piano-practicing days. "Michael may turn out to be an infant Mozart," she laughed, while she punched his little chest and back lovingly, treating him just as if he were a little punching bag.

With Michael back in his own room having luncheon, the phones started to buzz again, and I gathered that on the following day Miriam was moving from her luxurious hotel suite, to a furnished pent house apartment on East 79th Street.

"The terrace," I ventured, "will be lovely for Michael."

She agreed, and added, "But Michael won't give up Central Park altogether. He adores playing with the children there."

"I wish you could see that apartment," she confided. "It's too, too divine. And it faces South and East. Plenty of sun and warmth. This suite here is really lovely but, as you see, it faces North and West. Brrr! The wind just howls across the Park these cold nights!

"There's a marvelous living-room, leading out onto the terrace in my new place. The owner left some original Degas and Manet paintings on the wall and I'm so pleased I could shout! But, best of all, there's an open fireplace. It will be heavenly to sit in front of it on cold evenings and chat over tea and cocktails, or just read and dream."

Miriam has already lived in three different places since she came to New York early in December. She came first to the Pierre, then, tiring of hotel living, moved to a magnificent five-story English basement dwelling on East 63rd Street. A corps of servants was hired, charge accounts opened at the stationer's, the laundry, the market, etc., etc. But, after two weeks, Miriam decided that she wanted to move again. The reason doesn't matter. Call it a whim, a fancy, if you like, but when the urge came to get going once more, Miriam "got going." She came back to the Pierre, but in another suite, hung up at the windows the type of curtains that she adores (bright, cheerful ones that draw together magically with a pull of the string and shut out the dark, unfriendly night) and ordered the private phone, which she can't do without, installed.

"I'm ashamed to call up the telephone company and ask them to put in another phone for me in my new apartment," she murmured contritely, suiting the action to the words. I wish I could just give them a change of name instead of a change of address. It would be easier." (Note: I don't believe she was a bit contrite, the little minx, but she felt she ought to be.)

"I once read that you collected first editions of rare books," I remarked during one of the brief pauses between phone calls.

"Not any more," answered Miriam with a definite shake of her blonde head. "It was far too expensive. At any rate, when I found that the hobby was becoming almost an obsession, I stopped it short. Why, when I was earning $350.00 a week on the New York stage, I used to spend the entire sum on one book. I've given away almost the whole collection, so as not to be tempted again. Now I buy books, of course, but just those I want to read. I still like them attractively bound and printed, but they don't have to be first editions.

To describe Miriam's glowing personality best, taking some of the parts she has played in pictures as a medium, two rôles come to mind almost at once. . . . (She is not at all like the torch singer who met such a tragic end in "Twenty-four Hours," nor is she, even in the most remote sense, anything resembling that pathetic character which she played in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.") But, when she spoke of her yearning for a permanent home in Santa Monica, with the eternal miracle of the majestic mountains almost at her back door, and the restless, surging Pacific at her front, she was the living prototype of Louise in "The Stranger's Return," the girl who was drawn back to the soil by an intangible power that she had no wish to control.

However, the rôle of Gilda in "Design for Living," is more nearly Miriam than anything else that I can think of. Gilda proclaimed herself "Mother of the Arts." Well, Miriam is just that. Her dearest friends, both in Hollywood and New York, are numbered among writers, artists and musicians. Two of the very fine sketches on the walls of her apartment in the hotel were done, she admitted "by a young artist in California. That's a splendid sketch he's done of Michael. He shows great promise. I mean to help him, if I can."

While I was there that morning, one of the artiest publishers in New York called her up asking for a criticism of several books he had left with her a few days before. And Miriam proceeded to tell him quite decisively why she thought certain ones would be suitable for republication.

Just like Gilda, Miriam loves small chatty dinner parties. Big parties leave her vaguely depressed. She adores mixing small groups of people—writers, artists, musicians, actors, a dash of society and a sprinkling of men and women in less æsthetic professions. All together these people make an intoxicating conversational cocktail. In any event, they *would* if Miriam handled the cocktail shaker.

Some Grow—Some Swell

[*Continued from page* 19]

if I may use the phrase. Mr. Bancroft got to be a very big star, but he wasn't ever really quite as big as he thought he was. I think Mr. Bancroft's end came in Hollywood when the story was circulated that his wife said she couldn't just wake him in the morning—she had to carry in a bowl full of roses or carnations and hold them close to his august nose, and allow him to come to gently in their fragrance. Maybe the story isn't true—but it had wide publicity and it did typify the Bancroft attitude toward life.

Franchot Tone—in spite of being the constant companion of Miss Joan Crawford, who has swelled considerable at times, appears to be growing rapidly. Everybody in his own studio, and all the other studios, likes him. He takes his work very seriously. He is intensely pleased with good notices. He wants to be a better actor, which is quite astounding, because Mr. Tone is a much better actor than most people now, and might well be satisfied with himself.

In my opinion, no one in pictures has grown so much as Jean Harlow. The platinum blonde, who became famous because of her looks and her sex appeal, works harder than anybody else on the M-G-M lot. On the 'phone, the other day, I said to her: "Jean, you're becoming a very fine actress in spite of everybody." She chuckled. "I'll get there or die trying," she said. And by "get there" she didn't mean to stardom, which she has, to fame, which is certainly hers, to big salaries. She meant to the goal which she has set for herself. The goal of really fine artistry.

"People have been so good to me," she told me, once, "and they come to see my pictures and they applaud—and it makes me cry. But I want to be so much better than I am now—I want to be a really fine actress, so that when my platinum hair sort of fades, they'll come to see me for my work. I'd rather be an actress like Marie Dressler, and have people love me as they do her, and be able to give the performances she does, than anything else in the world. And I get enough encouragement all the time to keep at it."

Richard Dix has a sense of humor that keeps him sane.

Fredric March always strikes you as an actor, hot or cold, on or off—but a pleasant actor in both instances.

Janet Gaynor—Garbo—Norma Shearer—they have all grown steadily, with appreciation, with understanding, and with a certain amount of humbleness in the face of their fame.

Perhaps the woman, outside of Dressler, who has grown most in the years, is Marion Davies. There is no one so kind, so thoughtful, so altogether lovely, as Marion. Her shyness is still her greatest charm. Perhaps that's why she continues to be one of our greatest and most enduring stars either in Hollywood or on Broadway.

THERE IS ONLY ONE Dorothea Wieck

[*Continued from page* 47]

At fourteen she was entered, at the urging of Klabund, in the Academy of Hellerau, where she studied dancing and music. When she was sixteen some of her fellow students made a trip to Vienna, where Max Reinhardt had his Josephstadter Theater. Unknown to her family the young Dorothea accompanied them with the secret hope and ambition of winning a place under the great Reinhardt aegis.

She managed to obtain an interview with the master and he had her read for him passages from Ibsen's "Wild Duck." In her nervousness she forgot many of the lines, but, like the true artist that she was, even then she ad-libbed, improvising in her own style and giving her own individual interpretation. When she finished she was utterly crushed, convinced that a great student of the theater like Reinhardt would have only contempt for a novice who couldn't even remember her lines. As a matter of fact it was that inspired improvisation of hers which won Reinhardt, and he gave her a contract. Her family's first inkling of her whereabouts was when their precocious sixteen-year-old informed them that the famous Reinhardt had signed her to appear under his banner.

At the end of six months she went with the Civic Theater in Falkenburg, Munich, feeling that she would have a field of wider opportunity there. Arbitrarily she cancelled her contract with Reinhardt with that same refusal to let anything stand in the way of her career which characterizes her now. Gently Reinhardt reproached the wilful seventeen-year-old for breaking her agreement—but he let her go without interference. Undoubtedly he understood the girl's passionate devotion to her purpose, which made her blind at times to all ties and allegiances—to everything which might lead her footsteps aside from the single path which she had chosen.

When she was just short of eighteen she got her first break in pictures. She was signed to a two year contract by the Emelka studio in Munich, and made twelve silent films for them. Twelve films which came dangerously close to ruining her opportunities of ever becoming a significant emotional actress.

For in those twelve pictures the dark, fragile Dorothea, whose sensitive, reserved beauty suggests infinite concealed depths of passion and compassion, was a vacuous blonde ingenue! And all because a director had the inspiration that a blonde wig would "brighten" up her subtle, repressed loveliness.

He brightened Dorothea up so successfully that a goodly part of the fans of Europe associated her thereafter with sweet, naive, innocuous rôles and she enjoyed an insignificant popularity as a pleasantly unobtrusive leading lady.

Dorothea stood it just so long and then decided that that blonde wig was suffocating everything that was really vital in her. She returned to the little Civic Theater in Munich, accepting a contract later from the Frankfort Schauspielhaus, where she entered on an entirely new phase of her career. In Frankfort she had a chance to play everything from Shakespeare to ultra-modern and sophisticated French farce.

Is your hair TOO DRY or TOO OILY to train in these New Hollywood Styles?

Here is the coronet coiffure introduced to America by a glamorous screen star. A loose twist of hair crowns the head, its ends lost in curls over the ears. The charm of its skein-silk contour would be destroyed by fly-away ends of dry, harsh hair. To help dry hair, use the Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo treatment below.

Another Hollywood star parts her hair an inch to the right above a long bang and draws wide, soft waves like a satin cap into the neck-line. The revealing simplicity of this style should not be attempted with oily, stringy hair. Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo treatment (given below) helps to correct too-oily hair.

Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali . . . Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair*. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No free alkali . . . no acidity in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

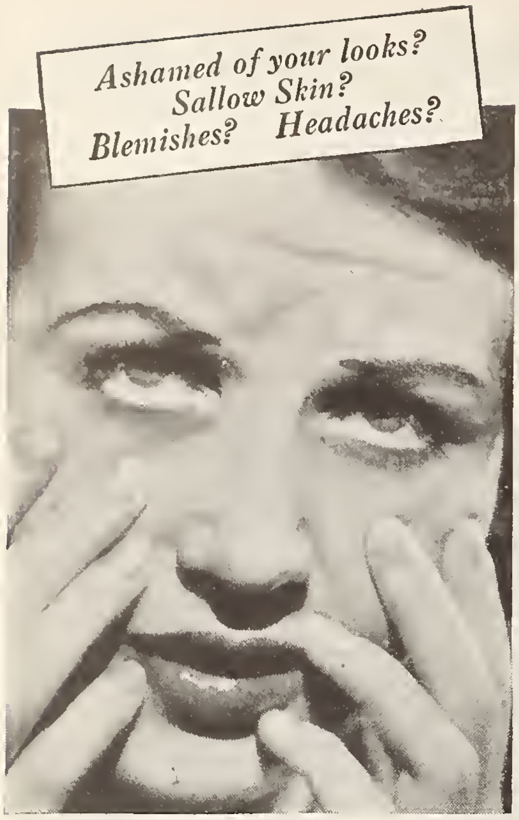
To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair*. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** *hair*

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for **OILY** *hair*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Blemishes? Headaches?

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The experience was invaluable and all the varied training of those months came to Dorothea's aid when she finally got her great chance—the opportunity to play Fraulein Von Bernburg in "Maedchen in Uniform."

It's doubtful if anyone could have brought more understanding, restrained emotion, and pure beauty to the rôle of Fraulein Von Bernburg than Dorothea Wieck. Yet it's little short of a miracle that she was chosen for the rôle. It came about completely by accident.

Dorothea Wieck was the last actress in Germany who would have occurred to Carl Froelich and Liontine Sagan, producers of "Maedchen in Uniform," as a possibility for the rôle of the sensitive school teacher. Her screen work had all been damningly trademarked by that blonde wig, and her stage work, confined as it had been to Vienna, Munich and Frankfort, was not known in Berlin.

But it just so happened that Froelich was a close friend of Dorothea's artist father. And that one evening during a visit to the Wieck home he glanced casually through the family album—and saw a picture of Dorothea.

Wide World

Genevieve Tobin and the pooch she entered in the Dog Show.

He had known that his friend's daughter was an actress, but his impression of her, gained from her film work, had been of a fluffy blonde nonentity. Here, however, looking up at him from the pages of that homely album, was a woman of rare and unusual beauty. One look was enough to convince him that Fraulein Von Bernburg was found.

Only one thing remained. And that was to convince the lady herself. Convincing Dorothea, let me interpolate, is about as easy as bending a steel girder between the thumb and first finger. But once she believes sufficiently in anything there's no stopping her. She recognized in "Maedchen in Uniform" the opportunity for which she had long been waiting, went to Berlin, played the part—and you know the rest.

Seldom has a foreign-made picture enjoyed the sensational welcome that "Maedchen in Uniform" was accorded in America. And only a few times before has a European actress arrived here with a ready-made American public awaiting her. True, Dorothea had to cinch that public with her first American-made vehicle. But the way has already been paved. They awaited her, not as a stranger, but sympathetically, interestedly, as one who has already proved her mettle, and who will have, in the future, only to live up to what she herself has indicated, in "Maedchen in Uniform," can be expected of her.

Paramount is the studio which signed her and brought her to America, and without the cooperation of Paramount she cannot, of course, live up to those expectations. She arrived in America in March, 1933, and in Hollywood in April, but it was not till October that her first picture was completed. Time had to be allowed for the improving of her English and for the finding of a suitable vehicle. The vehicle finally chosen was "Cradle Song," a poignant, tender, romantic play by Martinez Sierra, in which Dorothea plays the rôle of a nun.

During those months which passed between the time of her arrival in Hollywood, and the day when she actually started production on her first Paramount picture, Dorothea was somewhat of a mystery woman to Hollywood.

The night she arrived she did none of the things one would expect from a glamorous European personage on her first night in the maddest of all towns. She went quietly to dinner at the Brown Derby with her manager and afterward to a movie at a small neighborhood house. There was no riotous reception, no noisy party, no excitement whatsoever to herald Dorothea Wieck's first night in Hollywood.

And during the months which followed she continued to be a mystery woman. She never attended parties or premieres. The only companion which seemed to have real importance for her was her Sealyham. And whenever an admiring stranger—or even a friend—would attempt to pet the small dog her eyes would flash such fire and she would show such obvious disapproval that the most devout dog lover—the most ardent claimer that "all dogs love me"—would retreat in apologetic disgrace.

I met Dorothea the day she arrived in Hollywood, but it's only recently that I've understood this frantically resentful attitude of hers about that very sweet but, after all, not phenomenally unusual Sealyham.

You see Dorothea arrived here a soft-voiced, self-contained, untalkative little stranger in a strange land. She was eager to seize this opportunity in America, eager to learn the necessary open sesames to American popularity—yet she clung to that darn Sealyham because he represented an ever present reminder of her native land.

Months later when she had almost finished "Cradle Song," when she had found friends and established contacts in this new land, I quizzed her teasingly about that attitude toward her small dog. I repeated to her the yarns I had heard about her almost absurdly protective manner toward him, her antagonism when people sought to pet him. She passed it off with a laugh.

"You see," she said, "I was afraid he would learn English. I wanted him to remain a German speaking dog. It would have been too much for his little head to learn another language." But for all her graciousness, for all her delicious piquant sense of humor, she didn't fool me. I knew why, for all her joking, she had wanted to keep that sole little travelling companion to herself. She gave it away in her next remark.

She looked around the Paramount commissary, where we were having lunch, and said with childish delight, "You know, at almost every table there is a person I know." A naive, simple remark in itself, yet I knew what lay back of it. The pa-

Wide World

Billy Bakewell and Ginger Rogers at Johnny Mack Brown's tennis party.

thetic loneliness of those first weeks in a new country. The many, many times she had come into that huge commissary and seen around her a sea of strange faces, not one of which flashed her a welcoming, warming glance of recognition. Now it was different. From almost every table came a greeting, a cheery hello, a bid for her attention.

Yes—independent, ambitious, almost ruthless as this young woman can be when she feels her career is at stake, she was lonely. But once she made friends she made plenty of them. I went on the set with her that day when we had our interview. There was that little note of camaraderie in the manner of prop boys, assistant cameramen, assistant directors—those small fry who can make or break the big shots—which indicated that they genuinely liked her. She was not simply a star who rated courteous attention—she was one of them.

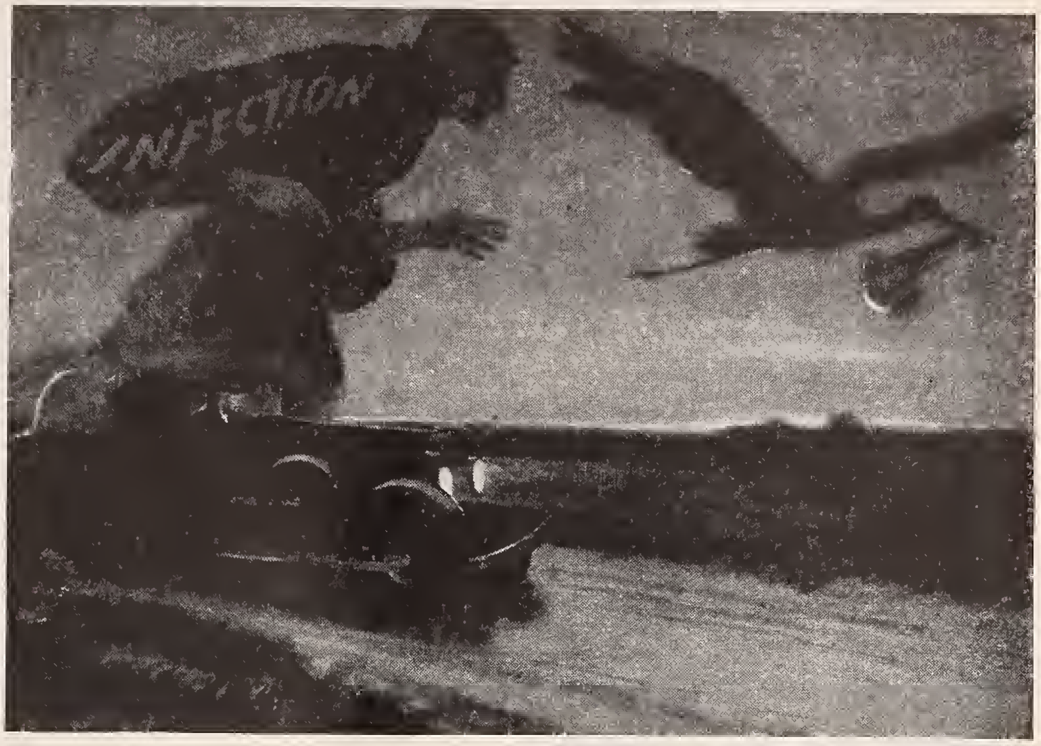
Yet this was the same girl who had gotten herself thoroughly in wrong by snapping at a hairdresser. But, as I've said before, that's the way Dorothea Wieck is. A charming, gay, almost an impish person. A high-strung, intense, quick-tempered person, quick to anger, quicker to make amends. But above all a woman consecrated to her career, and brooking no levity, no interference, no delay, where the serious business of work is concerned.

In conclusion let me tell you a typical anecdote. When the Wieck, as her friends call her half in fun, half in genuine respect, arrived in New York the reporters who met the boat wanted her to raise her skirts and pose showing her legs. After all Dietrich had done it. If Ramsay MacDonald had had that kind of legs they'd have asked him to do it. Dorothea to them was just another potential news picture and they wanted to make it as tasty as possible. But "the Wieck" met their request indignantly, her eyes flashing fire. "Why?" she queried with honest resentment and honest bewilderment. "I am an actress—not a musical comedy player!"

And now I leave her in your hands, this fiery yet intriguingly reserved young woman who may be our next film sensation. From now on it's up to you.

SILVER SCREEN *has a startling article scheduled for the April issue. "I'm That way," says Jean Harlow. DO NOT MISS IT.*

The three-cornered race



The stork, the doctor, and infection are running a three-cornered race.

Which will arrive first? A mother, a baby and a doctor, are vitally concerned with that question.

If the doctor wins . . . all's well. But if either of his two rivals keeps the lead, there's trouble ahead.

The Federal Children's Bureau points out that 16,000 mothers die in childbirth every year in these United States.

Of deaths in childbirth, 40% are caused by septic poisoning. That hardly ever occurs if the expectant mother has gone to her doctor regularly once each month during pregnancy, and if the child delivery is made at a good hospital or lying-in clinic.

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Stars at Work

[*Continued from page* 23]

paratively few. The rest are painted on a back drop, and so skillfully is it done that when you see it on the screen you won't be able to tell where the real trees end and the painted ones begin. This same set is used to show the farm during spring, summer, autumn and winter. In autumn the leaves were brown and sere, and in winter everything was covered with snow. But just now it is spring and everything is tender and young—and lovely.

It is a simple rural story of a boy (Donald Woods), born and bred in the city, who has the love of the country in his heart. When his father's (Egon Brecher) business runs down, he persuades him to sell out and take the family to a New England farm which he has purchased with money he has earned as a musician.

On the adjoining farm live David Landau and Clara Blandick with their brood, consisting of Jean Muir, William Janney, Russell Hardy, Arthur Hohl, Dorothy Appleby, and one or two others. Clara and Dorothy are city bred and hate the farm, so the management of the house falls to Jean Muir.

Woods meets her and falls in love with her, but she won't marry him until she's sure he really loves the farm. Plots and counter-plots are developed and unfolded until that glorious day in the spring when the peach trees are in bloom and the birds are twittering and Donald drives up to the gate, with money in his pocket to build a new farmhouse. Then the last vestige of doubt is removed from Jean's mind and she rushes with outstretched arms to meet him.

The *Warners Freres* say that Miss Muir is going to be simply a sensation!

This lot is simply bustling with activity today. James Cagney is just starting a new picture—"The Heir Chaser." He comes towards me with outstretched hand and a grin a mile wide on his face. Then suddenly he stops short in his tracks. "What are you doing here?" he demands. "When'd you get back?"

Jimmie had taken a cottage in Carmel and invited me to visit him. But when I arrived he was promptly summoned back to the studio and left me alone up there. My dears, I'm telling you, the place simply exudes ART and KULTUR. I couldn't stand it. I couldn't *breathe*. It reminded me of one of Berton Braley's poems:

"I've run about lately
With folks intellectual—
Minds that are flashing
And clashing
In strife;
Making me feel
Like a worm ineffectual
Only much slower—
And lower—
In life."

"I got bored," I explain simply, "so I just came back." And then it's my turn to gasp. Jim's appearance is something to marvel over. The back and sides of his head have been sheared—positively, there's no other word for it—until he looks like nothing so much as a horse that has just had its mane roached. Scars have been put on the back by the expert make-up man. He has on an old gray felt hat, a cheap tweed overcoat and tan shoes such as I wore when I was a boy and thought I was knocking 'em cold.

This story concerns itself with a guy (Jimmie) who runs around digging up missing heirs to fortunes, and then cutting himself in on it in one way or another.

The Seasons come and go. Jean Muir and Donald Woods on the sensational set for "As the Earth Turns."

In this dinky room in a cheap tenement—a room with a wall 'phone, an old-fashioned round, oak, dining-room table with cards spread on it where the occupant has been playing solitaire, an old-fashioned mantelpiece and fireplace—a room with double doors leading into the adjoining bed-room and through which can be seen the foot of a brass bed with the covers rumpled and unmade—a room with combination gas and electric fixtures—he has just run down Arthur Hohl (doubling in this picture and "As the Earth Turns") who has recently fallen heir to a fortune.

Unfortunately Hohl has murdered a gent and is in hiding. He knew nothing of the fortune he had inherited until Jimmie bursts in on him with the glad tidings.

"What do I do to get the dough?" Hohl asks suspiciously.

"Cinch," Jim smiles, seating himself opposite Hohl. "Jus' go down an' tell 'em who y'are."

"Swell!" says Hohl with grim humor. "I only got a *murder* rap hangin' over me."

"What evidence they got against you?" Jimmie asks.

"There was a dame in the room when I blasted the guy. She was *his* doll so that makes everything just dandy!" Hohl explains.

"Who's the dame?" Jim wants to know.

"Gladys Farrell," Hohl answers, and explains, "She works in a night trap."

Originally Joan Blondell was slated to play Gladys but with her appendicitis operation she's laid up, so Bette Davis has been rushed into the breach. I'm sure I'm quite safe in predicting that Miss Davis is going to give an amazing performance as a gangster's moll. I can hardly wait to see her.

Tucked away in a corner of another stage is a little cabin. Never have I seen a simpler or more unpretentious set than this. This set has been thrown together for "Heat Lightning." The company just returned unexpectedly this morning from a location trip and the sets are not ready. This one was thrown up in about fifteen minutes, but it suffices.

There are three walls (the fourth has been knocked out so the camera can cover the interior—a ceiling and one window. There is a tired, old rocker, a straight chair, a broken-down chiffonier, an equally broken-down washstand in the corner with a bowl and pitcher on it and a mirror hanging over it, and a dilapidated, rusty, iron bed with a cheap pink cotton spread and pink pillow case. Pink is used because it will photograph whiter than white.

Preston Foster and Lyle Talbot have robbed a bank and killed two cashiers. They are fleeing to Mexico and stop at a desert gas station for oil, gas and food. Pres recognizes the proprietress (Aline McMahon) as an old flame of years gone by. She has given up the old life and settled down out here to protect her younger sister (Ann Dvorak) from ruination. Pres promises to keep her secret but when two divorcees from Reno (Glenda Farrell and Ruth Donnelly) drive up, loaded down with diamonds, he decides to spend the night there and rob them He goes over to the little cabin where he and Lyle are staying and finds Lyle sitting on the bed, nervously stuffing his entire tie into his mouth, then pulling it out through his clenched teeth in the manner originated by Ben Hecht.

"I told you you could have another sandwich if you're hungry," Foster says agreeably.

"I *ain't* hungry," Lyle protests. "I can already feel myself on a prison diet."

"So can Hogan," Pres retorts. "They nabbed him."

"How do you know?" Lyle asks, blanching at the thought.

"It came over the radio a little while ago," Foster explains.

"Holy cats!" Lyle exclaims, jumping up and grabbing a shirt as he prepares to pack. "Let's get goin'! Let's not stall around here all night."

"Sit down—and listen!" Preston admonishes him, giving him a shove as he shakes his bottles of beer for emphasis. "My neck is just as valuable to me as yours is to you and I'm not going to do anything that'd put a rope around it. We're staying on here—but only long enough to get our hands on those rocks those dames are lugging around. We're in a tight spot and we might need to do some greasing to get us over the border."

"All right—*All* right," Lyle agrees. "I'm glad you let me in on the plot."

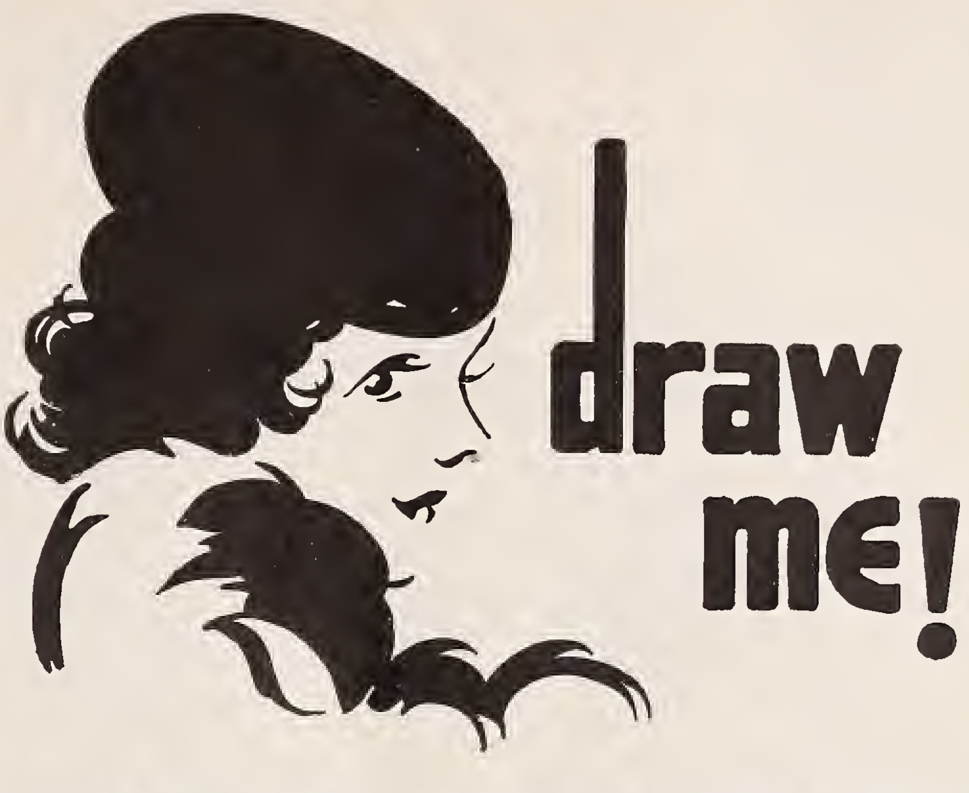
"Put on a tie—and try not to choke yourself to death with it," Foster orders him. "We got our own new deal coming up—and prosperity is just across the border."

"Cut," calls the director and Lyle comes over. "I hear you're going to New York tonight. Excited?"

"No," I tell him. This is getting old—this *excited* business.

One more and Warner Brothers and I can kiss each other goodbye until after the holidays. The one remaining picture is "Wonder Bar," starring the peerless Al (Sock 'Em) Jolson and featuring Dick Powell, Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Cortez, Louise Fazenda, Guy Kibee, Fifi D'Orsay and Merna Kennedy, to say nothing of little Hughie Herbert who has made two or three pictures and already thinks he's worth more money.

Lyle Talbot and Preston Foster are crooks on the run in "Heat Lightning."



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FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and also expert advice as to his or her chance of success in the art field.

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This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of head 5 inches high, on paper 6 inches square. Draw only the girl, not the lettering or border.

2. Use only pencil or pen.

3. No drawings will be returned.

4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.

5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by February 26th, 1934. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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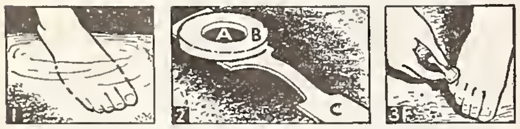

1 Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
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This set for "Wonder Bar" is unlike anything you've ever seen. Well, possibly I go too far. It's bigger than anything you've ever seen. It really is stupendous, gigantic, colossal. So is the room. It is perfectly enormous. The bar runs the length of the room—at one side. There are stools in front of it where *them that wants to* can sit. A larger dance floor than I've ever come across occupies the center of the room. One step up from the dance floor is a platform with tables on it where the cash customers sit. At the far end of the room, where there's more space, a second platform, a step higher than the first, has additional tables, so the *hoi polloi* who can't get ringside seats may see what's going on. All the tables are occupied with extras in full evening dress. Gorgeous girls, glittering gowns, handsome men—nothing ugly, apparently, ever comes into the Wonder Bar. On the opposite side of the room from the bar is a gigantic orchestra platform. And at the far end of the room, behind the tables, is a stage with heavy black velvet curtains pulled closed. At a signal from the assistant director, the curtains part and Mr. Jolson appears, his famous million dollar smile on his face. Immediately there is deafening applause, led by the assistant. Al, still smiling, comes down an aisle to some steps, his hands outstretched in a plea for silence.

"Ladeeze and Genlmen," he begins. As the applause hasn't quite died away he isn't sure the audience has got the full effect of his perfect diction, so he repeats, "Ladeeze and genlmen. I have the honor and pleasure of announcing my star attraction of the evening—" As he speaks he descends the steps to the dance floor and as he reaches the bottom of the steps he turns towards the orchestra.

"I have the honor and pleasure of presenting that grand little premiere danseuse of the Wonder Bar—Mlle. Inez (Dolores Del Rio) and Monsieur Harry in their famous dance creation—*Valse Amoureuse.*"

He pauses and the lights go off. Suddenly he glances around and sees Ricardo Cortez (who is playing Monsieur Harry) looking at him in a peculiar way.

A little bird whispers that all is not sweetness and light on this set. Mr. Jolson and Mr. Cortez, as may be inferred, don't belong to any mutual admiration society. In addition, no one seems to care particularly about working with Al. Kay Francis tried to sidestep the part and Genevieve Tobin was announced for it. Jenny put up a squawk and then it was discovered Kay would finish "Mandalay" in time to do it after all. Nor is that all. Director Lloyd Bacon and Dance Director Busby Berkeley have different ideas about how things should be done and they're not at all backward about voicing their opinions of each other's ideas.

Anyhow, the scene has to be shot over. This time, when Jolson finishes introducing Del Rio, he turns beamingly to the other side of the platform where Cortez is standing. "This, ladeeze and genlmen, is Monsieur Harry, considered by many to be the handsomest man in Paris. But then I know some people who like monkeys." More laughter from the crowd and Cortez takes a bow as he steps off the platform and meets Del Rio. He bends over her hand, kisses it and they glide off into the waltz. Del Rio is hauntingly beautiful in a black dress liberally spangled with sequins. The music is lovely and as they dance, Jolson standing on a long, narrow platform, is pushed out into the middle of the floor, and sings a refrain of the number.

I wish I had space to go into the details of the plot but suffice to say it is really gripping and tense. The whole action of the picture takes place in this cabaret and the ante-rooms.

I skip Universal this month. The last picture has been completed and the place is closed down until after the holidays. Closed down like an old speakeasy.

On the Paramount Lot

PARAMOUNT is going strong today. First, there is "The Scarlet Empress," starring Marlene Dietrich and directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The set is closed to visitors because Art must be free from outside influence, but I sneak on anyhow, and you well may ask how.

As I am going down the walk at Paramount, her imperial highness, Marlene, sweeps by in the white satin gown she wears at the wedding scene. There are hoop skirts about a mile in diameter surrounding her. Paramount can't afford to have the dress ruined so they send a woman along to be the train-carrier. The maid, being occupied with watching her ladyship, doesn't see me. So I dart quickly under the skirts and march along with them. When we come to a halt we're safe inside the stage.

I must give the devil his dues, however, and say that the set is really magnificent. The scene is the banquet room. The table is longer than any I have ever spotted anywhere. The chairs look as though they have skeletons sitting in them but it is really only gargoyles stuck on top of the backs. It is supposed to be the banquet following Marlene's marriage to the Grand Duke (Sam Jaffe). Heavy plaster pilasters support the ceiling. Gigantic wax tapers light the room.

Marlene takes her place at the table. A few extras seat themselves near her and the camera is focussed on that end. Suddenly a band of musicians burst in, group themselves around her and start playing. She gazes starry-eyed up at the leader. Nothing is said. She just looks and he just plays. But it must have been with such a look as this that Helen sent Paris' spirits soaring.

Just as I told you, genius cannot be hampered by outside interference. I cannot get a picture of this scene for you. The Von isn't in the mood.

The producers are always telling us that what the industry needs is more pictures with down-to-earth plots. What *I* think it needs is more sets with an air of humanness about them. And they've got it on the set of "Bolero," starring Carole Lombard and George Raft. That's one thing about Carole. Success has never changed her and I can't imagine her ever having the set closed to visitors. "Darling," she shrieks, catching sight of me and coming flying off the set with outstretched arms.

"Sweets," I murmur, falling into them.

"Why don't you ever come to see me?" she says. "I hear you're going to New York. Aren't you excited?"

"No," I admit. "I'd rather stay here with you."

"Nuts to that stuff," Director Wesley Ruggles puts in. "He's nothing but a crawfisherman and the scoundrel is always luring young girls with promises of crawfish—my wife for instance, fell a victim to his wiles. Don't have anything to do with him. Get back there on the set."

"Wes," I cajole, "I'll forgive your insults if you'll tell me in ten words what this is all about."

"Will you promise to leave immediately afterwards?" Wes inquires cautiously.

"On my honor," I promise.

"Hmmm," says Wesley. "Well, George Raft and his brother Mike (William Frawley) are workers in a Pennsylvania coal field. George has an idea he would be a sensation as a dancer and, after a number of try-outs—financed by his brother—he is. He goes to Paris and, with his partner, becomes the rage of the city. Then Carole appears and wants to work with him. He's obsessed with the idea of going to London, so he fires his old partner and takes Carole on. But the old partner, for revenge, tells the management he's going to skip his contract. The management attaches his bank account and other assets. His hopes of London go glimmering until he discovers a diamond ring on his brother's hand. *That* will get them to London. They have just arrived in the metropolis with practically nothing between them and starvation—but that doesn't phase George. He takes his party to one of *the* best hotels. Now, if you'll excuse us all we'll shoot the next scene and show you what happens."

The scene is the sitting room in a hotel suite—apparently furnished in Louis XV period. Most of the furniture is white but there are a few inlaid walnut marquetry pieces. There is a white, hand-carved centre table with a black marble top. A huge white baby grand piano is in one corner and a white divan stands in front of it. Green damask drapes with a gracefully looped green damask valance, over ecru curtains, take care of the windows. Oh, yes. There is also a fireplace with a white marble statue and a couple of Dresden vases on the mantel.

Carole Lombard is taken on as a dancing partner by George Raft, in "Bolero."

Carole, in a typical 1914 outfit—plaid black and white vest, black skirt, black cape and gray silk blouse and small black velvet hat, takes her place on the divan. Raft hovers solicitously beside her. George is gorgeous in a tan checkered suit, and his brother, William Frawley, is an eye-filler in brown. Frank Dunn, the hotel manager, in cutaway coat and gray striped trousers, stands near the mantel and the porter, John Erwin, stands in the doorway.

"You know," Raft announces blandly to Dunn, "there are a lot of cheap crooks in this world, without a cent to their names, who might come here and try to bluff you." (He turns to Carole, smiling), "You know, this isn't a bad hotel at all."

"Thank you," says Dunn, bowing and leaving the room.

"Say, Porter," the loquacious Mr. Raft continues, "How'd you like to have a half a pound?"

"Delighted, sir," Erwin responds.

"Give it to him, Mike," George orders, addressing Frawley.

Frawley gives Raft a dirty look, hands the porter a half pound, managing, heroically, to accompany the gift with a smile.

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SHE knew the minute she met him that he was the man of her dreams. But he did not seem attracted to her. It was her own brother who guessed what was wrong, and brotherlike, told her the truth: "Stop using a lipstick that makes you look painted," he said.

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TURN TO PAGE 73
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As the door closes after the porter, Frawley turns to Raft, blazing. "That's all we have—and you know it."

The scene finished, Wes eyes me meaningly so I tuck tail and beat it.

Presently I bump into Fredric March, but Freddie is no fun today and hasn't been in months. I don't know what's got into him. Maybe he's worried because he's having to work in two pictures at once—"Death Takes a Holiday" and "Good Dame" with Sylvia Sidney. At the moment, he's working like fury to finish up "Death."

I can't figure out whether this is satire or drama. Certainly, it has satirical touches but then, on the other hand, there are moments of stark drama—tragedy, almost.

Freddie, as Death, is taking a holiday. He assumes a human form because he wants to find out why men fear—and shun him. He goes to the home of Sir Guy Standing and demands that he be received as an ordinary guest for three days, with his identity kept secret. Sir Guy reluctantly agrees and Freddie promptly—as a mortal—proceeds to fall in love with Evelyn Venable, who is engaged to Sir Guy's son, Kent Taylor.

Freddie and Evelyn have been walking in the garden, but as the camera has to be pulled back as they approach, the action can only be photographed. The dialogue is recorded later. They have just started recording.

"Do you always rise so early?" Freddie asks.

"No," Evelyn returns, smiling. "The doctor makes an early call on my old nurse. This morning I want to hear his report."

Freddie looks at her speculatively. "She is ill—your old nurse?"

"She is dying," Evelyn answers gravely.

"Oh, perhaps," he ventures tentatively, thinking that he might spare the nurse if it would make Evelyn happy, "perhaps she will be better this morning."

"Oh, I hope not!" the girl retorts quickly. As Freddie stares at her in amazement she goes on, "I pray that Death was merciful and brought her sleep in the night."

Freddie lifts an uncomfortable eyebrow. He feels neglectful. "Well—you know, your attitude is slightly unusual. You make Death sound like something desirable.

"For an old woman of eighty-three," Evelyn laughs lightly, "yes!"

Freddie gives her a crestfallen look. So consummate an actor he is that even when only the dialogue is being recorded and the cameras are not grinding, he cannot help but act. Every word he utters is accompanied by an appropriate facial expression.

He comes over to me for a moment when the scene is finished. "I hear you're going to New York? Why don't you go out and see Florence (his wife) before you leave? She's working with Barthelmess in 'A Modern Hero'."

I explain that I'm leaving tonight and I've already covered that set. Thank heavens he didn't ask if I'm excited.

There are still a couple of sets left over here. One of them is "Good Dame," which I just mentioned as starring Freddie and Sylvia Sidney. You remember I told you a few months ago how Universal had Lew Ayres under contract for years without getting excited about it, and then how, the moment he signed with Fox, they just *had* to have him back for a picture at a great increase in salary? Well, so it is with Paramount and Freddie. They let his option lapse but no sooner does he sign with Twentieth Century than they discover there is *no one* who can play this part in "Good Dame" but Freddie. They hire him back for this one picture at a paltry stipend of $50,000 for two week's work and a guarantee of $5,000 a day for every day they keep him overtime. Whoops, my dear!

Sylvia has gone home with a stomach ache and, as Freddie is working in "Death," the company is shooting around them. They're using the old carnival set from "I'm No Angel." A scene is being shot behind the tents.

Dirt has been piled up to make a small hill and the ground has been covered with sawdust. A small fire burns brightly on top of the mound. We see the ropes holding the tents down. Off to one side is a circus wagon with a horse tethered to it. At the fire stands Jack LaRue looking more disheveled and villainous than usual. He has a pistol in his hand, and he is confronting Russell Hopton, who is being held by Jim Dundee (until recently a prize-fighter) and Bud Fine.

Sylvia, a chorus girl, loses her job and is about to return to Chicago. She has $64 in the world. Between trains she goes out to the carnival and has her bag with her money in it stolen—by Russ Hopton, who is Freddie's pickpocket. Freddie is a carnival grifter. So then she has to go to work in the carnival because she's broke. The night of the carnival blow-off Sylvia and another girl are pinched in a raid. Their bail has been fixed at $50 but LaRue (the owner) won't spring them because he can get new girls in the next town without paying $50 apiece for them. Freddie makes Russ steal the night's receipts to get the money to put up for the girls, and LaRue finds out he has done it. He has him on the spot right now—right by the campfire.

"Come on," LaRue orders. "Speak up!"

"I tell yuh, Bluch," Russ whines, "I ain't got the money."

Suddenly LaRue smacks his face and Russ flinches. "Where is it?" Jack demands.

"Mace (Freddie) took it to spring the new dame," Russ answers sullenly.

"The new dame, eh?" LaRue murmurs. Then he turns to the two men who are holding Russ. "Dust him off," he orders tersely.

A moment later there are offstage screams from Russ, who is being beaten up.

Suddenly a horse in the distance whinnies and the one tethered to the wagon answers. They have to re-shoot the scene.

"Going to New York?" Jack answers when the scene is finished, but I flee without answering.

The other set working is "The Search for Beauty." This is the picture for which Paramount conducted its search in all English speaking countries of the earth. The winners appear in the picture, though they have little to do except look well—and they sure do that!—and, thank God! the plot is more clever and logical than one usually finds in such films. It really gives Larry "Buster" Crabbe a chance to act and prove that he can be something besides *Tarzan*. Larry is inordinately ambitious and tireless in his efforts to fit himself for screen work. He has a likable personality and I only hope he clicks again in this. Ida Lupino is the girl—fresh from Merrie England.

They're shooting the last scene in the picture—when storm clouds have blown away and Love has triumphed. Larry and Ida have been left in sole and complete charge of their Health Resort and they are conducting their morning's setting-up exercises. It is a beautiful physical culture drill with all the beauty-winners going full tilt, and it has a "different" ending, too.

"No More Women," starring Edmund Lowe and Vic McLaglen, is on location, so I drop over on the R-K-O lot, where I run into another bit of good luck. All their pictures have been completed with the exception of "Hips, Hips, Hooray," and I told you about that one last month. So I can pass them up, too, until next month.

At Columbia

COLUMBIA has two in production. One of them is the famous "Men of Tomorrow." The scene, I believe, is laid in Budapest. The plot concerns itself with two gangs of boys—the Paul Street Boys, led by Jimmie Butler, and of which George Breakston is a member—and the Red Shirts, led by Frankie Darro. The Red Shirts want the lot the Paul Street Boys use as a playground, and declare war on them, after first capturing their flag. George is the only private in his army. All the rest are lieutenants and generals but a commission is refused him because he is too small.

"The Search for Beauty" is literally what the title calls for. Paramount searched the earth for these girls and boys.

He and General Butler visit the Red Shirts' camp as spies, in an effort to recapture their flag. When they are discovered, George is thrown into a lake. As he already has a severe cold, he contracts a fever and has to stay at home on the day of the great battle. Today is the day he remains at home.

The walls of his room are rough plaster, painted a sort of dingy buff. Heavy, wooden beams stretch across the room from wall to wall, below the dormer roof. Heavy, painted, wooden furniture fills the room. Beside the bed is a small table full of bottles of medicine and glasses. George is lying in bed and his eyes really look feverish. He looks like a miniature edition of Sterling Holloway. His mother—surprise! It's Lois Wilson—sits on the bed stroking his forehead. Suddenly the doorbell jangles. She gets up and stands in the doorway but before she has a chance to see who is there, a shabby looking man, collarless and carrying a couple of coats on his arm, enters. *He* is George's father (John Qualen). John and Lois exchange glances but say nothing. Then, as he looks inquiringly at her, she re-seats herself on the bed. The bell jangles again. "I'll go," John volunteers and disappears. Lois just sits stroking the boy's head.

I wish I could get on to paper for you the poignancy of that scene. The boy's feverish eyes, the agony in the mother's and the hopelessness and helplessness in the father's. A cross-section of life is lived in the few seconds that this scene lasts in that shabby little room.

The other picture shooting on this lot is "The Ninth Guest," which boasts quite a cast: Genevieve Tobin, Donald Cook, Hardie Albright, Nella Walker, Samuel S. Hinds (Mr. Hinds is the Pasadena attorney, 59 years old, who, after practicing law for something like twenty-five years decided to give it up and take up acting as a profession), Helen Flint and others.

It's another of those murder-mysteries where practically everyone in the cast is killed. The set is a pretentious living room with a fireplace and imitation marble mantle. Instead of the usual mirror or

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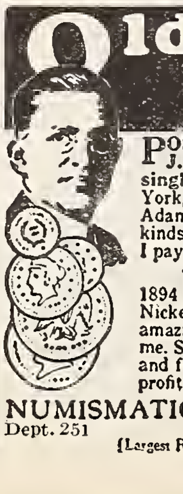

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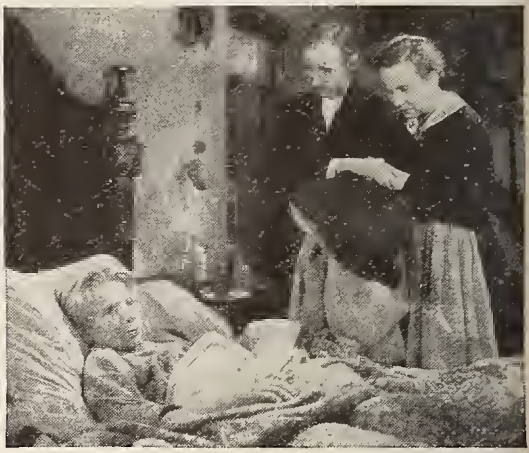
painting over the mantel there is a white net curtain, shirred at the top and bottom. Opposite the mantel is a clock, countersunk in the wall, with an opaque glass dial, and behind the dial is a light to illuminate it. There is a white coffee table, white andirons in the fireplace (and how could *anybody* keep them clean, I'd like to know?), and tremendously long green drapes over the windows and in the doorways.

La Tobin is stunning in a navy crêpe evening dress, with a bodice of gold sequins on net, and red satin slippers. Helen Flint is a striking looking red-head in a green evening gown shot with gold.

"All right, props," the director yells to the prop boy, "call the cast so I can get some dialogue." Off goes the prop boy yelling, "Posse mounted inside!" And, lo and behold, presently the artists come straggling in.



"Men of Tomorrow," one of Columbia's successes. Emotion is right down their street.

"Miss Tobin," the director calls, noticing she is missing.

"In about two minutes," comes Toby's voice.

"Hurry up," says the director goodnaturedly, "the posse mounted is here and the horses won't hold still much longer."

Originally there were eight guests, but one of them has already been found dead. The seven survivors are seated and standing about the room. Tobin and Red are sitting on the divan by the fireplace. Over the scene is the steady tick-tock of the clock. There is a tenseness in their attitude which indicates the strain of—just waiting.

Tobin shows signs of going to pieces. There is a hint of hysteria in her voice as she says, "I can't stand it. I can't stand it any longer."

Miss Walker gets suddenly to her feet and starts towards the clock: "It's that clock! I'm going to stop it!" Don Cook steps forward and catches her arm. "I can't stand the ticking," Nella goes on weakly. "He said another of us would be dead by twelve!"

The whole group turns and stares at the clock with renewed interest. Cook leads Nella back to her chair and she sinks into it. Then he faces the others: "Listen! We've been told we're going to die—the next one in (glancing at the clock) fifteen minutes. Osgood tried to double-cross us. He's dead. That should teach the rest of us not to play tricks. All we've got to do is keep our heads. Then nothing can happen to us."

"There must be a hiding place—he's here somewhere," Hardie Albright observes.

Suddenly a voice is heard again coming from the radio: "Search the apartment. This is not a game of slaughter! It's a game of skill!"

As far as I'm concerned you can call it anything you want. One man is already dead and six others die before the thing is finished. Thank heaven I wasn't invited to the party.

There is one other picture in production at this studio—"Night Bus," starring Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert—but it's on location. So I jog away again.

On the Fox Lot

AT FOX, too, things have picked up this month. "Carolina," starring *la petite* Gaynor, is still in production.

Next, there is "Coming Out Party." This is the Lasky production which engages the attention of a lot of real, honest-to-goodness, dyed-in-the-wool debutantes. I just want to mention in passing that they don't wear clothes a bit better than hundreds of extras, to say nothing of scores of stars and leading ladies, AND they chew gum in true Ruth Chatterton fashion.

Innyhoo, this picture shows in loathsome detail all the workings of the machinery required to "properly" launch a debutante. In this instance Frances Dee is the deb and I'm quite sure a lovelier one was never launched. Everything is handled by mercenary old Alison Skipworth. Frances is in love with an aspiring musician, Gene Raymond, but her mother favors Clifford Jones—a dissipated but eligible New Yorker.

Gene and Frances have ignored the conventions—if you know what I mean—and then Gene is ordered to Chicago on an engagement. Upon his return he tells Frances of the great opportunity that has come to him to make a concert tour of Europe. Frances has no opportunity to tell him of her urgent need for marriage.

Gene breaks the news of his impending and immediate departure on the night of her coming out party.

But for the nonce the action doesn't concern itself with either Gene, Frances or Clifford. One of the rooms upstairs in Frances' home has been turned into a ladies' room. There is a dressing table with powder, perfume, brushes, etc. The chairs and divan are upholstered in white brocaded moiré and salmon colored moiré. The dressing table has a flounce around it reaching to the floor. Suzanne Kaaren, a striking looking brunette under contract to Fox, is in this picture. At night she is working with Victor Jory and Howard Lally in "The Spider" over at the Pasadena Community Theatre.

"Action, girls," calls the director.

Immediately they take their places Gwen Phillips seats herself on a chair and starts reading a book. Jane Barnes stands at the dressing table powdering. Another girl (whose name I forget, darn it) stands behind her and keeps getting in her way Suzanne Kaaren sits on a love-seat, smoking Pat Farr stands in front of a mirror, having a maid repair the hem of her dress. The others are just loafing around.

"What's Ann Waring doing?" Jane asks the girl behind her, indicating Gwen Phillips, who is reading.

"Poor kid," says the Girl Behind, "she always reads through parties. That's how she keeps her family from knowing she's a flop."

"At that," Jane opines, "she probably has less wear and tear on her nerves than the rest of us. I often wonder if it's worth all the agony—the fear of being stuck. I go into every ballroom with my teeth chattering."

"Do you really believe that all it take is nerve?" Gwen asks quietly, putting down her book and joining them.

Talk about embarrassing moments! I can feel my own face redden and I hadn't even said a word.

I was glad to get off *that* set, bullieve me

Next comes "Every Girl for Herself" with Claire Trevor and James Dunn. For once Jimmy isn't working, so I don't get called

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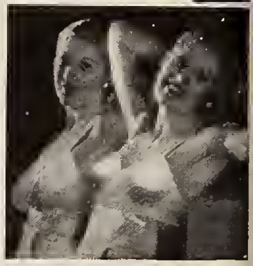
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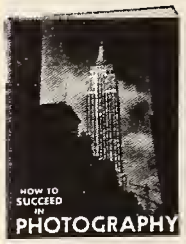

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a console table against the wall with a bowl of flowers on it and a mirror above it. The lighting fixtures are unique. They look like old-fashioned oil lamps which have been hung up on the wall. Through the open archway can be seen a fireplace (My God! The sets are full of them this month!) and to one side of it a divan upholstered in dark brown, checked in white.

Rosemary Ames sits at the table, clad simply in a black dress with a white, starched collar and yoke such as nuns wear. Victor Jory is leaning over her. Jory's shirt is all torn; there is dried blood on his chest and a cut over his right eye, but he doesn't seem tired or depressed as a result of the fight he's obviously had.

"Listen!" he says, "there's a big world out there. You ought to see it. Say! I'd like to show it to you. Maybe we can do it some good—you and I. There're fights to be fought and fun to be had—" He pauses at the look on her face. "You haven't got the nerve," he taunts her, but she doesn't answer. Then, slowly, the realization that she isn't going with him sinks in. "You—haven't—got—the—nerve," he repeats slowly. "Oh, well—," philosophically.

"Cut!" calls Director Irving Cummings.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" Vic wonders, coming over, "or is it Dick Mook?"

"In the flesh," I admit.

"I won't forget you again, you so-and-so," he announces. We chat for a moment and then he sobers. "Say! Before she does anything else—before this picture is finished or released—I would like to predict, just from her work so far in this film, that Rosemary Ames is going to be the next screen sensation. She's marvelous!"

I glance casually at Miss Ames. She reminds me of Tallulah Bankhead. Her hair is a tawny color. And I remembered the play of constantly changing expression on her face as she had listened to Jory talking. It doesn't seem unlikely. Watch her when this picture comes out. And Jory isn't doing such a bad job, either, if you ask me.

John Boles is also in this picture but he isn't working today.

I try to bear up under the blow and drag myself over to the set of "The Heir to the Hoorah."

This is George O'Brien's last picture for Fox and follows hard on his announcement that he is through making Westerns. In this opus he has a mere fourteen changes of costume. And, boy, howdy! Can George wear clothes when he wants to! Esk me! But George isn't working in this scene. He's only visiting on the set. But my luck is good. Mary Brian is working. And does *she* look ducky in a navy crêpe wool dress with collar and cuffs of pressed red broadtail.

"I hear you're going—" Mary begins when I interrupt her.

"Mary," I beg, "for old times' sake, PLEASE. I can't stand it."

"Florence (Florence Lake) just got in," Mary informs me. "I just spoke to her on the 'phone. Have you seen her?"

"No," I reply. "She's married now so I'm not needed any more. What's all this about you and Donald Cook?" I query.

"Just good friends," Mary goes into her routine.

"Say!" I ejaculate. "How do you manage to keep all these 'good friends' straight? I'd think you'd get them mixed up and mention something to *Don* you'd said to *Dick Powell*."

"Well," says Mary modestly, "I've never got into trouble through giving the wrong answer yet."

And then the director, of course, has to interrupt us. "Would you mind tearing yourself away from this mug for a few minutes, Miss Brian, and helping us out with these scenes?"

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Claire Trevor and Alan Edwards in "Every Girl for Herself," a gang picture with a girl involved.

The "scene" is the living room of a lodge in a mining camp. It is a huge room with a rough stone fireplace.

Mary takes her place on the divan and Herbert Mundin (looking like *Punch's* idea of a miner in his plaid flannel shirt and riding breeches stuffed into hunting boots), and Russell Simpson stand looking down at her. Those two and Roger Imhoff are the owners of the mine, and George's guardian. George and Mary are married but they've had a row (George thinks she married him for his money) and he's left home.

"It's all my fault," Mary wails, making a feeble attempt to smile through her tears.

"Now, now," Simpson consoles her, running his hand feelingly over his luxurious Smith Brothers beard.

"I've driven him away—even from you," Mary snivels.

"Naw you didn't," Simpson says. "You *couldn't* do nothing wrong." He gives her a comforting hug. "We'll get a-hold of him and have him back here in jigtime."

"Will you?" Mary asks, her face brightening.

I forgot to tell you the plot: Mary's going to have a baby, too. Of course, the difference between Mary and other girls is that she got married first.

Over at M-G-M

HERE things are pretty quiet. "Tarzan and His Mate," featuring Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller, is on location. This picture has already eclipsed the records hung up by "Rasputin" and "The Sin of Madelon Claudet" for length of production. It's been in production since *July* and won't finish before the first of the year. Imagine!

"The Mystery of the French Police"—another murder mystery thriller—is shooting out on the back lot. I start out there but it's a long walk and besides I've just learned that the director and cast have stumbled on to a clue and they don't want any outside interference when they're running it down.

I encounter Ramon Novarro all wrapped up in an Indian blanket, with a long black wig on, and looking every inch an Indian, on his way to his dressing room. "We just got back from location on this picture, 'Laughing Boy'," he volunteers, "and I'm telling you in all my experience that's the worst location trip I've ever made. We slept in tents and the weather was close to zero. I'd ask you down to

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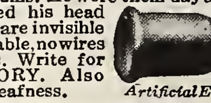

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the set but we've just called off work for today. Lupe has the flu and I've got a cold. The director thinks if we lay off this afternoon I'll be better tomorrow and Lupe should be well enough to work by Wednesday."

"How did 'The Cat and the Fiddle' turn out?" I inquire.

"I'm very hopeful," Ramon answers. "They think so well of it around here they're going to spend a hundred thousand dollars more on it just to make a new ending."

"Swell," I rejoin. "Good luck."

"Thanks," says Ramon. As I start away I hear something that sounds suspiciously like "I hear you're going—" but by that time I'm going at a dead run.

———

I finally track down a picture in production out there. It's "Viva Villa"—the picture that created such a ruckus when Howard Hawkes and Lee Tracy went to Mexico to make it. Stuart Erwin has replaced Lee. It's one of those rubber parts that can be stretched to fit anyone.

This is the story of the bandit, Pancho Villa, who sacked and pillaged Mexico in a belief that he was leading her out of the morass in which she was floundering at the time. Whatever he did, as set forth in the picture, was done with the best intentions, and he murdered only when he thought his fatherland would benefit from the executions.

Stu is an American newspaperman whom Villa (Wallace Beery) has captured. A strange friendship has sprung up between them. Just now, Stu, a little the worse for wear and drink, is marrying Wally and Katherine de Mille.

The set is part of a cabin. Rough plaster walls, a washstand, with the eternal pitcher and bowl, stands on one side of the room, a table on another. There is a banjo hanging on the wall, and a huge candle (lighted and dripping tallow) is fastened to the wall beside a door. A fancy red and blue scarf covers the washstand. Above the stand is a set of shelves decorated with various china ornaments. In still another corner of the room is the bed.

Stu in a brown suit with the coat collar turned up and the neck of a quart bottle sticking out of his pocket, is facing Wally and Katherine. Wally looks just too cute. His hair is combed in bang-style, hanging down into his eyes. He has on a sloppy brown khaki suit and a pistol in a holster is slung carelessly around his hips. Katherine has on a white wedding veil with flowers in her hair, a red skirt trimmed in black velvet ribbon and a white waist with red flowers worked into the material.

"Silence, please," Stu begs. "Do you, Rosita, promise to cherish this case of walking cholera known as Pancho Villa for the rest of your days?"

"Yes, sir," Katherine murmurs. Wally pats her rear and leaves his hand still there.

"And do you, Pancho, hereby promise on your sacred oath as a gentleman and a scholar, that you will henceforth feed out of the hand; shave twice a day; remove your shoes on going to bed; cherish this desert cinderella for better or for worse and never stay out after nine P.M.?"

"I can't say this," Wally objects unhappily. "What about when I'm busy? Sometimes I don't come home for maybe three weeks."

"Oho, you stay away three weeks, eh?" Katherine rages. "Well, I no marry you." And with that parting sally she flounces out of the room.

It's all one to me whether she does or not. Try as I will I can't work up any great interest in the proceedings one way or the other.

———

But when I reach the set of "Rip Tide," starring Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall

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and Robert Montgomery—ah, there's a horse of a different color.

Norma is far from prudish, but she's not quite so daring as her sisters. However, she does spend a night with Herbert Marshall and ends by marrying him and becoming Lady Rexford. When Marshall goes to America on business, his aunt takes Norma down to the Riviera, where she meets Bob. Bob is one of those chaps who, when they're drunk, can't understand why they can't have everything they want. In one of his drunken moments he wants Norma (I can go him one better: I want her when I'm sober!). In a drunken frenzy he kisses her. Norma rushes back to the hotel, tells the aunt she is leaving immediately and feverishly starts packing. Bob comes after her, and when she refuses to open the door he tries to leap the six feet between the balconies to their rooms. He misses, falls two stories, crashes through the awning above the night club and lands on a table.

Marshall, returning to England, hears about the scandal and is *he* put out! He practically quits speaking to Norma. In desperation she sends for Bob to explain to Herbert that it wasn't her fault. They're just nearing the end of the explanation.

The scene takes place in the hall of Marshall's home. It is huge and all done in a dead white. Most of the furniture (also white) is upholstered in a bluish green, although two divans on either side of the fireplace (yes, children, there's another one here), are done in a brownish buff piped in black. A short flight of steps lead up to a narrow landing, then turn and continue to the second floor.

Norma and the two men are standing on the balcony. She is too far away for me to see what her dress is like but there's nothing startlingly new about her coiffure—at least, not the one she's wearing in *this* scene.

"Lady Rexford," says Bob, "was just explaining—why she sent for me. To tell you the truth, I don't quite know the lines for this type of scene. But I did cause you both a certain amount of trouble by my drunken antics in Cannes and I'd like to take this opportunity to apologize.

"Thank you very much," Marshall cuts in very quietly. "Is that all?"

"I asked him to come," Norma begins.

"Yes, so you said," Herbert interrupts her. "So you said."

"Well, that's really all, sir," Bob begins again. "If you'll be good enough to believe that I was *entirely* to blame for what happened—and your wife was an innocent victim of my drunken conduct. As for *her* conduct—I only hope one day to find a wife with as delicate a sense of—proportion."

"Thank you," says Marshall—still very quietly. He switches on a light which floods the hall. "Now, if you're quite ready, I think I can show you the way." He moves down the stairs and Bob follows him. The camera holds on Norma's face as the men descend the stairs and cross the hall.

They reach a table and Bob picks up his silk topper and violin case (*don't* ask me what he's doing with *that!*) and turns to Marshall. "Well, thank you very much," he says impudently. "It's been perfectly charming."

"Not at all," rejoins Marshall imperturably as he escorts Bob to the door. *"Goodbye."*

I make the train by the skin of my teeth and there are Dick and Joby Arlen, Bing and Dixie Crosby waiting to see me off.

"We heard you were going to New York," they chorus. "Are you ex - - - ?"

But there is a wild, despairing shriek from the locomotive as we pull out into the night, across the desert, where no one knows me—or cares if I'm excited! Thank God!

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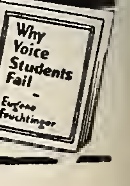

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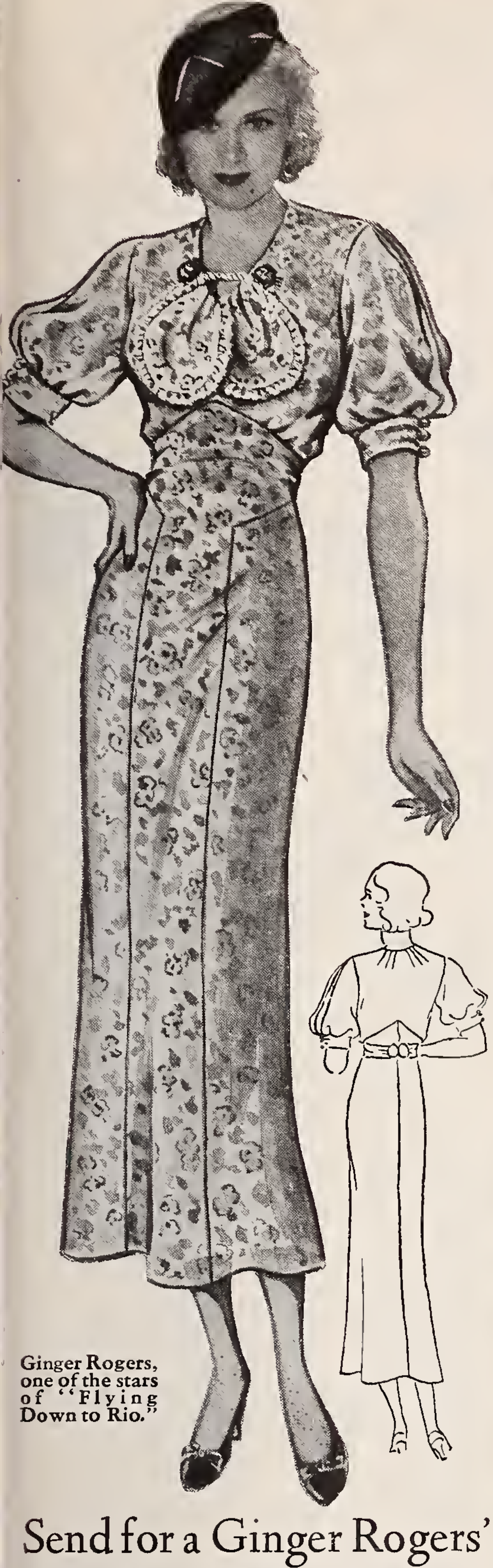

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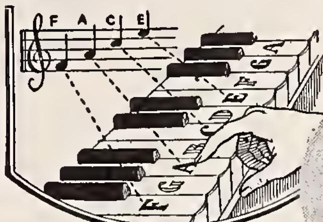

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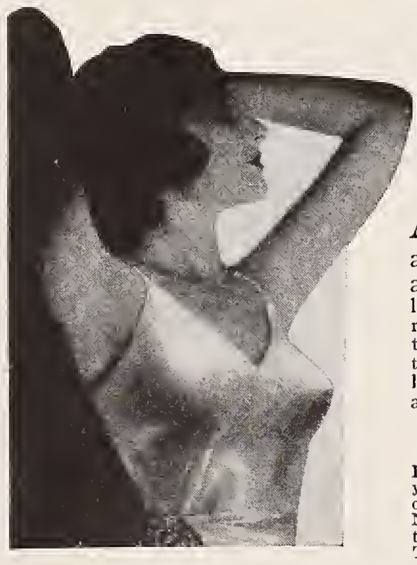

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The Final Fling

Mary Boland

THE scene changes. Now it is Garbo at the top again, by reason of "Queen Christina," and Hepburn a doubtful second because her Broadway theatrical appearance in "The Lake" is disappointing. However, with the impressive box office standing of "Little Women," Hepburn's present predicament has aroused greater interest than ever in her new picture "Trigger."

There is one appeal which both "Queen Christina" and "Little Women" have in common—they both offer us evenings far removed from the atmosphere of the present. This desire to get away from it all was very much in evidence in the yearly lists of the Best Pictures. "Berkeley Square" was centuries back. "Cavalcade" generations back. "The Private Life of Henry VIII" also gathered its picturesqueness from a background far away and long ago. "She Done Him Wrong" tattled on the Gay Nineties—and there are, in addition, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Roman Scandals."

When so many productions avoid the present day dresses and homes, we may infer that it is difficult to make modern settings appealing. Therefore, great credit should go to "Mama Loves Papa" and "Three Cornered Moon," both of which were modern. Perhaps, greatest of all should be the praise to Mary Boland, who was so charming in both these great pictures. Whether she supports stars or whether she stars herself—she is always delightful.

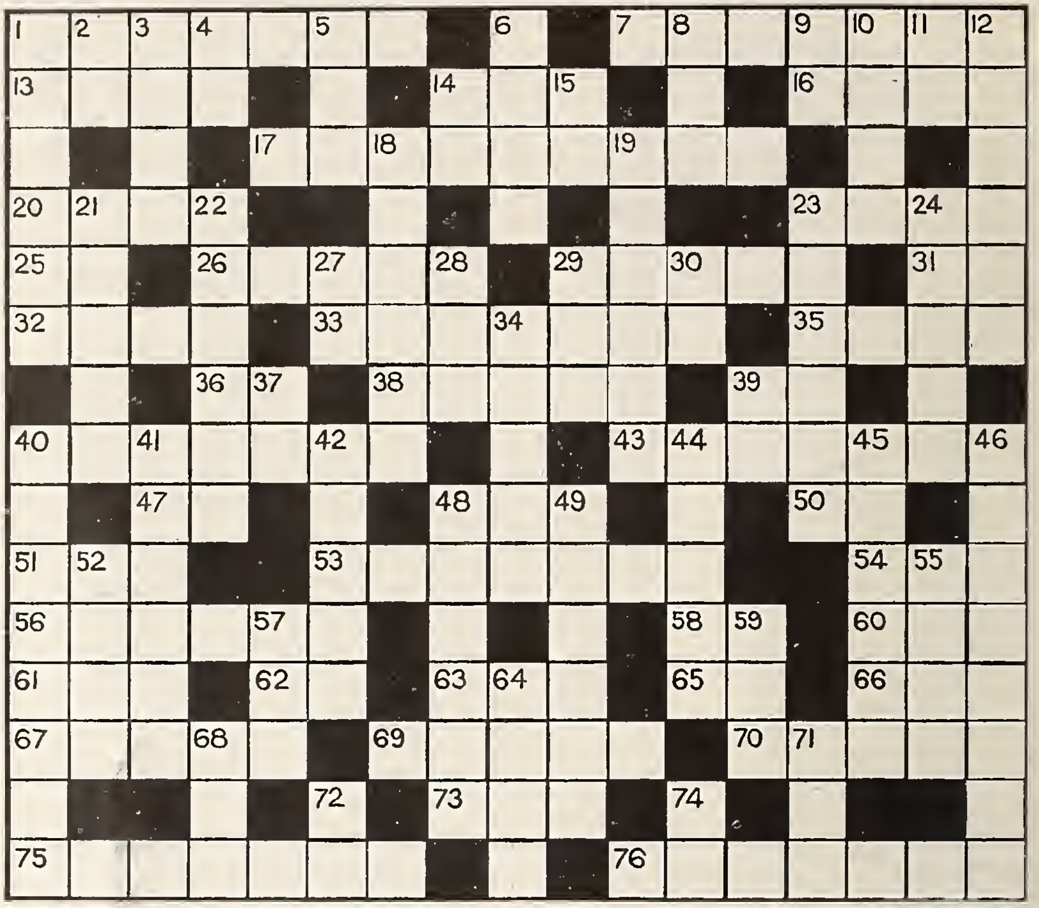
◆

Summing up 1933, we find that the greatest male stars are the Barrymores, here, and Leslie Howard and Charles Laughton from England. We appreciate that tremendous interest has been aroused over Myrna Loy, and it is our private belief that Fred Astaire, with his charming personality and dancing feet, has the greatest latent possibilities for the screen.

The Editor

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

1 Chuck Connors in "The Bowery"
7 He played with Clara Bow in "Hoopla"
13 She was recently married to Bruce Cabot
14 An Arctic diving bird
16 The star of "The World Changes"
17 We shall see him soon in "Joe Palooka"
20 Steve Brodie himself
23 Her next picture will be "Sadie McKee"
25 She has written several novels (initials)
26 Bestow in consideration of merit
29 "Queen Christina"
31 A point of compass
32 A metal fastener
33 Remembered for her work in "Beauty for Sale"
35 The first great crooner of radio fame
36 A degree
38 An African antelope
39 Beloved by all movie fans (initials)
40 First name of only woman director in Hollywood
43 She is returning to the screen in "Rip Tide"
47 Part of the Bible (abbr.)
48 You can see her in "Gallant Lady"
50 Denial
51 Printers' measures
53 One of Mary Brian's boy friends
54 A resinous substance used in making varnishes
56 A character from "Mother Goose Rhymes"
58 A mode of transportation (abbr.)
60 A tree
61 River (Sp.)
62 Railway (abbr.)
63 Part of "to have"
65 Our continent (abbr.)
66 Born
67 Star of "Ann Vickers"
69 The most famous baby in Hollywood
70 A lever for the foot, used in light machinery
73 Hurried
75 Soon to be seen in "Trigger"
76 Her first movie rôle was in "Cradle Song"

DOWN

1 He had his troubles in "Goodbye Again"
2 Morning
3 Part of a book
4 An actor-director (initials)
5 A vehicle
6 She wants to direct pictures
8 A tavern
9 An English actor in "Four Frightened People" (initials)
10 A motor vehicle
11 He's in "The Cat and The Fiddle" (initials)
12 The creator of "The Three Little Pigs"
14 Like
15 German coin (abbr.)
18 She is Mrs. Charles Vidor
19 Whose skill made Charlie Chan famous?
21 A cottonwood of Texas and Mexico
22 We see him now in "Havana Widows"
23 She is Mrs. Merian C. Cooper
24 One of the lovely younger screen actresses
27 A well known character actor (initials)
28 American money (abbr.)
29 An alcoholic liquid
30 Regarding
34 "The Invisible Man"
37 Near
39 Myself
40 She is exquisite as Catherine the Great
41 A swell comedian
42 A well known entertainer
44 Now enjoying success in the stage play "Mary of Scotland"
45 He appeared with Constance Bennett in "After Tonight"
46 She was Grace in "Wild Boys of The Road"
48 He played with Ann Harding in "The Right to Romance"
49 A radio baritone now in Hollywood
52 She gives a fine performance in "The World Changes"
55 On the ocean
57 Before
59 To lick up
64 A desert dweller
68 Seize
71 Period of time
72 A college student in his final year (abbr.)
74 A verb

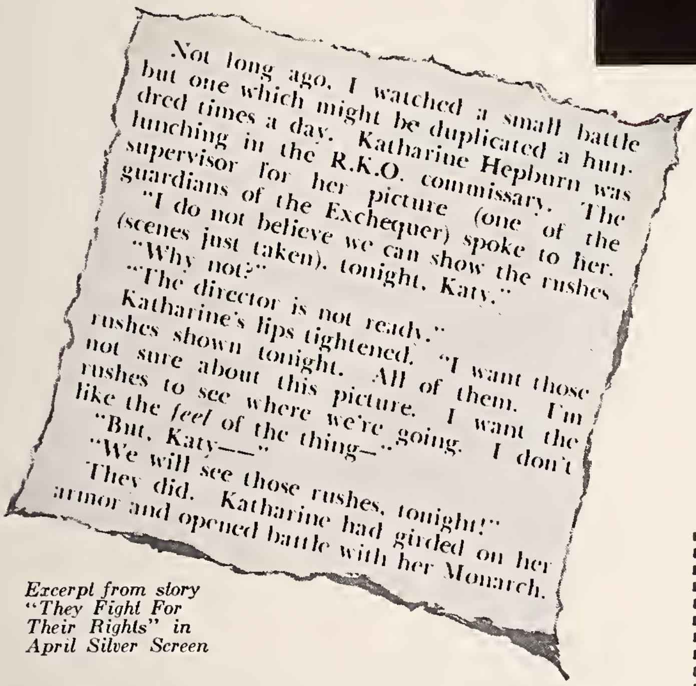
Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

K	A	Y		C	H	A	R	L	O	T	T	E		L	E	T
R	Y	E		H	A	L		E		O	A	R		E	V	A
U	R	N	S		R	A	I	S	I	N	S		F	E	A	R
G	E		K	I	L	N		L		E	T	N	A		N	Z
E	S	K	I	M	O		V	I	A		E	L	I	S	S	A
R			P		W	H	E	E	Z	E	R		T			N
	L	O	W	E		A	L		U	R		C	H	A	N	
B	A	R	O	N		T	E	R	R	A		A	L	O	U	D
A	N		R	O	B		Z	O	E		A	R	E		D	O
N	E	S	T		A			C			L		S	E	E	R
C		T	H	I	E	F		H		T	E	R	S	E		O
R	E	U		F	R	E	D	E	R	I	C	I			I	T
O		A	D			D	E	L	E	S			M	A		H
F	A	R	I	N	A		E	L	M		C	R	A	B	B	E
T	I	T	A	N	I	C		E		C	A	R	N	E	R	A

They Fight for their RIGHTS

In Hollywood battles are always raging. April SILVER SCREEN announces a brilliant article from our own war correspondent. Read of the struggles of the stars to protect their precious talents.

Katharine Hepburn



Not long ago, I watched a small battle but one which might be duplicated a hundred times a day. Katharine Hepburn was lunching in the R.K.O. commissary. The supervisor for her picture (one of the guardians of the Exchequer) spoke to her.

"I do not believe we can show the rushes (scenes just taken), tonight, Katy."

"Why not?"

"The director is not ready."

Katharine's lips tightened. "I want those rushes shown tonight. All of them. I'm not sure about this picture. I want the rushes to see where we're going. I don't like the *feel* of the thing—."

"But, Katy——"

"We will see those rushes, tonight!"

They did. Katharine had girded on her armor and opened battle with her Monarch.

Excerpt from story "They Fight For Their Rights" in April Silver Screen

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Kenneth B. Logan,
Scarsdale, N. Y., *says:*

"The selling game calls for healthy nerves just as much as being a wonderful marksman. Meeting people all day long...trying to turn prospects into customers...the life of a salesman certainly tells on the nerves! I smoke most of the time—but I smoke only Camels, and I'll tell you why I say *only* Camels! Camels *don't upset my nerves*—and no cigarette can match Camels on flavor, either."

Virgil Richard, Champion Sharpshooter, *says:*

"I've been smoking for years and had no trouble in keeping my nerves in shape for making record scores. That's because I have long been a Camel smoker. Camels are much milder, and never interfere with my nerves."

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How Are Your Nerves?

Does your job sometimes get you down? Do you feel tired? Irritable? Ready to "blow up" any minute...because of raw nerves?

Try to get enough sleep. Eat sensibly. And get a fresh slant on your smoking by turning to Camels. Much has been said on the subject of tobacco quality. But ——

☛ **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.**

That statement is conclusive. And it represents an important benefit that nervous people should not overlook!

So change to Camels. Taste those finer tobaccos. Notice their mildness. You will be delighted to find that Camels do not upset your nerves... or tire your taste.

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CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CHOICE QUALITY

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NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES . . NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

I'm that way"– JEAN HARLOW Page 24

Silver Screen

April

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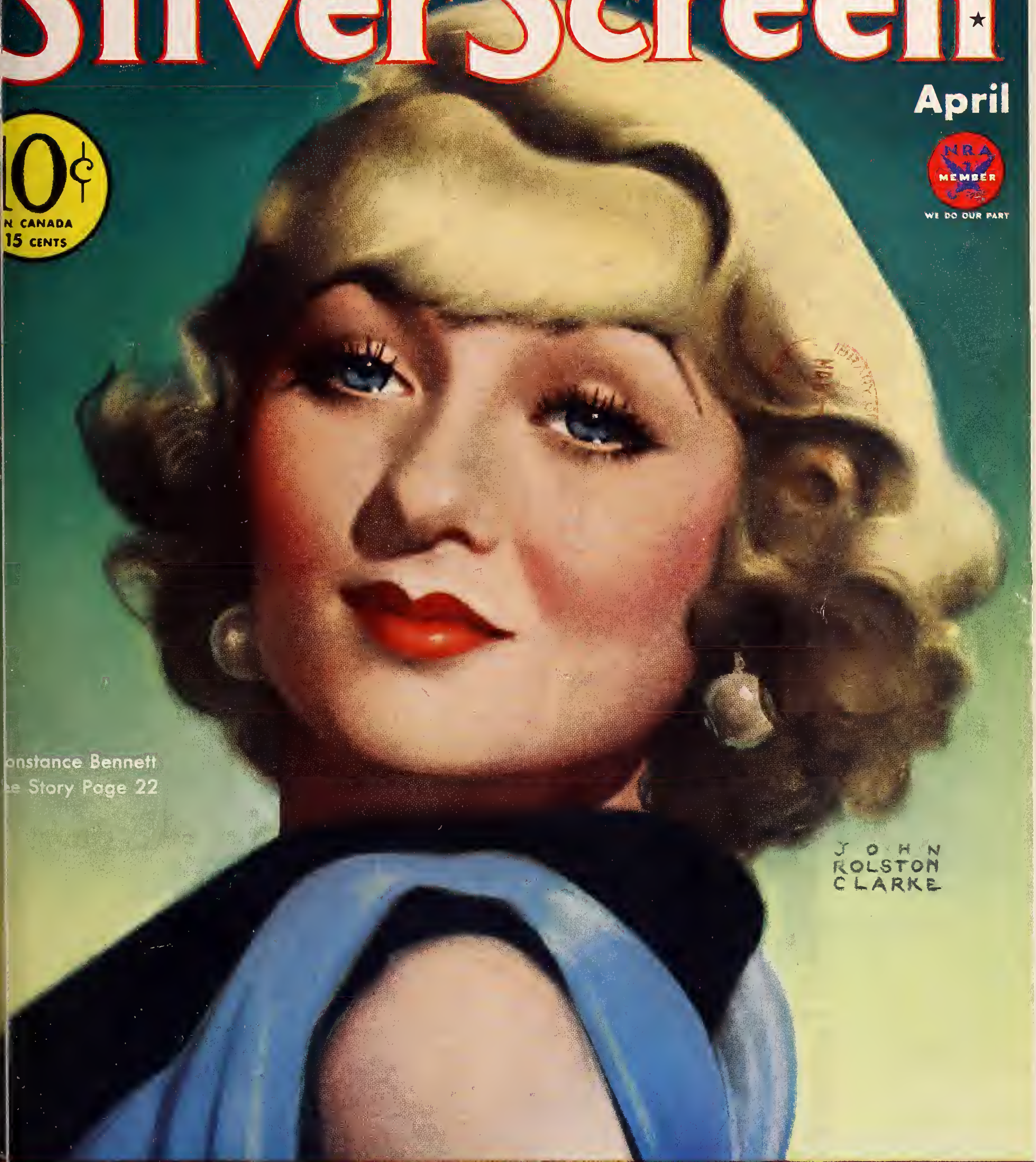
JOHN
ROLSTON
CLARKE

onstance Bennett
e Story Page 22

READ
N THIS ISSUE
THEY FIGHT FOR THEIR RIGHTS

(right) Some folks picture the life of an artist's model as mostly champagne parties. Nothing could be further from the truth. RUTH COLE will tell you that posing means long hours of hard work. Recently she had an opportunity to go to Hollywood but mother decided against the venture; so Ruth, who is only eighteen, smiles for New York cameras instead.

(below) DOROTHY DODD comes from Atlanta. She attended private schools in the south and topped off her education with travel abroad. Now she is in New York and following out a childhood ambition is entering upon a stage career. She trusts the care of her lovely teeth to Listerine Tooth Paste.

"A BEAUTY TREATMENT *for the* TEETH"

..say smart women

(above) The first picture of ETHELYNE HOLT ever published started a vogue for the hat she wore. She became known as "the girl who sold a million hats." But Miss Holt doesn't need a hat to photograph becomingly, as this portrait shows.

(left) NORMA WYCKOFF used to commute from her home in New Jersey to Teachers' College, Columbia University, and had firmly in mind a teaching career. Then recurring demands for her services as a model made her think she didn't want to teach and she took up posing as a profession. She is kept happily busy at it.

Why don't you try a tube?

Listen to the comments we receive about Listerine Tooth Paste: "Friends tell me my teeth glisten so becomingly." "My teeth have a lustre and sparkle they didn't used to have." "It is so easy now to keep teeth free from smoke stains."

These amazing results explain why already more than 2 million women have changed to this 25¢ dentifrice from costlier brands.

Listerine Tooth Paste does beautify the teeth surprisingly. Its modern polishing agent is swift in action. Long brushing is not necessary. Yet this modern formula is gentle—safe even for children's delicate enamel.

If you are worried by dull, "off color" teeth, by all means give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial. Note the quick improvement—how white your teeth look, how much healthier your gums feel. Your mouth is pleasantly refreshed—the same effect you associate with Listerine itself. And, remember, this dentifrice costs you just half as much as 50¢ brands. On the basis of a tube a month, that means you have a chance to save about $3 a year! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY

25¢

Removes film faster

The lies a mirror can tell!

LAST night, when you were dressed and ready to go, a last look in your mirror showed you a picture that suited even you. You felt that *he* would be pleased, too.

And yet, somehow, he wasn't. His eagerness had cooled.

The trouble? The trouble was, your mirror lied to you!

It told you you were lovely. And you *weren't* altogether lovely.

For your mirror failed to tell you one important thing—that you had carelessly let the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration creep in to ruin the effect of your lovely appearance.

Don't trust your mirror on this. The only way to be safe from this unseen danger is to make it *impossible.*

Mum! That's what up-to-date girls and women use. A quick bit under each arm and you're safe for all day.

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's soothing even to a sensitive skin—so soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember this—in destroying the ugly odor of perspiration, Mum does *not* prevent the perspiration itself.

Trust Mum to keep your underarms always fresh, free from odor. Get Mum at any toilet counter. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

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TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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nts underarm and
ther body odors

ANOTHER WAY MUM SERVES WOMEN. Mum on sanitary napkins gives that assurance of protection which means a complete and comforting peace of mind on this old, old feminine problem.

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The OPENING CHORUS

Lupe Velez feeds her tiny chihuahua with a dropper. Lupe carries the dog in her coat pocket.

WHENEVER you hear a loud noise in Hollywood now, you know that Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are having another one of their little battles. One of their recent arguments started after they had been to see "Flying Down to Rio." Lupe said it was much too improbable, even in musicals, to have girls dancing on top of airplanes, to which Johnny replied that it wasn't improbable at all as he had often seen men do acrobatic stunts on the tops of racing planes.

"You're just dumb, Lupe," Johnny finished off.

"You are stupid, too," shrieked Lupe, and that night, for the stenth time, Johnny moved out.

◆

BUT this cheers us up. Mary Boland and Alison Skipworth have been chosen to do Peter Arno's famous "Whoops Sisters." We can't wait for that one.

◆

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN and John Farrow have publicly announced their engagement and will be married some time in the near future. No one could doubt Johnny's sincere love for Maureen after seeing the intense suffering in his face when Maureen lay seriously ill in the hospital last winter, after an acute appendicitis operation.

◆

FRANCIS LEDERER, the new screen sensation, claims that he is not married, girls, so there's your chance. But be careful, now, for Francis has very definite ideas about the type of wife he wants. He told the Hollywood press, "I want marriage, but some way it must be kept free from domesticity. Domesticity would kill me." So don't expect too much from the curly headed Czech.

◆

RONNIE COLMAN escorts Virginia Peine Lehman, Chicago social registerite with a Fox contract, around to parties these days.

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD
APRIL 1934
VOLUME FOUR
NUMBER SIX

Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

PAGE
THAT FUNNY DIVORCE . . . . ELIZABETH WILSON 18
Are Bill Powell and Carole Lombard Still in Love?
"WHAT HAPPENS THEN?" . . . . ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS 20
Some Advice for Cliff Montgomery
"WOMEN AND MEN EQUAL"—CONSTANCE BENNETT . . . . S. R. MOOK 22
Hollywood Levels the Sexes
"IT'S THAT MAN AGAIN!" . . . . JACK JAMISON 23
Eddie Cantor Is Everywhere and Welcome
"I'M THAT WAY!"—JEAN HARLOW . . . . HELEN LOUISE WALKER 24
One of the Finest Actresses
FIGHTING FOR THEIR RIGHTS . . . . RUTH BIERY 26
The Stars Guard Their Positions
"UNA" . . . . PATRICIA KEATS 29
Una Merkel—Comedienne
"ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH" . . . . HARRY LANG 30
Publicity Pays—So Why Not Act Crazy?
THE LAST OF THE TEMPERAMENTS . . . . BERT ALLEN 32
The Tantrums Are Gone Forever
"THAT'S MY BUSINESS" . . . . LENORE SAMUELS 34
"An Artist Deals in Illusions," says Paul Muni
ANNOUNCING SILVER SCREEN'S NEW CONTEST 51
A Coming Opportunity to Try for a Prize
STUDIO NEWS . . . . S. R. MOOK 54
A Visit to the Sound Stages
"ALL FIGURED OUT" . . . . BEN MADDOX 56
Gene Raymond Plans His Life

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE OPENING CHORUS 4
REVIEWS—IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS 6
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?" 8
COCKTAILS OF CHATTER 10
OVERTURES TO BEAUTY . . . . MARY LEE 14
Beauty Tricks of the Picture Studios
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS 17
FAN MAIL DEPARTMENT 52
Letters Answered by the Stars
REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN 58
SILVER SCREEN PATTERN DEPARTMENT 81
Send for a Carole Lombard Pattern
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE . . . . CHARLOTTE HERBERT 82
THE FINAL FLING . . . . THE EDITOR 82

ART SECTION—The Players in the New Pictures

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., AND ELIZABETH BERGNER 35
CLAUDETTE COLBERT, TAKES A BUS 36
WALLACE BEERY, SUPER-SEÑOR 37
FRANCES DEE, STILL COMING 38
GEORGE ARLISS, LORETTA YOUNG, ROBERT YOUNG 39
JUNE KNIGHT AND MARY CARLISLE 40
COLLEEN MOORE, HER SECOND CAREER 41
"WONDER BAR" 42-43
Al Jolson, Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Cortez, Dick Powell
ELISSA LANDI AND LEW AYRES 44
CONSTANCE CUMMINGS, RALPH BELLAMY, ROSEMARY AMES, JOHN BOLES 46
KATHERINE DE MILLE, RICHARD ARLEN, WALTER CONNELLY, GRACE MOORE 48
FASHIONABLE! 50
Ethel Merman and Arlene Judge

COVER PORTRAIT OF CONSTANCE BENNETT
BY JOHN ROLSTON CLARKE

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Wallace BEERY

The screen which has waited ten years for a picture to equal the thrill, the epic humanity of "The Big Parade" now welcomes "VIVA VILLA." Because in its 1001 nights of amazing, romantic adventure . . . in its story of riotous revolution and revelry...in its blood-tingling heroism is entertainment that will pack the theatres of the nation!

"VIVA VILLA"

An all-star cast with thousands of others in METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S Giant of Screen Triumphs!

Directed by JACK CONWAY
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

Reviews

IN A FEW WELL CHOSEN WORDS

Imagine how Dorothy Dell felt when, after working in a bit rôle for two days, the producer withdrew her and, instead, made her the leading lady in "The Man Who Broke His Heart."

ALL OF ME—Fine. (*Par*) A combination of Fredric March & Miriam Hopkins versus Geo. Raft & Helen Mack can't go wrong, especially when the story has to do with the intense power of love.

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Excellent. (*WB*) Last year's best seller turned into one of this year's better films. It gives you an idea of what life on a farm actually means. (Dorothy Petersen, David Landau, etc.)

BELOVED—Charming. (*U*) Even if you think you're hardboiled, this romance with its haunting symphonic motif will stir your emotions. John Boles and Gloria Stuart play the leads.

BIG SHAKEDOWN, THE—Fair. (*W B*) A saga of the corner drugstore, reminiscent of large glass jars filled with pink and green lozengers. Ricardo Cortez, Bette Davis, Chas. Farrell in cast.

BIG TIME OR BUST—Fair. (*Tower*) After this you might not envy the gay looking couples who play vaudeville. They sure have their problems! (Regis Toomey, Gloria Shea.)

BOMBAY MAIL—Good. (*U*) From Calcutta to Bombay is the route taken by this second cousin of the mysterious "Rome Express." The cast is headed by Edmund Lowe, Shirley Grey, Ralph Forbes.

BY CANDLELIGHT—Fine. (*U*) One of those gossamer Viennese comedies with the gay and charming servants masquerading as nobility—and vice versa! Nils Asther, Paul Lukas and Elissa Landi play the leads.

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Excellent. (*British Gaumont*) A splendid film fashioned from Margaret Kennedy's colorful novel of several years ago. Brian Aherne (one-time leading man for Katharine Cornell) in cast.

CURTAIN AT EIGHT—Fair. (*Majestic*) A mystery yarn, written by Octavus Roy Cohen and featuring Dorothy Mackaill and Paul Cavanagh.

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE—Fair. (*U*) The cycle of "bus pictures" has begun! You'll get your money's worth of adventure if you hop along on this trip with Alice White, Lew Ayres, June Knight & Alan Dinehart.

DARK HAZARD—Good. (*WB*) Eddie G. Robinson as a "gentleman gambler" and dog racer. In fact the title refers to Eddie's pet dog, for love of which he even neglects the beauteous Genevieve Tobin.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Unusual. (*Par*) Tragedy in a girl's boarding-school in Switzerland. The theme is handled in novel fashion, and the acting is splendid. (Dorothy Wilson, Douglass Montgomery.)

ESKIMO—Unusual. (*MGM*) Director Van Dyke takes the bows for this fascinating story filmed in the Arctic with native talent. Malo (the lead) is certainly destined for "matinee-idol raves."

FASHIONS OF 1934—Excellent. (*WB*) Don't be deceived by the title—this is not only a fashion show. It is also a clever comedy that will hold you entranced. (Veree Teasdale, Bill Powell, Bette Davis.)

FIGHTING CODE, THE—Fine. (*Col*) A swell western—mystery, romance, action—with Buck Jones and Diane Sinclair capturing the applause.

FLAMING GOLD—Fair. (*RKO*) The oil fields of Latin America are the setting for this realistic love story. (Mae Clarke, Pat O'Brien, Wm. Boyd.)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Good. (*Par*) Cecil De Mille, the master showman, takes us to a tropical jungle where an oddly assorted group of refugees discover romance, adventure and Sex! (Marshall, Colbert, Boland, Gargan.)

FUGITIVE LOVERS—Fair. (*MGM*) Contemplating an overland bus trip? See this first. It'll give you an idea of how little scenery you'll see & how much excitement you'll get! (Bob Montgomery, Madge Evans.)

GOING HOLLYWOOD—Swell. (*MGM*) Bing Crosby croons hauntingly, Marion Davies mimics cutely, and Fifi Dorsay oo-la-las endlessly in this diverting musical. You can't go wrong if you like this trio!

HIP, HIP, HOORAY—Good. (*RKO*) Even rabid anti-Wheeler-Woolseyites may get some laughs out of this goofy farce. Thelma Tood as heart interest.

HIRED WIFE—Fair. (*Pinnacle*) One of those trial marriage affairs that ends up by being the real McCoy. (Weldon Heyburn, Greta Nissen.)

HIS DOUBLE LIFE—Interesting. (*Par*) A screen come-back for Lillian Gish! Here she plays in a unique yarn from the pen of Arnold Bennett, with Roland Young as her team-mate.

I AM SUZANNE—Excellent, (*Fox*) Lilian Harvey as the little dancer who finds romance with the owner (Gene Raymond) of a puppet show. Imaginative in its conception and artistically produced.

I WAS A SPY—Excellent. (*Brit. Gaumont*) A war story—vital, compelling, convincing, with a total absence of synthetic glamour. Herbert Marshall, Madeleine Carroll, and Conrad Veidt.

KEEP 'EM ROLLING—Fair. (*RKO*) An Army base is the setting, with Walter Huston an amusing artillery sergeant crazy about horses. Minna Gombell and Frances Dee contribute plenty of heart interest.

LOST PATROL, THE—Good. (*RKO*) A slight story, beautifully photographed and acted, concerning a British patrol lost in the desert during the World War. (Reginald Denny, Victor McLaglen Wallace Ford.)

LOVE BIRDS—Amusing. (*U*) Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts make the desert their stamping ground in this rollicking farce, which has Mickey Rooney playing an unforgettable bit.

LUCKY TEXAN, THE—Fine. (*Monogram*) One of those hard-ridin' smash bang westerns, with John Wayne in the title rôle.

MADAME SPY—Fine. (*U*) A beautiful spy "doing her stuff" during the stirring war days can always be relied upon for screen popularity. In this version Fay Wray is the enchantress and Nils Asther her handsome victim.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—Fair. (*RKO*) Francis Lederer asked to throw his magnetism and glamour into the thankless rôle of an Eskimo who yearns hopelessly for the white man's mode of living. Elissa Landi as the English girl he loves.

MANDALAY—Fair. (*WB*) Melodrama seems to hound the white men and women who make the Orient their home. Kay Francis, Lyle Talbot & Ricardo Cortez run into the usual sensational situations here.

MEANEST GIRL IN TOWN, THE—Only Fair. (*RKO*) If these comedians tickle your risibilities—even if the story doesn't jell—see this film featuring ZaSu Pitts, Pert Kelton, Jimmy Gleason, Skeets Gallagher.

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN—Fine. (*Par*) A timely topic which, in spite of excellent entertainment values, is propaganda against kidnapping. (Dorothea Wieck, Baby LeRoy, Alice Brady.)

MR. SKITCH—Amusing. (*Fox*) The lordly Grand Canyon echoes with peals of laughter when the Skitch family (Will Rogers, ZaSu Pitts) utilize the Wide Open Spaces as a home during the Depression.

MOULIN ROUGE—Fine. (*20th Cent.*) A spicy French musical farce with Connie Bennett captivating both Franchot Tone & Tullio Carminati. And Russ Culombo plays a part just for good measure.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Good. (*Col*) The cycle of "doctor" pictures is going merrily along its way. One day in any hospital, according to this, is fraught with many dramatic events. (Walter Connolly, Fay Wray, Ralph Bellamy.)

PUBLIC STENOGRAPHER—Fair. (*Marcy*) A rich man, a working girl—love, indecision, unhappiness, and, yes you've guessed it, a happy fadeout. (Lola Lane, William Collier, Jr.)

QUEEN CHRISTINA—Splendid. (*MGM*) Garbo and Gilbert together again in a magnificent character study of a famous 17th Century Swedish queen. Garbo is breath-takingly lovely.

ROMAN SCANDALS—Excellent. (*UA*) Never a dull moment when Eddie Cantor's around. In addition you're treated to extravagant settings, joyous tunes, gorgeous girls. (Gloria Stuart, Verree Teasdale.)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY—Fine. (*Par*) Young America, whether sixteen or sixty, will be enthusiastic about this yarn which is as exhilarating as a diploma at graduation. (James Gleason, Buster Crabbe, Toby Wing.)

SENSATION HUNTERS—Good. (*Monogram*) A trip to a cabaret in Panama is as good an excuse as any to dodge the wintry blasts. Interesting story acted by Creighton Hale, Juanita Hansen, Marion Burns.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE—Fine. (*MGM*) Sophisticated farce with Alice Brady in a fluttery rôle, backed up staidly by Lionel Barrymore & Conway Tearle. Mary Carlisle good as an **ingenue.**

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Good. (*Monogram*) A romance of the sponge fisheries, with Sally O'Neil, Creighton Chaney and Russell Simpson.

STRAIGHTAWAY—Fine. (*Col*) A race track yarn that has its fill of breath-taking thrills. (Tim McCoy, Wm. Bakewell, Sue Carol.)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE—Fair. (*MGM*) Lurid, spectacular melodrama, with Otto Kruger performing brilliantly as the criminal lawyer whose love life is all tangled up. (Ben Lyon, Una Merkel, Isabel Jewel.)

WOMAN UNAFRAID—Good. (*Goldsmith*) Lucile Gleason as a policewoman who befriends unfortunate girls who come to her notice. (Lona Andre, Skeets Gallagher.)

WOMAN'S MAN, A—Good. (*Mon.*) Again we go to Hollywood and the studios for the locale and theme of this entertaining yarn. In cast Marguerite de la Motte, John Halliday, Kitty Kelly, Wallace Ford.

YES, MR. BROWN—Fine. (*UA*) A breezy, suave, British-made comedy, with charming Jack Buchanan playing the hero.

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—Fine. (*MGM*) May Robson creates an eccentric, thoroughly romantic character reminiscent of the famous Hetty Green. Supporting her are Lewis Stone, Jean Parker.

PHOTOS BY REMIE LOHSE

LANNY ROSS

From the radio to the screen comes Lanny Ross, singing star of the Maxwell House Coffee Showboat Hour. For two years, one of the most popular performers on the air, his thrilling voice and charming personality will be heard and seen from now on in PARAMOUNT PICTURES.

"MELODY IN SPRING"

with
Charlie Ruggles
Mary Boland
Ann Sothern
Directed by Norman McLeod. A Paramount Picture..will introduce Lanny Ross to motion picture audiences

"You're Telling Me?"

What do you think? Tell us! The best ideas each month, whether criticism or praise will be awarded prizes. $15 for first prize, $10 for second prize, and $5 for third. Address "You're Telling Me?" Editor, Silver Screen, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C.

Mary Boland was at work in a bed scene when in barged James Cagney, Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery, selling tickets for the Actors' Guild Benefit. So they climbed right in, too.

First Prize

"THE author is the most important, because, if a story is weak, it does not matter how much ability the star or the director have," writes George Chanpion of Wood Street, Oakland, Calif. "For example, 'Emma' was Marie Dressler's greatest picture. Compare it with her latest picture 'Her Sweetheart, Christopher Bean.' We have the same beloved star and a marvellous cast, but it is not a great picture because the *story* is *weak*."

O.K. George. No more weak stories even if we have to write them ourselves.

Second Prize

"WHY doesn't some producer get to work on American Indian mythology? Having done considerable research work on California Indian myths, I know that these tales have unusual features in them which would entertain the public, always ready and desirous for something new," writes Mrs. C. A. Block of Berkeley, Calif.

Publish your myths in a book. If the public likes it, the screen will buy it.

Third Prize

"YOU forget your cares and troubles when you see a musical show! They're different, colorful, tuneful and entertaining," writes Henry Morgach of W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill. "You can have the sexy pictures, dramatic pictures, and horror pictures, but keep all the musical pictures and shows for me!"

"Wonder Bar" coming right up.

"MANY actors who have become stars are given a rôle in a poor play, and thereby lose their prestige. Many are unable to stage a comeback. Why isn't more care exercised in the selection of plays and supporting casts when the future of a young star is at stake?" asks Pearl Ellerman of W. Jay Street, Saint Marys, Ohio.

Gene Raymond told us that he read and refused many stories just for that reason.

MARGE GROSSMANN of McPherson St., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Let's have more men like Spencer Tracy on the screen, although I doubt very, very much if he can ever be equalled. 'A Man's Castle,' starring him, was too wonderful for words. If all the males were real he-men, there would be more box-office receipts. I'm for a regular man who can take it."

Did you notice he talked about beating Loretta, but didn't? That's some advance.

"NOW why don't the studios get together and make a picture starring Marie Dressler, Mae West, Janet Gaynor and Katharine Hepburn?" asks Patricia J. Rieger of N. Fairfield Avenue, Chicago, Ill. "I'm willing to wager a picture like this would go over with a bang."

And Mussolini for the romantic lead!

"PLEASE do not let us see any more such horrible, gruesome productions as 'The Invisible Man'," writes Mrs. Lloyd C. Gilchrist of Woolson Avenue, Springfield, Vt. "In our way of thinking its entirely out of the question for the youth of today to see such a picture. No one likes to go to the movies and come out with the shivers and have horrors all night."

A great compliment to your imagination.

"THE same sweetness, lovableness and humanness, with or without the curls, with or without a Douglas, she is still our Mary. Maybe you could tell her this from us folks in Boston," writes Anna Pike Bennan of Orkney Road, Brighton, Mass.

We asked her to do a picture using her cute brogue—she's half Irish, you know. Perhaps we Boston folks can convince her.

"AS a child I read the book 'Little Women' many, many times and *Jo*, of course, was my favorite. I don't know of any star that could play the immortal *Jo* as well as Miss Hepburn," writes Frances Sullivan of Brentwood Avenue, San Francisco, Calif. "So, three cheers, Katharine Hepburn! I'm impatiently waiting your next picture, 'Trigger.'"

The new title is "Spitfire"—you're welcome.

"'MR. SKITCH' played to a full house for three days and nights and you had to wait your turn to get in or out," writes Nina B. Osbourn of E. Main, Neosho, Mo.

Couldn't get out, hey? That's packing them in—you were on the bottom layer!

"EVERY movie magazine that I read seems to have something about the mysterious Garbo," writes Camilla Sharp of W. Oak Avenue, Jonesboro, Ark. "I want to know if Greta Garbo really said 'I tank I go home now.'"

She never said it to us.

VIOLET BARNHART of Briarwood Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, writes: "Joan Crawford has been my favorite actress ever since I saw her in 'Montana Moon.' The last picture I saw her in was 'Dancing Lady.' I think her acting is marvelous, and she has a wonderful personality. I am taking tap and acrobatic dancing and hope she will give me some advice about it. I hope that some day I can dance like her."

She's already given you inspiration, that's better than advice.

"WE ARE tired," writes Mrs. Muriel A. Burress of E. Sixth Street, Los Angeles, Calif., "of seeing pictures that insult the intelligence of twelve year olds, not to say anything about the off-color dialogue and innuendoes."

The wallop of an innuendo depends upon the imagination of the listener.

"GIVE us more pictures like 'Little Women,'" writes Mrs. H. Kell of Carman Avenue, Cedarhurst, L.I. "I am only one mother in thousands, but I believe I speak their thoughts. We want simple stories, sweetly told, mixed in with those worldly pictures. Remember, you cater to the younger generation as well as to the sophisticated older people."

Do you think age brings the sophisticated viewpoint, Mrs. Kell? Is it a dent left by the kick of living or a bump representing knowledge?

THE GENIUS THAT CREATED "HENRY VIII" BLAZES FORTH AGAIN!

From the brilliant studios of Alexander Korda, another motion picture masterpiece emerges in the unforgettable story of a simple girl's rise to Empress, her mad Czarist husband, and her regiment of lovers...who would have died for her!

A New

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS Jr.

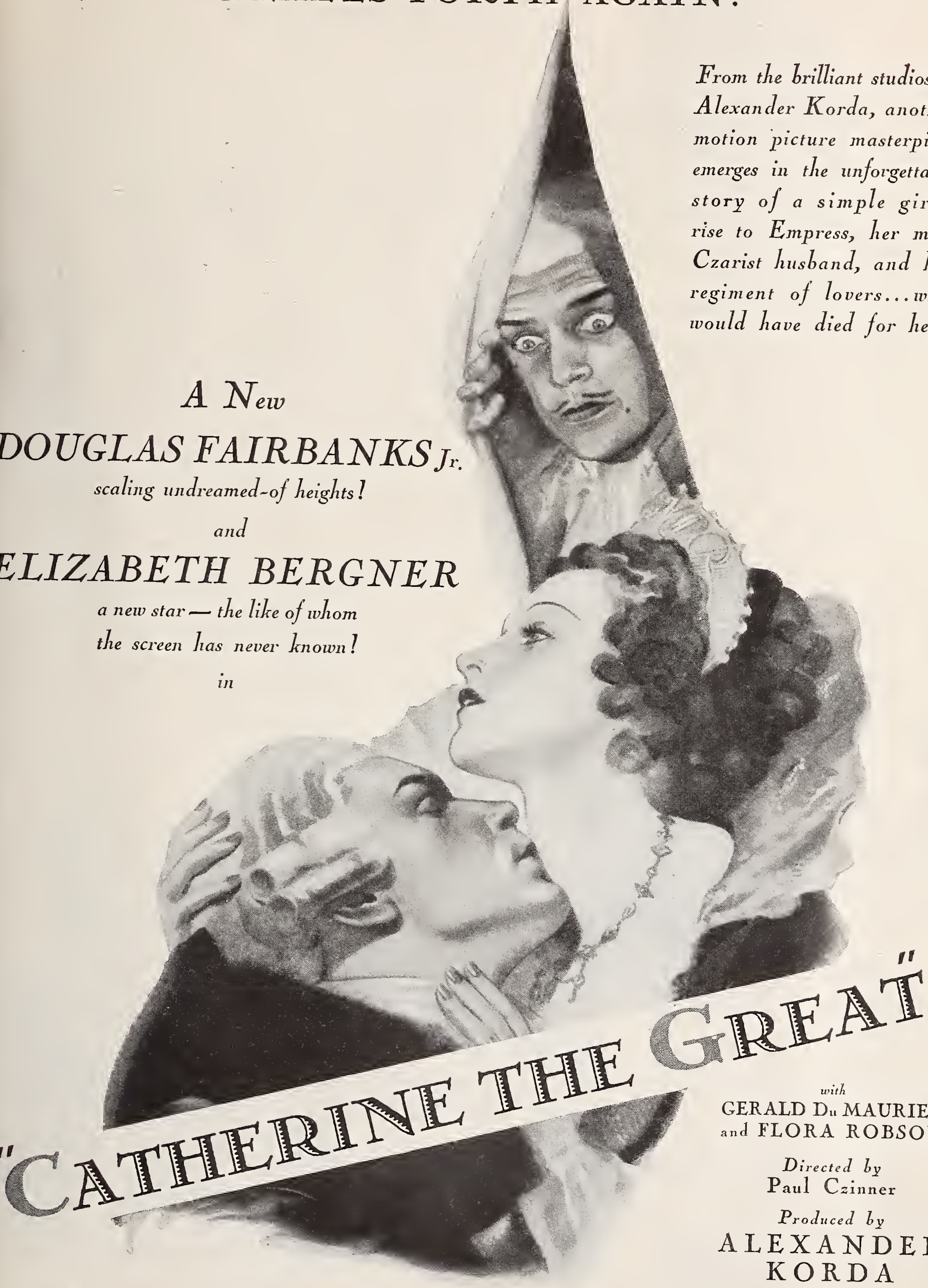
scaling undreamed-of heights!

and

ELIZABETH BERGNER

a new star — the like of whom the screen has never known!

in



with
GERALD Du MAURIER
and FLORA ROBSON

Directed by
Paul Czinner

Produced by
ALEXANDER
KORDA

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

Presented by
LONDON FILMS

Do You Have These Complexion Faults?

Clogged Pores Dryness
Pimples Roughness

Does your skin redden and roughen easily? Is it extremely sensitive to what you use on it? Then try the safe, gentle Resinol treatment—Resinol Soap to thoroughly cleanse the pores—Resinol Ointment to allay any irritation, roughness and dryness, and help in healing the sore, pimply spots.

The Resinol treatment is not new and sensational. Doctors and nurses have used and recommended it effectively for more than thirty-five years in the care of infants' skin, as well as adults'. They know that the elements in Resinol Ointment and Soap are pure, soothing and beneficial—that regular use does make the skin clearer, smoother and finer.

Get Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap from your druggist and give yourself a Resinol facial today. See how clean your skin looks—how soft and velvety it feels. Note how quickly Resinol Ointment relieves any "broken out" places.

Free sample Resinol Ointment and Soap sent on request. Write Resinol, Dept. 3-F, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

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No teacher—no confusing details. Just a simple, easy, home-study method. Takes only a few minutes—averages only a few cents a day. Every step is clear as A-B-C throughout. You'll be surprised at your own rapid progress. From the start you are playing real *tunes* perfectly by note. *Quickly* learn to play any "jazz" or classical selection—right at home in your spare time. All instruments.

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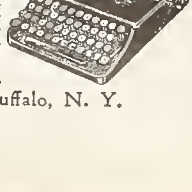


Cocktails of Chatter

When a Pin Drops in Hollywood, a Curious World Wonders What's Coming Loose.

CONNIE CUMMINGS has a confession to make—and it's most amusing. Connie, as you recall, crashed the front pages in all the English newspapers because she was the first movie star to arrive in England from Hollywood in a quiet tweed suit, instead of being swathed in furs. One of the reasons her English playwright husband, Benn Levy, fell in love with her was this unaffected simplicity. There was much to-do about it in England, and Connie and her inexpensive little tweed suit became quite the rage of the town. But now Connie breaks down and confesses that when she arrived in England for her picture contract, the tweed suit was her one and only suit, and she most probably would have worn furs if she had owned any furs. Well, we won't tell the English.

◆

JEANETTE MACDONALD receives quite a lot of foreign fan mail, and for several years has been tearing off the pretty stamps without any idea of what she'd do with them. The other day she had the bright inspiration to make a lamp shade of them. It's quite effective—try it yourself sometime.

◆

STUDIO sets are just death to those diets—and almost death to the stars some time. Sylvia Sidney is on a strict strained soup reducing diet, but when she was making "Good Dame" she had to spend an entire day eating chop suey. And Claudette Colbert had to eat doughnuts dunked in cold coffee for hours while the director shot that riotous dunking scene in "It Happened One Night"—and Claudette hates doughnuts. But the worst was when Miriam Hopkins, fresh from a siege of flu and doctors, had to eat dozens of hot dogs for a scene in "Design for Living." She'll never be able to face another hot dog.

◆

ALICE WHITE rushed down to the postoffice when notice of a registered letter came to her home. "I always like to think that I have been unexpectedly left a million dollars," she said. Imagine her surprise when the letter turned out to be a deed for a cemetery lot which relatives in the East had sent her for safekeeping.

◆

DRIVING away from the Paramount studio with only one headlight burning the other evening, Carole Lombard passed a pedestrian who motioned and called out, "Light!" over the roar of her motor. Carole waved back and said, "Goodnight to you," and sped on.

◆

WHEN asked whether or not Mrs. Mundin had ever been "in the business" on the stage or screen, Herbert Mundin, that swell English comedian on the Fox lot, replied, "She sang a song in 'Cavalcade.'"

"Is that all?" the interviewer asked.

"Yes," said Mundin.

"Well, that doesn't matter, that doesn't make her a professional," was the reply.

"You'd better not let her hear you say that," Mundin warned the interviewer.

◆

LILIAN HARVEY collects monogrammed handkerchiefs from her friends, as remembrances. In return she gives a very fine linen handkerchief with *her* name done in petit point in one corner.

◆

OTTO KRUGER is the kind of a guy who smokes a big pipe—everywhere.

◆

THE lunch hour for W. C. Fields is a sort of ritual. Each day his chauffeur brings him a menu from the Paramount commissary. Each day Bill sits up in his dressing room with his feet on the table and reads it carefully from cover to cover. Each day he orders: "Bring me a salad, two bottles of milk and a plate of graham crackers."

◆

ALTHOUGH he receives an average of one hundred unsolicited original songs each month, Bing Crosby never reads any of them—so you ambitious song-writers, just save your postage. And Bing has three perfectly grand reasons why he doesn't read

[*Continued on page* 12]

Leslie Howard and his daughter at work on the lawn of their lovely home in England. He is now in Hollywood making Somerset Maugham's "Of Human Bondage."

HEAR—"DON'T SAY GOOD NIGHT"

And now—the greatest of all the great Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!

"GOIN' TO HEAVEN ON A MULE" • "WONDER BAR" • "VIVE LA FRANCE" • "WHY DO I DREAM THOSE DREAMS"

"WONDER BAR"

KAY **FRANCIS**

GUY **KIBBEE**

DICK **POWELL**

AL **JOLSON**

HUGH **HERBERT**

HAL **LEROY**

RICARDO **CORTEZ**

DOLORES **DEL RIO**

FIFI **D'ORSAY**

The most amazing show ever conceived—the one and only "Wonder Bar"! The producers of the screen's most glorious musicals now bring you the master performances of the world's master performers! 4 breath-taking spectacles staged by Busby Berkeley, creator of the sensational numbers of "Gold Diggers" and "Fashions of 1934" . . . 5 rousing song hits . . . and a thousand other thrills and surprises from the director of "42nd St." and "Footlight Parade"—Lloyd Bacon!

LAUGHTER!
SONG!...
DRAMA!...
SPECTACLE!
A First National Picture

HOW CLARA CLEARED UP HER RED EYES

CHEER UP, CLARA. LET'S GO TO PEGGY'S PARTY!
I CAN'T, GIRLS. MY EYES ARE A PERFECT SIGHT FROM CRYING!

30 MINUTES LATER!
JUST LOOK AT CLARA NOW! IT'S LUCKY FOR HER I KNEW HOW QUICKLY MURINE CLEARS UP BLOODSHOT EYES.
YOUR EYES ARE GORGEOUS, CLARA!

When eyes become bloodshot from crying, late hours or exposure to sun, wind and dust, apply a few drops of *Murine*. It quickly clears up the unsightly redness—leaves eyes looking and feeling just fine! *Good Housekeeping Bureau* approves *Murine*, so you know it's safe to use. And—it costs less than a penny an application!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

"MEXICAN ORIZABA" To introduce our Blue-White Rainbow Flash MEXICAN ORIZABA Ring (worn by Movie Stars) we will send a 2 Kt. ORIZABA Ring (looks like $200 stone). Reg. Cat. Price $5 for this ad and $1. Mail TODAY. Mention Ring size. AGENTS WANTED. $1 an hour spare time. Stamp for catalog. If you can tell it from a real diamond, return and money refunded. ORIZABA CO., Dept. SU, 329 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

BLACKHEADS!

DON'T SQUEEZE THEM! IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION! Dissolve Blackheads, scientifically, refine Large Pores, stop embarrassing Greasiness, "Shine", clear Muddy, Tanned Skin. Just wash with water and wonderful KLEERPLEX WASH! Has marvelous pore-purifying powers. Gets at the cause QUICKLY, SAFELY! RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES! Gives you that clean-cut attractive look which means everything in business and social life. SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT! No chemicals. No staying home. A guaranteed pure, natural product, approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users—both Men and Women. Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary cosmetics—send only $1 TODAY for this unusual skin healthifier. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

KLEERPLEX (Dept. 12)
1 W. 34th St., New York City, N. Y.
☐ Here is $1. Please send me 2 mos' supply of KLEERPLEX WASH or
☐ I will pay postman plus 20c. P. O. charge. Outside U. S. $1.25—no CODs
WRITE NAME-ADDRESS IN MARGIN

MAIL COUPON MAIL

these songs: few can ever be used, he might be accused of pirating if he later sang a similar song, and he can't read music anyway.

Bing's choice of the ten most popular songs introduced during 1933 are: Three Little Pigs, The Last Round-up, The Day You Came Along, Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?, Night and Day, Thanks, Talk of the Town, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Lazy Bones, and Stormy Weather. So now you know what your favorite crooner likes.

◆

LEWIS STONE is quite the man of mystery in Hollywood, for you don't see him playing around in the gay night spots any more than you see Myrna Loy. It's all because he has two passions, experimenting in growing tropical plants at his San Fernando ranch, and yachting—and as soon as work on his pictures is over you can't find him because he'll be riding one hobby or the other.

Congratulations, Jay Loyd! Jay went to M-G-M to sell tires. His magnetic personality so charmed the buyer that he put Loyd in the movies. In a minute he would have been stuck with the tires. That's Irene Hervey and Oliver Hinsdell with Jay.

REMEMBER, last month, Ginger Rogers decided to change her name for something more dignified than Ginger, now that she is going in for serious and dramatic rôles in pictures? Ginger might be just dandy for a song-and-dance girl, but not so hot for a tragedienne. However, Ginger's plan to change her name has met with unexpected results. Instead of receiving suggestions for new names she has been deluged with hundreds of letters protesting against any change. So she'll very likely remain Ginger. See how influential you are?

◆

GEORGE BURNS and Gracie Allen had been spending days in their Hollywood apartment writing continuity for their next radio broadcasts. But the conference came to an abrupt ending after George suggested that they take out fire insurance. "Why, George?" Gracie asked, "We have contracts. They can't fire us."

◆

YOU Can't Win, Myrna Loy has decided. When Myrna has a cold, she has a cold, not just a sniffle, but a full grown-up cold with all the accessories. While she was working on "Men in White," she woke up one morning and found that her eyes were watering and that she was all choked up in her nose and throat. "Well, at least I don't have to work today," she consoled herself and called up Richard Boleslavsky, the director.

"I'm afraid I can't work today, my eyes are watering so badly," she told him over the phone.

"Good, that's exactly what we want!" exclaimed "Boley". "We do the biggest crying scene in the picture today, come right over to the studio at once."

So when you see that scene in "Men in White" where Myrna meets Doctor Jean Hersholt in the funny little restaurant, and tells him in a choked voice and with her eyes full of tears that she hasn't slept all night, you can know darned well that Myrna wasn't acting.

◆

THE biggest laugh at the Screen Actors Guild ball came when Bing Crosby, Dick Powell and Frank McHugh did an impersonation of the Boswell Sisters—in costume. What fun!

◆

MACK GRAY, the Killer, who serves as Georgie Raft's bodyguard, stooge, masseur and trainer, furnishes the Paramount lot with its daily laugh. When Carole wanted to give Georgie a present after playing with him in "Bolero," she sought the counsel of his Man Friday.

"A friend shipped me some rare Chateau Yquem. Do you think Georgie would like some of that?" she asked Mack.

"Naw," answered the Killer, "Georgie never eats cheese."

◆

GEORGIE RAFT has been chosen by Mae West to appear opposite her in "It Ain't No Sin," which gets started soon. Georgie will play the part of a boxer, and there'll be no "doubles" for him, says Georgie. He'll do all the fighting himself. Georgie has set up a regular training camp at Lake Arrowhead and expects to drop ten pounds before the picture starts. That will make him a good 145 pounds.

Remember, Georgie was the first "tall, dark, and handsome man" to appear with Mae on the screen. She had a mere "bit" in his first starring picture, "Night After Night." Well, Mae's traveled a long way since her first and last picture "bit"—but for that matter Georgie hasn't done so badly himself.

◆

THE recently married Andy Divine is seriously considering buying Director Bill Wellman's home, which is now for sale.

"It's a good idea to buy a director's home," Andy says in his funny gravel-voice, "because if you can't meet the payments he'll have to give you a job."

◆

FRANCHOT TONE has a cook named Clementine who hails from the Old South, and is one of the swellest cooks in Hollywood when it comes to fried chicken, turnip greens and upside down cake. And Clementine certainly has a sense of humor all her own. The other day she lost her key to the Tone homestead in Brentwood.

"Oh, that's all right," Franchot told her, "I'll have another made for you."

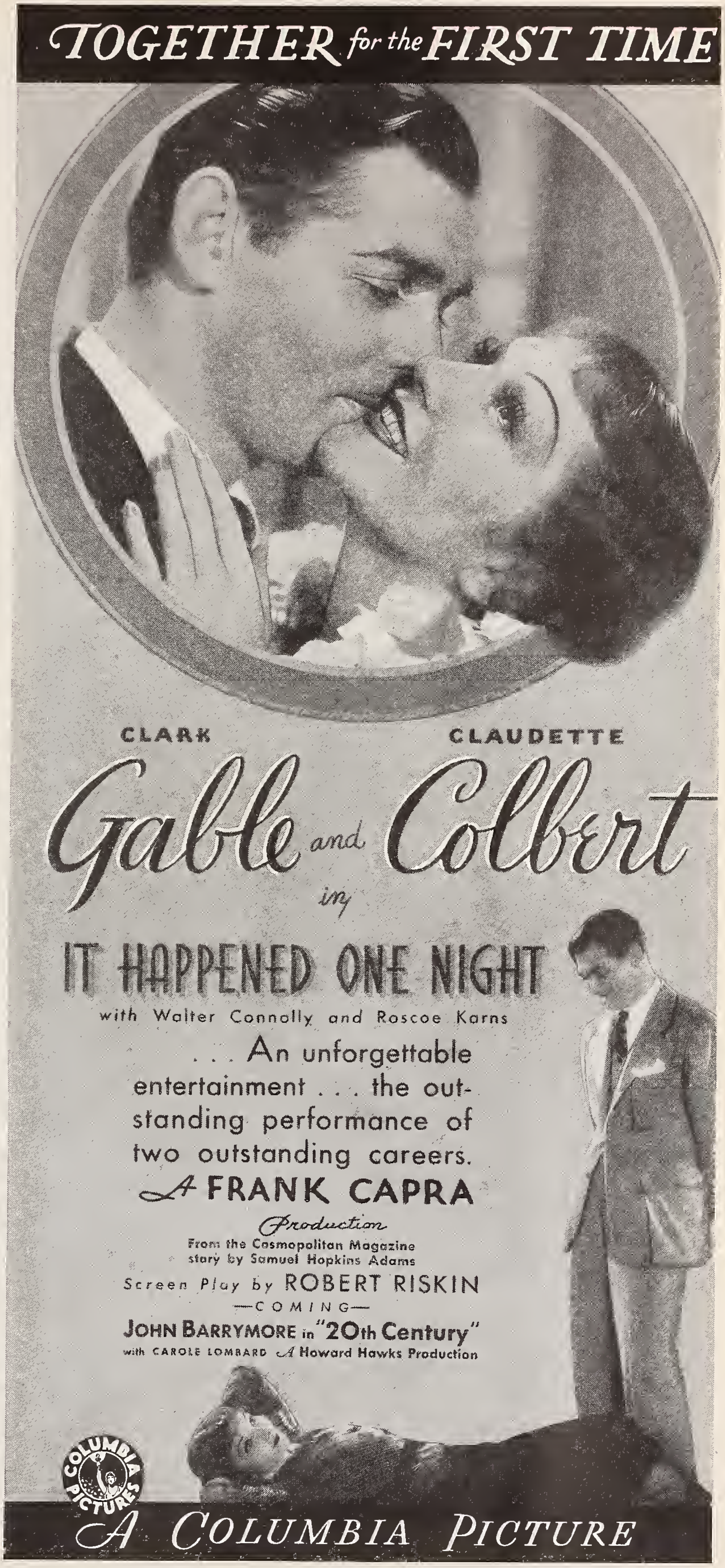
"I'm sho' the one I lost will be returned," Clementine assured him, "because I had your name on it, the address, and the door it fits."

And now Franchot is expecting a burglar any night!

◆

WELL, now we can stop worrying and go to bed and get a good night's sleep. Lee Tracy is returning to the screen immediately in a Universal picture called, "I'll Tell the World," wherein Lee again plays a newspaper rôle, and it's gonna be swell. Paul Kelly and Gloria Stuart are going to be right there with him helping him tell the world.

Ann Dvorak is fascinated by microbes. Her heart warms to vaccines and she can't take her eyes off of streptococcus. Sounds like a chance for some people we know.



TOGETHER for the FIRST TIME

CLARK CLAUDETTE

Gable and Colbert

in

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

with Walter Connolly and Roscoe Karns

. . . An unforgettable entertainment . . . the outstanding performance of two outstanding careers.

A FRANK CAPRA *Production*

From the Cosmopolitan Magazine story by Samuel Hopkins Adams

Screen Play by ROBERT RISKIN

—COMING—

JOHN BARRYMORE in "20th Century"

with CAROLE LOMBARD *A* Howard Hawks Production

COLUMBIA PICTURES

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Feet Hurt?

CORNS
SORE TOES
CALLOUSES
BUNIONS
SORE HEELS
SORE INSTEPS

RELIEF IN ONE MINUTE

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MESSY MIXTURE....
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It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

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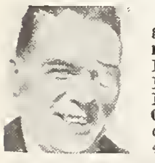

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OVERTURES-TO-BEAUTY-BY-MARY-LEE

Irene Ware is one of the Fox lovelies. She says "Treat your skin gently; a perfect complexion is the basis of beauty for every girl."

If You're Pretty—

Beauty Tricks of the Picture Studios.

"LITTLE Women" has done more than move the women of the country to tears. It has moved their hair back off their ears, and piled it high on the head in tiny curls—à la Katie Hepburn. Some of us, who never dreamed of doing so, are even trying bangs. If you want to be really smart about bangs, have them cut so you can brush them back and make them disappear when you want to appear bangless. I think bangs should be worn only when you want to look especially quaint and effective . . . they grow tiresome when worn all the time. And if you want to look a lot like "Jo"—keep your bangs full and fluffy, and don't paste them down on your forehead.

"Little Women" has also brought smart little ribbon hair bows into prominence again, to rival the glittering tiara. Not the large, crisp hair ribbon bows of our childhood, of course—but dainty narrow-ribbon bows in demure black or brown or blue.

And since we are going back to our childhood for modern beauty inspirations, have you seen the new "Alice in Wonderland" soap? Figures from this intriguing story are sculptured against a plaque-like background of the soap. Just like the story of Alice itself, this soap will appeal to children and grown-ups alike. There's only one draw-back. The soap is so attractive and amusing to look at, you will probably hate to use it!

There's a new idea in perfume packaging . . . little sphere-like bottles that sit upside-down on tiny pedestals which serve as stoppers. Pick up the tiny globe, and there is a drop of perfume trembling at the opening, just waiting to be dropped on your furs or hankies. Jeurelle is making them, and they are filled with gardenia, momosa, camelia, cyclamen, freesia, or Le Secret. If these fragrances don't give you Spring fever, nothing ever will. (They're very inexpensive in the small sizes and would make lovely Easter gifts.)

Speaking of Easter gifts, here's something that's made to order. It's Bourjois' "Evening in Paris" or "Springtime in Paris" perfume (whichever time you prefer), put up in Easter egg containers. The bottle is small, of course, but so is the price. The Easter egg is either red, blue, green or orchid, with the "Evening in Paris" perfume—and pink or pale blue for the "Springtime in Paris." Incidentally, the Easter egg won't roll off the dressing table and break, for it stands securely on a dainty pedestal.

Prince Matchabelli's "Abano" is perfume for the bath, which isn't a particularly new idea—but here's one that is! With the "Abano," he sells a perfume ball, known as the "Oromo Perfume Ball." It has a string tied to it (a chain, strictly speaking), and you dip it in your bath tub just as you would dip a tea-ball in a cup. Darn clever, these Georgian princes!

Who can resist buying a new shade of powder once in a while. As a man gets tired of always wearing the same tie, so do we women get bored with the same powder. Marie Earle has a new shade called "Soleil" which will give your face a fresh Spring-like look. It is "peachy" in tone—but quite alive with a healthy, ruddy caste. It is a happy medium between a light winter powder, and a sun-tan summer powder. Incidentally, Marie Earle powders are shown in a new box. It's square, with a tiny "knob" on the lid which enables you to lift it off with two fingers. The box is ivory and green, with a touch of gold and red—*very* smart.

All this talk about oily and dry skins the past few years, and different treatments and preparations for each, has encouraged Dorothy Gray to introduce two Salon Facial Packages—one for dry kins and the other for normal and oily skins. The treatment is a simple one, employing only three preparations. In the box for dry skins you'll find Cleansing Cream, Orange Flower Skin Lotion, and Special Mixture Cream. The one for normal and oily skins contains Cleansing Cream, Texture Lotion, and Suppling Cream. The complete set costs no more than the average box of face powder, and it contains enough of the

A Beautiful Girl Can Show That She Is Also An Intelligent One By The Manner In Which She Dons Her Make-Up.

preparations to last for several weeks.

What with hats creeping back further and further from our hairline, we've got to pay special attention to our foreheads . . . we've got to keep them smooth and unwrinkled, and clear and satiny in texture. If you've a "widow's peak" then this season's hats are your "big moment," for nothing was ever more becoming to this type of hairline.

But something other than spring bonnets is on our minds during these after-winter months. Our color-eye perks up, and we begin to look for fresh life in our clothes. We discard the browns and black and hanker for something in green or blue or yellow or red. Did you know that there is a tremendous organization known as the National Dry Goods Association which, each year, picks out its official spring colors . . . and then by the middle of April, we're wearing them en masse, all the way from Maine to Malibu Beach? This year, the N. R. D. G. A., (short for that long name which I just told you,) has selected these shades: first, a rich, bright blue, (similar to Royal Blue), which will be known as *Cinema Blue;* second, a luscious orangeish red which is known as *Caviar Rose;* third, a warm tan, known as *Repeal Beige;* and fourth, a light Spring-ish green, called *Falfa Green.* So—if your eye alights on a dress in any of these colors, you'll know it's *quite* the latest thing!

When I visited Arlene Judge the other day, I noticed that her dressing table was simply covered with intriguing bottles of all the "best" perfumes, and when I commented that it must be a passion of hers, she told me this little trick of using it in one unique manner. Arlene thinks that you shouldn't stop at using perfume just on yourself, or on your clothes. A perfume can also express you to your friends through other mediums—the telephone, for example. You know that sticky, stale odor that hovers around the mouthpiece of a phone? Well, Arlene fixes that, by always keeping a few drops of perfume in the mouthpiece. (A few drops last for weeks!) Then, when your friends ask to use your phone, they'll be reminded so fragrantly of you, that they'll very probably keep their calls "strictly local."

Mr. and Mrs. Cary Grant

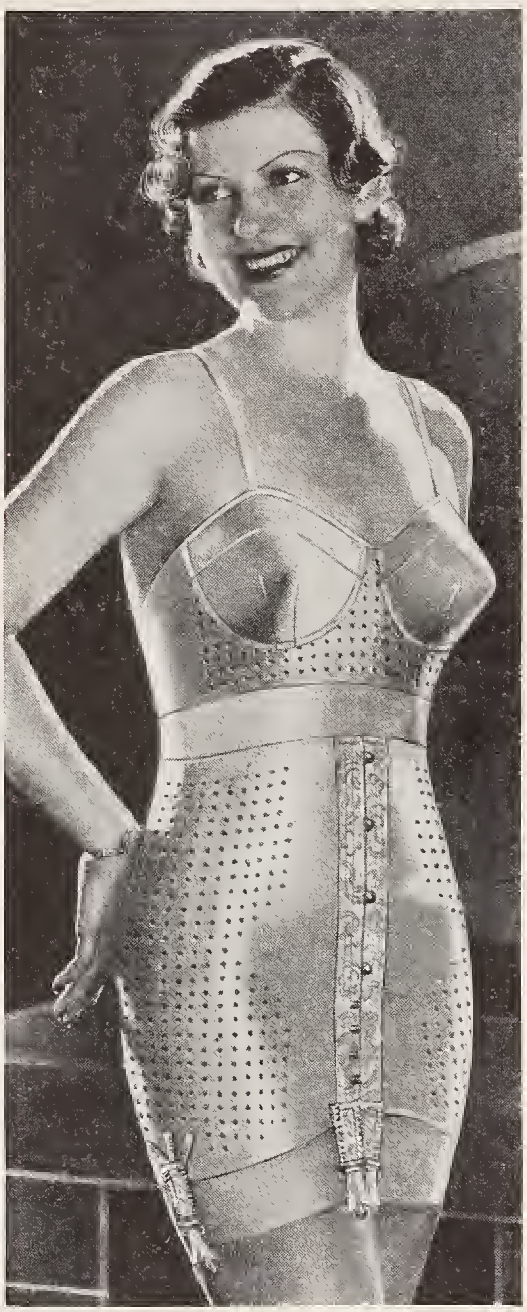
Wide World

Over in London, England, Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill felt that urge to join up for better or worse, and here's wishing them all happiness.

REDUCE

WAIST AND HIPS **THREE INCHES** IN TEN DAYS OR
.. IT WON'T COST YOU ONE CENT!

TEST... the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... at our expense!



NOW... YOU CAN BE
YOUR SLIMMER SELF
... without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!

"I REDUCED MY HIPS
9 INCHES"

writes Miss Healy

"Since last May the Perfolastic Girdle has reduced my hips nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet."

Miss JEAN HEALY
299 Park Avenue,
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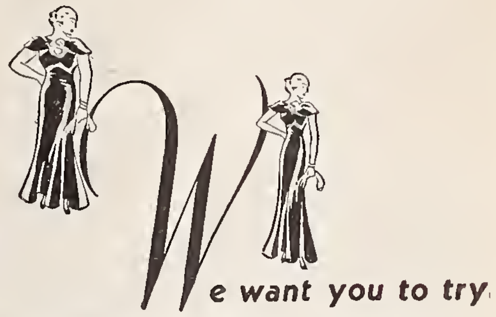
"I REDUCED MY HIPS
from 43 to 34½ INCHES"

writes Miss Brian

"I . . . measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips."

Miss B. BRIAN
Hotel Victoria
New York City



e want you to try

THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

at our expense!

"I REDUCED MY WAIST AND HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy. . ."I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches". . .writes Miss Brian . . . "Massages like magic" . . . writes Miss Carroll . . ."The fat seems to have melted away". . .writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

● This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

Keeps Your Body Cool and Fresh

● The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

Don't Wait any Longer . . . Act Today

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results . . . and your money will be immediately refunded.

This Illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle Also Features the New Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere

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Every day brings good times, if a girl has a Camay Complexion.

WIN YOUR BEAUTY CONTEST

For every day you live—like Helen above—you compete in a Beauty Contest. Why, you can't even go for a walk down the street, but what someone's eyes search your face—judge your looks—and notice the texture of your skin.

So get yourself a Camay Complexion—a skin soft as velvet and gloriously fresh. It attracts admiration—yes, and often romance.

Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is pure, creamy-white and unusually mild—the modern way to care for your skin. Use it one month, and you'll be delighted with the improvement in your looks.

Get a supply of Camay today. The price is amazingly low.

Pure, creamy-white and delicately fragrant, Camay comes in a green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane.

CAMAY
CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY

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CAMAY The Soap of Beautiful Women

Topics for Gossips

SILVER SCREEN

Richard Bennett and Anna Sten, the new, glamorous star from Soviet Russia. This scene (all about a necklace) is one of the best incidents in "Nana." She lies so beautifully!

TED HEALY, the ray of sunshine in many a dreary picture, asked his stooges if they had seen the new twenty dollar bill. "I haven't seen the old one yet," the stooges answered in unison.

◆

JOAN CRAWFORD and her hair-dresser are busy these days looking over styles for a new hair-dress for Joan for her new picture, which is going to get underway any week now. Joan tries a new hair-dress, one or more, in every picture, and this time she says it's going to be something to knock your eye out.

◆

MARIE DRESSLER'S idea of "some fun kid, some fun" is an evening before an open fire, with several old friends from the footlights, and a game or two of backgammon.

◆

JANET GAYNOR is going in more and more for athletics these days. She has become quite a devotee of tennis (this time last year she was taking lessons, but you just ought to see her swat the ball now) and swimming. She keeps herself in trim by taking a plunge in the ocean practically every day, when she is not working. But Janet doesn't go for that sun tan that most of the other Hollywood stars take such glee in. Ye olde peaches-and-cream complexion is good enough for her—and quite a relief to the optics, say we.

◆

THEY do say that the stork is flying close to Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown. And is playing a return engagement already at the Bing Crosby's.

◆

MAE WEST got a present the other day —her first pair of pajamas. Mae (sssh!) fancies only nighties, so they are of no use to her. W. C. Fields suggested that Mae use them in the daytime.

◆

MAY ROBSON is nothing if not ingenious. Her door-bell had been out of order for several days, and the electric shop was slow in fixing it—and after three calls, too—so May got all het up and said nerts to modern inventions. She bored a hole in the door casing, threaded a rawhide cord through it and hung a cow-bell on the inside. "So now folks get me just as they did my grandmother," she informed her friends.

◆

A SHIMMERING evening cape of silver mesh, with a tiny evening beret to match, is the newest and loveliest evening accessory ensemble introduced by little blonde Mary Carlisle. And that beret for evening is quite a nifty idea, girls. When Mary introduced this new fad at the swanky Mayfair recently the entire ballroom practically sat up and took notice. With the silver mesh cape and beret Mary wore a black velvet dinner frock, but it was the beret atop her blonde curls that gave Mary that devastating effect.

◆

WYNNE GIBSON and Randolph Scott are now going places together. And what an attractive couple they made at the welcome-to-Earl-Carroll-and-his-beauties party at the Roosevelt the other night. Hand-picked beauties or no, Randy hadn't eyes for anyone but Wynne.

◆

ONE of the most excited people in Hollywood these days is Jean Harlow, the young author. Her first long story, "Today Is Tonight," has been accepted by the Cosmopolitan, and will run in it serially, starting soon. Then it will appear in book form. And then—Jean has a pretty good idea that it will be bought by the producers and made into a picture. She'd like to play the heroine on the screen herself, she admits. The story is laid in New York and has nothing to do with Hollywood. Jean is crazy about writing and spends several hours every day at her typewriter. But what with that book, and fan letters and personal letters, she finally decided it was all getting too, too much for her so she now dictates to her secretary.

AND, by the way, Jean and Metro have patched up their little salary misunderstanding, which was greatly exaggerated in the newspapers, with Jean being quite the gallant lady about it. When Metro explained that if they gave her a raise they would have to give all the other stars a raise too, to keep them from walking out, Jean said okay and reported for work the next day. You'd be surprised how much less Jean is getting than Metro's pampered darlings, whose pictures are not near the box office successes that Jean's are.

◆

SOME dames never know when they have it soft. Eh, what, Mable? Evelyn Venable has it written into her contract that she is not to be kissed by any Hollywood actor—not even Freddie March or Gary Cooper or Clark Gable. Now ain't she the queer one? Evelyn and Freddie played all the way through "Death Takes a Holiday" together without a single lip salute. Huh.

◆

THE fad in Hollywood, right now, among the men, is big plaid coats—so loud that you can hear them miles away. Johnny Mack Brown sort of started this fad when he appeared at Frank Borzage's cocktail party in a little number that fairly shrieked —and since then all the boys have been taking it up. To date, Leslie Howard takes the cake for having the loudest.

◆

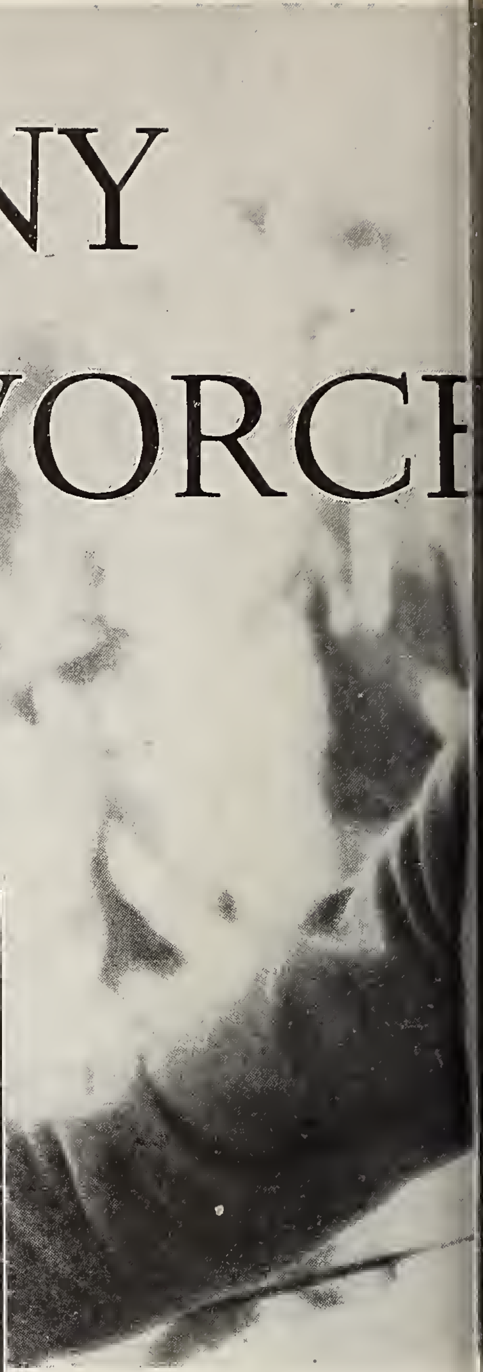
AND speaking of shrieking, Gary Cooper's familiar bright yellow Duesenberg has been painted a light gray, very subdued and very proper. It must be the Little Woman's influence.

◆

JACK OAKIE nearly had a stroke when he returned from his trip to Honolulu and found his favorite clarinet being banged about by Baby LeRoy. They say that Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, neighbors of Jack in Star Lane, know just how young LeRoy got hold of the clarinet. But Jack swears he'll buy another. You can't win, Charlie.

That FUNNY DIVORCE

Do Bill Powell and Carole Lombard, Now Divorced, Love One Another—More?—Less?—Differently?—or What?



Wide World

Wide World

Carole Lombard and her divorced husband in amusing costume at the Kay Francis Barn Dance.

TSCH! tsch! I always say when I'm baffled. What do you always say? I've been baffled by that Lombard person ever since a foggy afternoon last summer when she breezed into town from Reno, with the divorce papers in her bag and the loveliest tan. Not a tear to her lashes, not a quiver to her chin, not a husk to her throat. Carole was as fresh as Mother's Little Precious making a test for that Great Big Director Mans to play Claudette's little girl.

"Hello, Bill," said Carole over her mother's phone. "Baby's back."

"Darling," exclaimed Mr. Powell, looking right smart in a snappy dressing robe. "Darling, I've missed you so. Not a good laugh in weeks. Come right on over, I'll start icing the champagne."

And such goings-on followed that. Mrs. Mike Farmer (Gloria Swanson) and the hi-de-ho Farmer himself, who'd returned from the dell, threw a dinner for Carole and Bill that night and then all of them loped over to the Chinese to attend the very la-de-la premiere of "Dinner at Eight." The fans and the public in general and en masse were so busy ogling Bill and Carole, who were holding hands and giggling and whispering like Tom Brown and Anita Louise, that Gloria's new hairdress (a "trailer" of the Hepburn frizzle, which would soon descend upon an unsuspecting people in "Little Women") and Lee Tracy's new tails and Jean Harlow's new husband weren't near the sensations they should have been. I bet if Gloria had known that Carole and Bill were going to sit up there pawing at each other, like the final fadeout of a movie, she wouldn't have wasted her fringe but would have worn a diamond tiara. But of course there was Lil Tashman over there glittering with diamond clips helter skelter. Oh, you can't win.

George Raft and Carole in "Bolero," doing their sensational dance.

And then the Barthelmesses had to entertain for them, and the Clive Brooks, and everyone practically was baking a cake or whipping up a little something for Bill and Carole. They were seen at the Clover Club, the Colony Club, the Brown Derby, the Cocoanut Grove, the Gold Room, and the drive-in place on Vine Street—and so wrapped up in each other's company that they might have been Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone except that there were no gardenias. Then, to add to this amazing condition, every time that Carole was in the midst of her dance with Georgie Raft in "Bolero" on a Paramount stage, the phone would ring frantically and Sally Rand would drop her fans and Wesley Ruggles his arches and the entire company simply relaxed while Mr.

By Elizabeth Wilson

At the Tennis Matches—Bill and Carole do not let a little thing like divorce disturb a beautiful friendship.

Powell urged the ex-Mrs. Powell to sell her "American Woolens" at once and load up on "Grade A Milk." A little thing like a divorce wasn't going to keep Bill from helping Carole snatch a few pretty pennies from the stock market.

And then Bill and Carole both caught the flu about the same time, but Bill was the sickest, so Carole upped from her bed of pain and dragged her flu worn body over to Bill's house and waited on him and entertained him by the hour with Hollywood folk-lore.

And then Carole bought a new house in Beverly Hills and had Bill Haines decorate it, and then threw a Christmas Eve brawl with about five hundred guests all told—though what they were all told I wouldn't know. But it was Bill who acted as host and was the life of the party.

And then came the most startling party that has ever been given in Hollywood, since Tallulah Bankhead told off a lot of celebrities at her "Why I Like You and Why I Don't Like You" party—(and will you ever forget what she told Lupe and Johnny—oh, my!) Carole decided to give Bill a "Hangover Party" and she borrowed his house to give it in. All of Bill's closest friends were invited—including Ronnie Colman, who has been doing a bit of globe trotting the last couple of years. Shall I give you the details? Can you take it? Well, Carole converted the house into a perfect replica of a hospital—everything except the smell of ether.

The servants were dressed as nurses and internes, and they very seriously put a hospital apron on you and took your "case" history when you entered and assigned you to a cot in the Powell living room which, utterly devoid of rugs and knicknacks, looked like Bellevue on the morning after New Year's Eve. The treatments prescribed for the patients were printed on regular hospital bulletin sheets, and wouldn't grandmother be shocked if she could read some of those treatments. The food was dished up on ye olde operating table (and guests suddenly recalled, with that far away look in their eyes, those long lost appendix and tonsils and gall stones) and the Diet Kitchen provided anchovies and pate de fois gras. In Hollywood it costs an actor twenty-five hundred for an appendix cut, and what a lot of fun it is to brag and boast about it.

Yes, the drinks were poured from youknowwhat and the canapes were passed around in youknowhattoo. There were a lot of gags and everybody roared and snickered and had a right nifty time of it.

Now, says I, who am a worldly gal and have lived in Hollywood too long to clap for Tinker Bell, now tell me, if you please, do Carole and Bill go in for this amazing divorce business for the publicity in it? Does Carole think she will get her name in the newspapers more often if she makes a habit of being seen and photographed with her ex-husband? Now that's what baffled me. That's why I went *tsch! tsch!* There's a pretty brunette in town who makes it a point to be seen with a different man every time she has a date—and dating her has become just as much a publicity racket as marrying Peggy Joyce. She wants to be called the most popular girl in Hollywood. It's her publicity. (She can have it.) And there's a male who drags out a different dame (must be well known and pretty) every time he goes to a party—even if it is every night in the week Not that he's particularly fond of any of these babies, but because the newspapers and the magazines all comment on it. It's his publicity. And, believe me, he suffers for his publicity. (There, there now, my old cynics are creeping up on me again—quick, a shot of the milk of human kindness.)

So I sought out Carole in her dressing room on the Paramount lot to put an end forever to my bafflement. It took me exactly five minutes, a half a chicken sandwich on wholewheat bread without any mayonnaise, and three sips of orange juice, undefiled, to learn [*Continued on page* 66]

"WHAT HAPPENS THEN?"

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

THE rain was beating down in torrents, so that, looking out the windows, even the street lamps were veiled. The pavements were hidden by rushing streams of muddy water. The oldest living inhabitant never remembered such a cloudburst.

It was New Year's Eve in Pasadena.

Inside the lobby of the beautiful little Vista del Arroya Hotel, perched high on the cliff above the famous Rose Bowl, the excitement grew by leaps and bounds. The conversation almost drowned out the roar of the storm. Football coaches, famous sports writers, managers, leading citizens, rushed hither and thither, worry and suspense writ large upon their faces.

Would there or would there not be a game of football in the Rose Bowl on the morrow? Would the New Year's Day classic between the East and West, rated as one of the five most important games of the year, be played upon New Year's Day or not? Would Stanford and Columbia take the field before 80,000 people or would the game have to be called on account of rain?

Never have I seen such excitement. Telephones rang every second. Telegraph wires from New York hummed frantically. Hollywood and New York both wanted answers—would the game go on?

The Rose Bowl at that moment was some feet deep under rushing water. The grandstand looked like an imitation of Niagara Falls as the rain cascaded down its sides. Seven fire engines were pumping some 21,000 gallons of water a minute, but the California cloudburst kept ahead of them.

Sports editors were trying to figure what to print the next morning. Hollywood picture stars were frantic with disappointment at the idea that there might not be the usual spectacle. Even Ex-President Herbert Hoover, who had driven down from Palo Alto to see his Alma Mater defend the West against Columbia, was in a state of suspense.

As we stood about, watching the rain and talking—Lou Little, the Columbia coach, Paul Gallico, Mark Kelly, Bill Corum, Harry Grayson and a lot of other important sports authorities—a slim, good-looking, dark-haired boy joined us for a moment.

He said, "Guess I'll go to bed now, chief."

We were introduced to Mr. Cliff Montgomery, star back, captain, field general and chief scoring threat of Columbia.

If you are a football fan—and who isn't—you may suspect that the night before the most important football game of the season, especially when nobody knows whether it's to be played at all, or, if played, the boys will have to wear diving suits, is not the best time in the world to meet a football captain. He might reasonably be expected to be in a bad humor, or, at the least, slightly nervous. And if nobody expects that his team has the slightest chance to win—and most people didn't give Columbia a prayer—it might be even worse.

But Mr. Montgomery wasn't nervous and he wasn't in a bad humor. He was, perhaps, a little shy. He looked, in his street clothes, much too slight to have done so much damage to eastern teams. His eyes were steady and he had a clean-cut, well-bred young face. The best type of American youth. He smiled shyly and said something about the weather—which at that moment was no idle topic but the chief concern of a good many people. He said he hoped they would be able to play because the boys were pretty anxious about it, as they'd come 3000 miles to play that game and it was going to be a lot of fun, even if the field was muddy. I remarked that the field would certainly be muddy as Dink Templeton, the Stanford track coach, had just brought back word that the players' benches were floating about like little boats.

Mr. Montgomery looked a trifle down-hearted, but in a moment he perked up and said, "Well, it's as fair for one as the other and I sure hope we play."

Then he excused himself very politely and went to bed and, we all hoped, to a night of well-earned repose.

(You may wonder at this point when Hollywood is coming into the story. But please be patient. It will come in. And it will have a great deal to do with young Mr. Montgomery and the Rose Bowl game between Stanford and Columbia. Because the worst football bugs in the whole United States are in Hollywood and in spite of the rain they were in the Rose Bowl, believe me.)

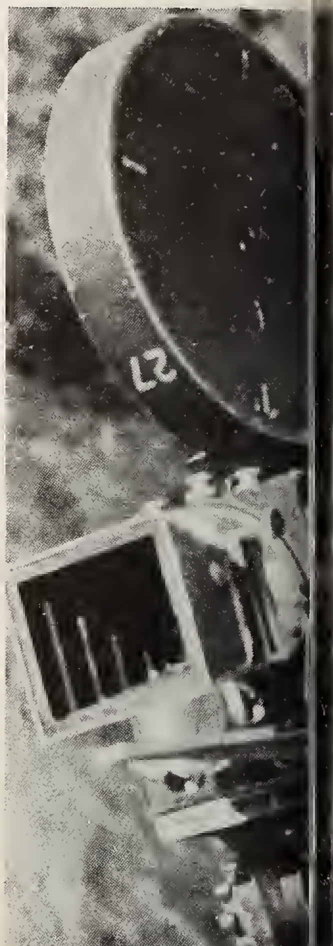
When we went to bed the consensus of opinion was that there wasn't going to be any game. And if there hadn't been, it might have changed the life of the slim, good-looking football hero from Columbia. Upon such things do the fate of men depend.

New Year's Day dawned in Pasadena. It dawned behind a thick curtain of rain, it dawned black and gray. The sound of trumpets and bands awakened me. From my window I beheld the most famous parade in the world—the Tournament of Roses—going by in a sort of "under water slow motion" effect that was very upsetting on an empty stomach. The flowers were pelted flat and the girls were running rivulets on their bare arms and gauzy skirts.

The telephone rang. No game. It rang again. They were going to play. This went on until we were all in such jitters as you have seldom beheld. At one o'clock we put on our galoshes and rain coats and started swimming to the Bowl. Where, to our amazement, we found about 30,000 people gathered, huddled in the downpour.

And most of those 30,000—at least those who weren't Stanford or Columbia alumnae—came from Hollywood.

You see, the Hollywood motion picture colony is football mad. On Saturday afternoons during football season, there is an unwritten agreement that nobody works. The studios are deserted. If a picture is in production and must go on, the cast comes back and works all night on Saturdays.



Wide World

Johnny Weissmuller, Olympic Champion, swam into a picture job and is a "natural" as Tarzan.

Some Advice for Cliff Montgomery, Captain of the Columbia Football Team, If He Accepts Hollywood's Offers—Given by the Wife of an All-American Who Did.

In action. Cliff Montgomery may decide to enter pictures, and if he does, who can stop him?
Wide World

Ginger Rogers explains a camera to Cliff Montgomery at the Warner Studio, where Cliff was asked to make a test.

You can page every big star, every important director, every powerful producer in the Coliseum and they will all be there. And the Rose Bowl Game is their favorite.

Also, they go down very heavily upon the western team to defeat the eastern team. They are very loyal rooters.

On this particular New Year's Day they had braved the elements, they had driven through mud up to their hub caps, they were sitting in constant showers, to see Stanford defeat Columbia. Because there wasn't anybody in Hollywood who had a moment's doubt that Stanford would defeat Columbia. The betting was something like 3½ to 1 and some Hollywood celebrities had even given 14 points. It was, they opined, having seen Stanford defeat their favorite U.S.C. team, a lead pipe cinch.

Right there was where Hollywood and Mr. Cliff Montgomery met.

We need not go into what to me are the very painful details of that afternoon. My husband used to play at left half for Stanford, and I had twice seen him score touchdowns in the Rose Bowl against eastern teams. I was naturally rooting for Stanford—even, if the truth must be known, waging a few pennies with some of the eastern sports writers who were loyal to Columbia. And it was very very sad.

Hollywood, individually and collectively, sat and watched Columbia, under the able and oft-times inspired leadership of a young gent named Montgomery, play rings around Stanford. They watched Mr. Montgomery shoot the forward pass that led to the score. They watched him on defense smear the brilliant Stanford backfield. At first they didn't believe it. It couldn't be happening. Whothehell was this Montgomery anyhow? And what did he mean by these unheard of carryings-on in our own Rose Bowl?

There could be no question that Cliff Montgomery was, that day, the best football player on the gridiron. And at the end of the rain-sodden, muddy, disastrous afternoon, Hollywood knew darn well who he was and what he could do.

Well, they're good losers.

They offered Mr. Cliff Montgomery a motion picture contract.

They had seen him only upon the field, with his face plastered with mud and his hair soaked with rain. They had seen him only in a football suit that was wet and filthy. But they said to themselves, "This guy has got something."

And now, Cliff Montgomery goes to Hollywood.

I don't know. Remembering the boy I met that night in the lobby, knowing a little something about football players on account of my husband was one and is now a sports writer, and knowing my Hollywood, I wonder.

Will this young football hero, who conquered Hollywood by his magnificent exhibition on the football field, in what was supposed to be a losing fight, will he become a motion picture star —or will he have his heart broken and his dreams grow cold? Was that now historic battle between Stanford and Columbia a great break for this boy, or was it a disaster?

Mr. Max Baer, almost heavyweight champion, would probably tell him it was a great break.

So would Johnny Weissmuller, greatest of swimmers.

But I wonder what Johnny Mack Brown, once All-American from Alabama, would say? And Buster Crabbe, Olympic swimmer?

My husband, who is supposed to know [*Continued on page* 71]

"IN HOLLYWOOD WOMEN MAINTAIN EQUALITY WITH MEN"—Constance Bennett

"Our Most Intelligent Star" —a new title for Connie.

By S. R. Mook

PERHAPS you've had inklings before this that Hollywood is a hotbed of gossip and rumor. I have. But until this morning I never paid much attention to it. Most of what I read I believed.

Accordingly, this morning when I picked up the paper and read that Constance Bennett is planning to retire from the screen, it never occurred to me that the paragraph might be founded on nothing more substantial than gossip or rumor.

The screen's most glamorous blonde leaving the screen! My heart started turning somersaults and, what with my asthma and all, I put in a very bad half hour before I bowed into Constance's dressing room.

She had just got up from a sick bed to start work in "The Firebrand." It was the first day's shooting on the picture and everything was in a turmoil. Yet, when I told Constance that Silver Screen's readers would want to know about this rumored retirement of hers, she smiled. "You know how it is the first day of a picture. You're due to put in a pretty hard day in order to get a story out of me.

"In the first place, I can't imagine where such a ridiculous rumor could have started. It is true I have said at various times that I never intended remaining in pictures long enough for the public to tire of me. I don't intend to become one of these outmoded stars who persist in remaining on the screen long, long after they have worn out their welcome.

"I have just signed a contract with Twentieth Century that still has two years to run. I *couldn't* retire just now if I wanted to. Eventually, of course, I will live permanently in Europe. So, there's no story in that."

I have often wondered exactly what Constance Bennett really thinks of pictures. A girl as intelligent as Constance doesn't kid herself. Anything that affects her life as vitally as pictures do would not be taken for granted. She would want to know what makes the wheels go round. I asked her what she made of it all, and got my story:—

"I think," she said enthusiastically, "that acting in pictures is the most fascinating career in the world for women. It's the only one where they are on an absolute equality with men.

"Do you know," she exclaimed, warming to her subject, "that this is supposed to be the fifth largest industry in the world, and it is the only one where the workmen (the actors), the executives (the producers) and the consumers (the public), share equally in the business' success? I mean by that, the actors and producers can turn out a picture, and if the public doesn't care for it, it just doesn't go."

"But," I protested, "that's true of any business, isn't it?"

"No," she answered promptly. "I mean, for instance, take the stock market."

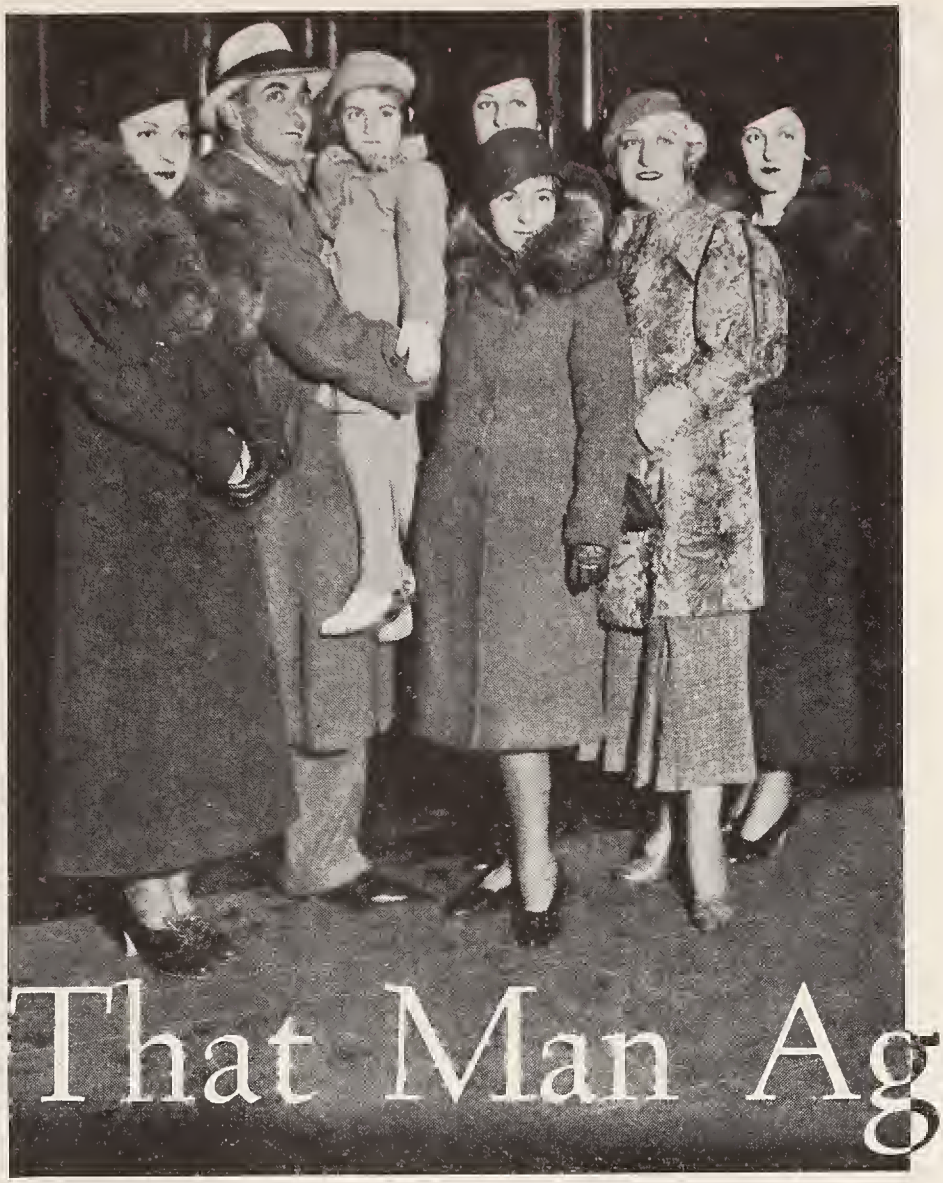
"*You* take it," I retorted.

"All right," she grinned. "I *will* take it. I've no grudge against the stock market.

[*Continued on page* 64]

Beautiful Queens (look at that hand) are having their cycle in pictures. Scene from "The Firebrand" with Louis Calhern, Constance Bennett and Frank Morgan.

Eddie Cantor Is Everywhere—In Pictures, In Person, In Books and In Broadcasting—and Always Welcome.



It's a one man job when Eddie travels with the Missus and the five daughters.

By

Jack Jamison

"It's That Man Again!"

You have probably heard Eddie tell how, after a road tour of forty weeks, he returned and was coldly received by his youngest daughter. Turning away from the eager father, she called: "Mother, it's that man again!"

EDDIE CANTOR stands in the very topmost movie ranks, and he is *the* top man in radio. His salary you wouldn't believe if I gave you the figures. His popularity is second only to that of President Roosevelt. His friends call him Public Nuisance No. 1.

Did you ever wonder why?

You know the rough outlines of his rise to fame. Born in the dark, swarming streets of New York's Ghetto. Hungry for days at a time. Wearing cast off clothes and men's shoes. Fighting his way with his fists—and his slight body, starved for food and sunlight, was far from strong. An entertainer at amateur nights and in saloons. Finally, big money. Marrying his childhood sweetheart, Ida Tobias, the belle of Henry Street. A millionaire in the stock boom of 1929. A pauper in 1930—with his family of five daughters to support. Bravely beginning all over again. Author of a best-selling funny-book on the market crash. Author of an autobiography, of a life of his dear friend Florenz Ziegfeld. Movies. Radio. Personal appearances to packed houses. Now a millionaire again.

Eddie is the typical American success story, from Rags to Riches—And Back Again—and Back *Up* Again! There is the first reason why we all like and admire him so much. Not once, but twice, and both times under impossibly tough conditions, he has made his million. He makes us feel, if he did it, we can do it too. He is the symbol of Hope. He stands for bravery, faith, and success. Success that lies within the reach of all of us.

But it isn't so easy as all that! Sure, we can all make millions. All we have to do is be Eddie.

There's the rub.

Because Eddie has what so few of the rest of us have. The most precious gift of all. Personality! Personality? There are all kinds of personality. Clara Bow has personality. Mae West has personality. Clark Gable has personality. What is Eddie's particular brand? If we can discover that, we'll have the biggest reason for his smashing success, for his universal appeal, which touches all of us.

I sat in a Hollywood night-club late one night. The club was smack on the edge of bankruptcy, but none of the swankily dressed movie-star guests knew that. Only two men knew it. One was the man who owned the place. The other was Eddie Cantor. Midnight came, and the floor show started. Badly trained girls came out and did awkward high-kicking. The people at the tables were bored, and yawned. And then the drummer rolled a flourish, the manager stepped out and called for silence. "Folks," he said, "I have a surprise for you. Eddie Cantor!" Eddie came out on the floor 'cold' and faced that bored, defiant audience. In five minutes he had them giggling. In ten he had them roaring. In fifteen he had them shouting and calling for more. He did a little dance. He cracked jokes, mostly bad puns. He even cued the orchestra, which had never played with him before, and sang a couple of songs. The crowd loved it. *That's* personality. To pick up a dead show and lift it, single-handed, until the audience thought they were at the first night of the Ziegfeld Follies!

And that little story tells you something about more than one side of Eddie's personality! Somehow or other he had found that that night club was going broke. On his own hook, without being asked, he volunteered to do his little skit and give the place a boost. (He paid to get in, incidentally.) He was, at the time, earning about five hundred dollars for a performance. He donated his services free. He knew the man who owned the place, but they were not intimate friends. He just wanted to help, where help was needed. That, too, is Eddie! When anybody needs a lift, Eddie doesn't wait to be asked to help. He steps in and *gives* it. He doesn't ask for any thanks, either. I think, if I tried, I could draw up a list of five hundred people in the theatrical business alone that Eddie has helped out at one time or another. You know, without being told, of all the free performances he gives to charity. In addition, he maintains a free camp in the country, to which city kids may go for the summer. Once, when he himself was a sickly Ghetto kid, Eddie was sent to a free summer camp. He never has forgotten what it meant to him.

And that's another reason why Eddie [*Continued on page* 65]

"I'm That Way!"

You can't possess a mouth like Jean's without having adventure seek you out.

Jean Harlow Is Recognized as One of the Finest Actresses of the Screen. "I Try To Be Honest," says Jean.

By Helen Louise Walker

JEAN HARLOW is one of those women whose lives are destined to be dramatic always. She flashed into prominence—and into headlines—because of the color of her hair. She has stayed there because of the color of her personality and because she attracts drama, as some people seem to attract money, and as others attract grief. But she has more than mere personal color, more than a temperament which plunges her into spectacular situations. She has a very real and intelligent talent.

Consider this. Before Jean was twenty, she had experienced an elopement (with Charles F. McGrew, Junior), a contested divorce, a drawn-out battle in court over finances, two separate adventures into pictures, had been disinherited by her grandfather because of the latter, had been re-instated in his good graces . . . and had made the trade mark "platinum blonde" famous all over the world. Quite a list of experiences for a girl still in her 'teens! And drama, for Jean, was just beginning.

Her first important picture rôle, as the sexy lady in "Hell's Angels," suited her figure and the amazing shade of her hair, if it did not suit her intelligence and her talent.

"For years after that picture was released," she has told me, "I was self-conscious. I felt that the people I met were disappointed if I was wearing anything more than a black lace teddy. I thought that they expected me to take off something and to produce a tiger skin to lie upon at the most formal tea party! The rôle in that picture typified so exactly everything that I, myself, was *not* that the thing used to haunt me. Honestly, I used to dream that I had found myself in some public place—like the Grand Central Station—wearing nothing but a wisp of gauze . . ."

That picture, of course, proved merely that Jean was a beautiful woman with curious hair. Which isn't much, when you are analyzing an *interesting* woman.

And Jean is an interesting woman. Remember her struggles with Howard Hughes over her contract? Remember her refusal, one time, to accept her salary check from the Hughes organization when she felt that she was being treated unfairly? After that, she went on a personal appearance tour, determined that she would show the public and prove to Hollywood that she was valuable at the box-office and that she had something more than beauty. She *would* have what she wanted . . .

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer signed her and people wondered a little what they would do with her. "She is useful only in sex pictures," said the wise ones. "There aren't enough of her type of pictures on any one studio's program to keep her busy . . ."

There was a great ado over a picture called "Red Headed Woman." Katherine Brush had written the story, and it had appeared in the Saturday Evening Post. Everyone had taken tests for it. Joan Crawford seemed the logical candidate. But Colleen Moore, recently signed by Metro, was also a favorite in the betting. Gene Dennis, the seer who was then setting Hollywood by the ears with her prophecies, proclaimed from a theater stage one night that "an unknown" would have the rôle and that it would make her sensationally famous.

Well, Jean Harlow wasn't exactly an "unknown." But she was certainly an unexpected choice. For Jean's chief claim to fame, until then, had been her platinum hair, and this lady's hair was uncompromisingly red. Besides, the rôle required an *actress* . . . and Hollywood had never thought of Jean as any such thing.

The dominant characteristic of the girl in the story was *determination*. The grim conviction that she would have whatever she wanted. Jean had demonstrated pretty thoroughly that she, too, would have what she wanted . . . come what might. The picture was a smash hit and established Jean in the front rank of successful young screen actresses.

"Well, maybe I am like that," Jean admits. "I think that any rôle in which you do particularly well, even any scene in which you register with unusual conviction, has something in it, some element, which is truly *you*. I do go after what I want. Anyone does *if he wants it enough*. That is what is important . . . wanting it enough. If you do, then you aren't afraid of anything . . . you don't think about fear. How can you think about fear or consider obstacles if you are filled with wanting a thing? The girl in the picture was like that . . . I guess I am a little like that, too!"

Then came Jean's marriage to Paul Bern. That brief marriage with its tragic ending. A week later she was on the set, working, "to try to forget." She gave interviews to anyone who wanted to see her. That took courage. It took courage just to go to the studio which was so linked in her mind with Paul. It took courage to take up her job where she had left off when she and Paul were planning and discussing it together. It took courage, amid all the gossip and speculation about Paul's death, to meet the world, to smile a little and to say, "What is it you want to know? I shall try to tell you!" She was working in "Red Dust" at the time.

Jean told me the other day, sitting in her new, gay, white and brown sun room, "My favorite rôle of all time, up to now, was the one in 'Red Dust.' The woman had courage . . . and honesty. I liked that woman!"

"Was there something of you in that rôle?" I asked her.

Her answer was a little slow. "I don't know. Maybe . . . I like courage. I hope I have it. I want and I try to be honest. Perhaps I don't always succeed. But I try . . . I am like that . . ."

I told her that numbers of readers of SILVER SCREEN had written to the Magazine, commenting on the brief shot of her in "Bombshell" when she was holding the baby at the orphanage. That shot showed a new Jean Harlow, they thought . . . and they wondered why she was not given the type of rôle which would show more of that womanly person, her sweetness . . .

"Was there something of you in that sequence?" I wanted to know.

"Why, it was such a *darling* baby!" she said, almost in a voice of protest, as if I had denied that important fact. "He was *so* cute! You couldn't look at that little thing and not show that you thought it was sweet. It was only a tiny sequence in a picture which was pure farce."

I didn't ask her any more about it. I knew, already, that Jean loved children. Goodness! She positively gets you down, quoting the extraordinarily bright things that have been said by the young-

Jean Proved Herself Something More Than Just a Girl With Unusual Hair, When, Wearing a Wig, She Made "Red Headed Woman" a Hit.

The pair which is condemned to live always on front pages—Hal Rosson and his wife. Jean has made her peace with M-G-M.

sters of some particular friends of hers. Things which wouldn't sound extra-bright to you, perhaps. But Jean thinks that they are phenomenal. She had just come from packing dolls into Christmas baskets at the Assistance League. She was a little limp, a little ruffled, from her efforts. But she glowed, "They were such lovely dolls!"

"The woman in 'Bombshell,' superficial as she was, wanted children . . . *as any woman does,*" she said. "It's a natural thing, isn't it?"

From which you and I may draw our own conclusions about how much of the real Jean appeared in that little sequence.

"There was another important thing about the woman in 'Bombshell,'" Jean was saying. "Her sense of humor. Without that, she would never have reached any goal at all. No one can. At least, no one can with any sort of comfort!"

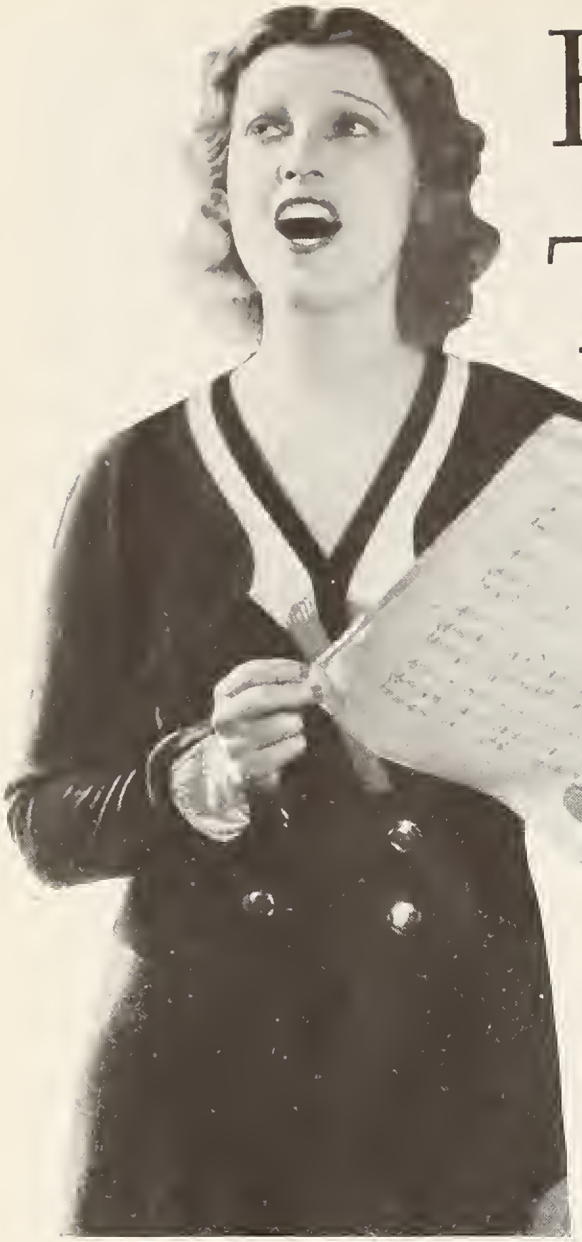
And there you have something important about Jean. She could never have survived the gossip which follows her even now, she could never have kept her perspective when she was misjudged, misquoted, misunderstood, if she had not had a sane, amused viewpoint on the entire situation. Jean can laugh—not only at the absurd things which are said of her, but wholesomely and heartily at herself. Which is important.

I asked her about her next picture. She became serious, at once. [*Continued on page* 69]

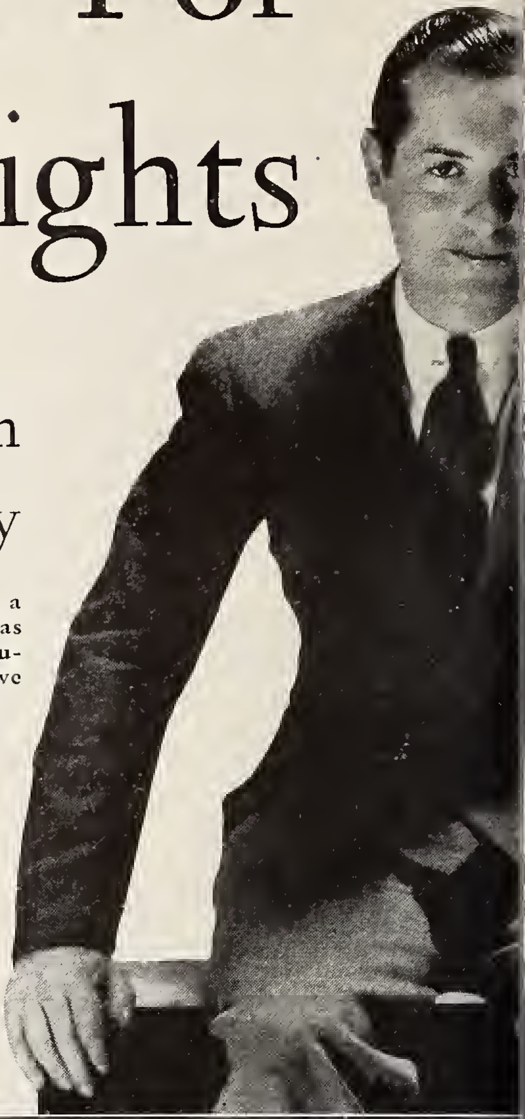
Before Jean was twenty, she had experienced an elopement, a divorce, had been disinherited, and had made the "platinum blonde" famous.

Fighting For Their Rights

By Ruth Biery



Jeanette MacDonald has a lovely voice, and it has earned her great popularity, yet she must give way to the star.



WE THINK often of Hollywood as a Fairyland. We seldom think of it as a Feudal Empire—an imposing, militaristic, thrilling, medieval stronghold.

Of course, all of modern life has feudal traces. We are all over-lords or under-dogs. The bell boy in an hotel is bossed by the porter; the porter must submit to the orders of the floor clerk; the floor clerk to the room clerk and so on up to the top. It is always a problem in any office to give each person the proper amount of authority. In the army or navy authority is definitely and clearly defined.

Yet there is no place in the modern world where the fight to maintain individual rights is as enthusiastic and as bitter—as thrilling and as fearful—as in Hollywood.

Naturally these battles are more akin to those of our colorful ancestors, because the rewards are more similar. Castles and lands were the compensations for victory then; money to buy the most glorious castles and the largest pieces of lands are the results of success for our modern knights and ladies. Hollywood pays the most money and grants the greatest fame in the world. It must, therefore, wage the deadliest battles.

I shall never forget the first dinner party of Hollywood professional folk which I attended. The hostess drew me aside to apologize for the fact that I was seated at the foot of the long table. "It's our feudal seating system. Producers first; then directors. Stars; feature players, writers and guests. You are a guest, so you are one of those privileged to watch the nobles eat. You are a serf!"

One day Reginald Denny came on the set with only the back of his neck made up—a protest against the star's invasion of his rights.

Her explanation sounded fantastic to a stranger. I have discovered that it was absolutely correct—both socially and professionally. For, of course, all social life in Hollywood is *professional* and the conquerors never forget, even in their play, that they *have* conquered. So the distinctions in rank, that prevail upon the set while pictures are being made, continue when the knights and the ladies gather around the long board to eat and to drink. Here is a chart of Hollywood titles:

During the making of one of Katharine Hepburn's pictures, the boss said "No." She said "Yes" and won.

The Stars Zealously Guard Their Positions, and Neither Directors Nor Players May Impose Upon Their Preserves.

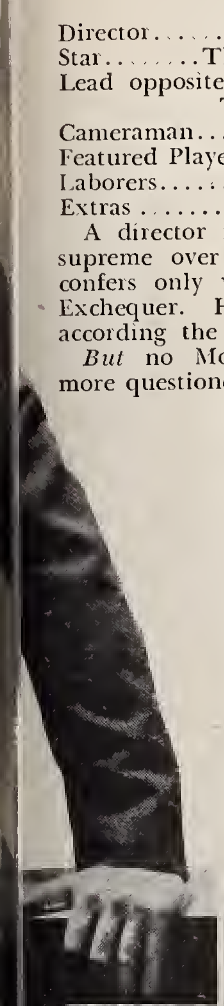
Director	The Monarch
Star	The Crown Prince or Princess
Lead opposite the star—	The Grand Duke or Duchess
Cameraman	Master of The Lights
Featured Players	My Lords and My Ladies
Laborers	Members of the Guilds
Extras	Serfs

A director is supposed to be monarch-supreme over each subject. He, himself, confers only with his Guardians of The Exchequer. He must govern his subjects according the contents of the Treasury.

But no Monarch's authority was ever more questioned. The name of a Monarch does *not* make a picture successful. The name of a Crown Prince or Princess (star) does!

Not long ago, I watched a small battle, one which might be duplicated a hundred times a day. Katharine Hepburn was lunching in the R.K.O. commissary. The Supervisor for her picture (one of the guardians of the Exchequer) spoke to her.

"I do not believe we can show the rushes, tonight, Katy."



Robert Montgomery made a protest against kicking a man on crutches.

When Alice Brady wanted certain dressing-rooms her wish was law.

"Why not?"

"The director is not ready."

Katharine's lips tightened. "I want those rushes shown tonight. All of them. I'm not sure about this picture. I want to see the rushes in order to know where we're going. I don't like the *feel* of the thing——"

"But, Katy——"

"We will see those rushes, tonight!"

They did. Katharine had girded on her armor and opened battle with her Monarch. She felt justified. The public would forget that a director might ruin a Hepburn picture. It would blame the star. The entire production period on that picture was a nightmare for both the Monarch and the Crown Princess. Again and again she interrupted scenes to scream at him. "I can't do it that way. I won't. You can't tell me how I feel a thing——"

"Temperamental" they call her. "Difficult." "Hard to manage."

Those are the adjectives that are always used to describe an actress who *steps out of rank.* And yet, here is what Katharine Hepburn told me about "Little Women," on the day after it was previewed.

"It is a great picture. A very great picture. I shall probably never make another like it. But it is all due to George Cukor. It is a *director's* picture. Joan Bennett and I had cried for two days for that one scene when Beth is dying. It just didn't seem as though we could cry anymore. Real tears? Of course. He wouldn't have anything else. He said, 'You wouldn't go back on me now, girls?' in such a way that we cried again. That was the last shot. Then we went into hysterics. But he could have kept us crying——"

A Crown Princess in perfect accord with her Monarch! Katharine Hepburn *knows* that George Cukor is right and does not try to usurp his authority, which is absolute, according to law. Yet she, as an intelligent woman (very intelligent), who earns much more money than her Monarch, cannot but question his control when she feels he is hurting her future. She recently expressed a wish that Director Cukor might govern all of her future productions as Joseph Von Sternberg does Marlene Dietrich's.

Scene from "Laughing Boy"—Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez. Lupe can give orders which no one can over-rule.

It is well known that Marlene did not want to make "Song of Songs" with Monarch Mamoulian. She believes absolutely in Von Sternberg. Although they are co-workers—because Von Sternberg also respects *her* opinions—Von Sternberg retains his authority. I have watched them work again and again. He will even go through the gestures as he sees them, explaining in detail (in German!) exactly the shade of emotional reaction he desires from each single sentence and gesture. Marlene Dietrich has never been known to "blow up" on a set—no matter what may have been said to the contrary. Off the set, they argue. Talk it all out like two intelligent people comparing notes. But on the set, she is completely obedient because she respects and admires his ability.

She did not "blow up" on "Song of Songs," although she did not feel much that was ordered. "What would be the use?" she asked with a shrug. "Why should I trouble? It is up to me to do as I am told."

Pretty Mary Carlisle in white fox skins (and some of her own). She is rapidly moving up the scale and is already a featured player.

[Continued on next page]

Robert Montgomery, Herbert Marshall and Norma Shearer in one of the first stills taken in the making of Norma's great welcome home picture, "Lady Mary's Lover," formerly known as "Rip Tide."

But Marlene Dietrich knew it would be only for one picture. She had already said—and meant what she said—that she would never make another picture unless Von Sternberg directed. To battle on one production would be useless. It is too bad that there are not more Hepburn-Cukor and Dietrich-Von Sternberg combinations. Wise and kindly monarchs who were respected by wise and kindly subjects made for peace even in mediaeval times!

We shall never forget Robert Montgomery while he was making "Hell Below." He said the title was most appropriate! He and director Jack Conway simply did not see alike upon that picture.

Jack Conway's authority and Bob's name and box-office following warred against each other. Each felt sincerely that he was right, with neither one being petty or personal about it. Remember the scene where Bob kicks the crutch from beneath the one-legged man on the hospital lawn? How subject-Bob fought against making it! "No one in any circumstances would do such a thing! He couldn't. What will they think of me if I do it? It will take every bit of the sympathy away from me." Sympathy on the screen is something each actor fights for, unless he is playing the absolute "villain." "Besides, I have a personal revulsion against doing it," he insisted. A real one-legged man, who depended upon a crutch, was playing the rôle.

The scene remained in the picture.

Remember the scene where Bob was sitting in the boat bemoaning the death of his buddy, Robert Young? The script called for a humorous flash of Schnozzle Durante over his shoulder. Comedy relief in the midst of intense sorrow. Again Bob objected. He believed it spoiled the spirit of the scene——

In fact, that entire picture was a matter of Robert Montgomery's fighting for his rights in what he considered justifiable circumstances. Director Jack Conway fought to maintain the authority that any Monarch must have to prevent loss of prestige, money and time, if he is to govern for the best interests of all. But out of this unseen but nevertheless deadly battle came a splendid picture.

Each featured player—ranking next to the star—feels he can become a star only by proving he is equal or better to one already established, which means the one with whom he is playing! We do not need to cite cases to remember how many pretenders to thrones have felt they must usurp powers of Monarchs. Ambition is not considered a detriment to human nature; the "survival of the fittest" is our oldest and most natural emotion.

When Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier began playing together, she was receiving $50,000 for a picture and he $125,000. He was the star. But Jeanette is a lovely creature with a lovely voice. It was only natural that she should do *her* best even though she were of lesser rank. And it was only natural that there should be a little resentment on his part when the notices flooded the newspapers giving her praise equal to his; when Europe, his own home-land, made her a popular heroine because of *his* picture. A silent battle for rights began immediately after their first picture. In feudal days, they would have donned armor, perhaps—but with civilization's modern influence, they donned smiles and sharpened their wits rather than their swords. Chevalier had the upperhand because of his rank; his "class" was the one in authority.

Into this battle crept a third element. Ernst Lubitsch, the Monarch over both, had been able to make his personality felt through his expert direction. Only a few directors have been able to do this. The Chevalier pictures were billed "A Lubitsch production with——" The director's name came, you see, even before that of the star. So here we had the unique and complicated situation of the Monarch, the Crown Prince and the Grand Duchess each feeling indispensable. The climax came in planning for "The Merry Widow." Chevalier refused to make it with the other two. Chevalier felt that he must prove that his rank of Crown Prince is due to himself rather than his Monarch and a lesser subject. The Monarch said, "Ungrateful" and the Grand Duchess wept a few tears as a Duchess should. The matter is not settled. In all probability, they will make the picture according to the lines of rank—forgetting themselves for the sake of the masses of the people to whom it is their duty, *because of their class,* to bring happiness and pleasure.

The titled folk of feudal days guarded their positions with every possible precaution. In modern language we call it "protecting ourselves from too much competition."

Lupe Velez was the star in "Joe Palooka;" Mary Carlyle, the one of lesser rank. Have not My Lords and My Ladies always been a bit jealous of the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses? Wouldn't we all like to earn the incomes and favors granted to those above us? And if we *are* the ones of greater rank, would we grant our privileges to those who are less fortunate?

There was one hair-dresser for Lupe and Mary. Naturally, Lupe came first. An absolute law of the studio—as the Queen precedes all other women in England. Lupe's hair was done in her dressing room; Mary's upon the set, so that the hair-dresser could be "handy" if Lupe should need her while working.

One day an emissary walked upon the set and asked the hair-dresser to leave and go to Mary's dressing room. She protested that it was impossible, as she could not, according to rule, leave the Grand Duchess. The emissary insisted. The hair-dresser approached Lupe. The Grand Duchess must protect her rights. She appealed to the Monarch. Speaking to the director, she said, sweetly, "If you want to take the risk of my hair getting out of place for a scene, it is perfectly all right for her to go to Miss Carlyle."

"Tell Mary to come on the set, as usual!" snapped the Monarch, keeping the class distinctions of his Empire clearly defined, as is the habit of shrewd Monarchs.

There has been much said in Europe about the "new titles." During a recent trip to England I was amused at how an "old title" would speak of "Lady so and so. You know, hers is a *new* title."

All Empires make the same distinction. We all know the difference between an Admiral, who has been in the Navy for a quarter of a generation, and the one who has just received the commission. The old are naturally wary of the new.

Alice Brady was an old title on Broadway but a new one in Hollywood. One day she pranced along the long corridor edging the second-floor dressing rooms of the women on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. A minor official hurried along in her wake. She poked her head into one door after another. Seeing no one in an outer room of a particularly luxurious suite, she bobbed in. "Now, why can't I have one like this? It is lovely! I want——"

The head of a younger star, peeped from the door to the other room, and voiced a protest. But—Alice Brady got the rooms.

The "Lead Opposite A Star" is really a higher title than "Featured Player." I called Jeanette MacDonald "Grand Duchess" because she was really raised from rank of featured player to "Lead Opposite A Star" when she first played with Chevalier. I suppose the most bitter fight of a person in this "lesser" position is for *camera* space. The classic story of Reginald Denny playing opposite Laura La Plante in a production directed by Bill Seiter, Laura's husband, may be thrown in here for "comedy relief" and an excellent, although a bit exaggerated example of such situations.

After the picture had been shooting for about two weeks, Denny, leading man, appeared on the set with only the back of his neck in make-up.

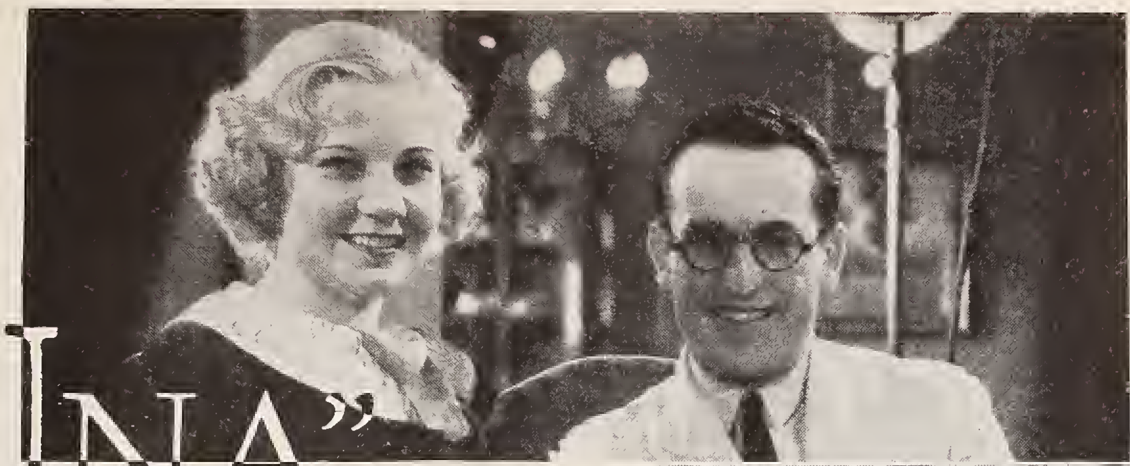
"What's the idea?" growled the Monarch.

[*Continued on page* 72]

“UNA”

Una Merkel, the Most Gifted Young Comedienne on the Screen, Gets the Top Spot with Harold Lloyd.

By Patricia Keats



Harold Lloyd and Una Merkel ready to shoot the first scenes of “The Catspaw.”

In “Private Lives,” with Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer, Una was delightful.

“Reunion in Vienna” had a magnificent cast, including Diana Wynyard and Frank Morgan, but no one finer than Una.

“The Day of Reckoning” had Richard Dix and Madge Evans, but Una Merkel stole the picture.

AT SIXTEEN Una Merkel was the Ophelia of the Subway. She lived with her mother and father way uptown on Riverside Drive, New York, and she went to dramatic school way downtown in the West Forties, and she had already decided to be the world's greatest Ophelia (and second greatest Lady Macbeth), so every day she'd rehearse Hamlet's crazy girl friend from the 125th subway station down to Times Square—much to the amusement and distress of her fellow passengers. For Una would always start out reading the lines quietly to herself, but so wrapped up in her Art would she become, that soon her little voice would be singing Ophelia's batty songs above the roar of the subway.

There was one day in particular. Una's father had an office in the Earl Carroll theatre building and he and Earl were buddies. Through the theatrical “grapevine” Earl learned that somebody was about to revive “Hamlet” for a limited engagement on Broadway, so he tipped off Arno Merkel and Arno hurriedly phoned to Una. Una grabbed her new hat and her “Tragedies of Shakespeare” and beat it for the subway. At last her big moment—at last she could play Ophelia—but gosh, did she really know the lines? “And I, of ladies most deject and wretched, That sucked the honey of his music vows,” said Una right out loud. Six Italian laborers put down their tabloids and stared. Two fussy old ladies, muttering “Indecent,” moved to the next car.

“Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,” declaimed Una entirely unconscious of the commotion she was creating. “To have seen what I have seen, see what I see.” The man next to her tapped his forehead and smiled at the men across the aisle. One of the fussy ladies had found a cop in the next car and when Una got up to leave the train a sad looking man in a blue uniform took her by the arm. “It's all right, lady,” he said, “it's all right. Just you come with me.”

Una took one look at the law and ran like Rintintin. No cop was going to keep her from playing Ophelia.

“Here I am,” cried Una dashing into her father's office. “Where do I go? Who's producing it? Who's going to play Hamlet?”

There was a funereal silence. Earl Carroll looked moodily out of the window. Arno Merkel swallowed hastily. “John Barrymore,” he said, just like you'd say, “This is the end, Bang.”

“Oh,” said Una, and wept. When she thinks about it now Una is sorry she didn't try out for the part anyway—Mr. Barrymore wouldn't have bitten her head off—but in those days on Broadway the Barrymore name was something to strike awe and terror to the heart of a young actress.

Except for the bewildered subway passengers, New York never had an opportunity to enjoy Una's performance of the goofy Ophelia. She was “discovered” soon afterwards by John Golden and appeared in a number of plays he produced, culminating with her famous portrayal of the little southern girl in Jed Harris' “Coquette,” starring Helen Hayes. This play brought about the famous Helen Hayes-Una Merkel friendship, and also a movie contract. John Considine brought Una to Hollywood under his banner and she appeared in “Abraham Lincoln” and “Eyes of the World,” playing sweet, sympathetic parts—and then all of a sudden, just like that, she became a comedienne, and it was farewell forever to Ophelia and Lady Macbeth. Her first comedy rôle was in “Don't bet on Women,” and she was such a sensation in the picture when it was previewed that ever since then Una has been more in demand for comedy rôles than any young actress in Hollywood.

All the critics will tell you that the Merkel gal has certainly done her part towards saving dull and dreary pictures from utter boredom. Though two-thirds asleep, and snoring peacefully after hearing the leading man tell the leading woman for fully thirty minutes that he has no right to love her because her husband is his best pal and

[*Continued on page* 62]

"ANYTHING FOR

Publicity Pays— So Why Not Act Crazy?

When you see a movie actor
Who's behaving rather cracked, or
Doing things that hint he's off his
coco;
It's no sign that he's gone batty,
Off his nut, nor yet high-hatty;
It's his way of crashing headlines—
—JUST ACT LOCO!

—and so, now that you've caught the general idea, let's snoop into the quaintly-called-private lives of movieland's great and would-be-great, and see how nutty they can be just to get themselves talked about.

Look, for instance, at what Jack Oakie did just a few nights ago. He was one of those present at a party Producer Darryl Zanuck gave. Oakie, as usual, made wisecracks at everybody. But for some reason, they didn't laugh enough at his japes and jests to satisfy Jack. "All right, frozen-faces," he muttered, "all right. I'll show youse guys!" And to the telephone he went, calling up Central Casting Bureau.

"Send me at once," he ordered, "four male extra men, in evening clothes." Central Casting functions swiftly, and before an hour was up, four immaculate, evening-clothed actors appeared at the Zanuck party and reported to Oakie. "All right, you guys. Now you follow me around, wherever I go. And every time I wisecrack or tell a joke, you laugh, see? I'll snap my fingers as a signal, in case you don't see the joke."

And so, for the rest of the evening, Jack's four extras followed him, laughed uproariously at every inane wheeze Oakie pulled. And when the party was over, Jack gravely paid them each their $7.50.

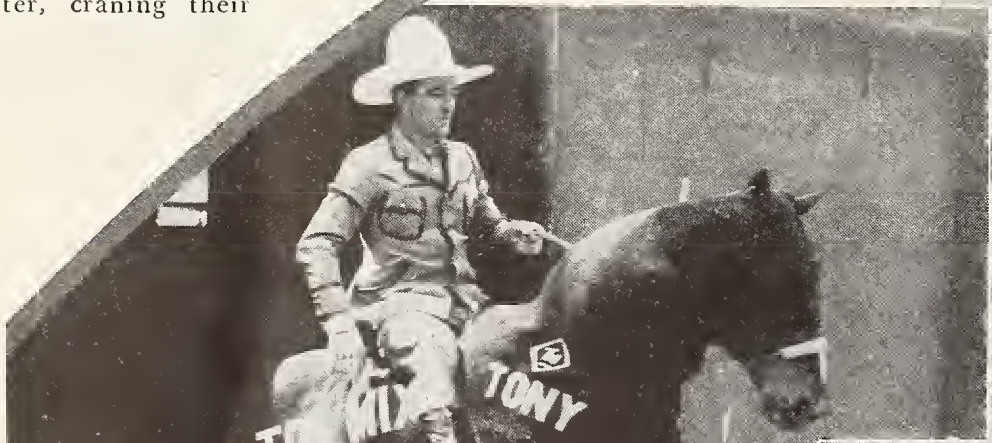
That stunt, as you can arithmetize, cost Jack thirty dollars. It was worth it in publicity and "be-talked-about" returns. That's why they do stunts at the big premières—

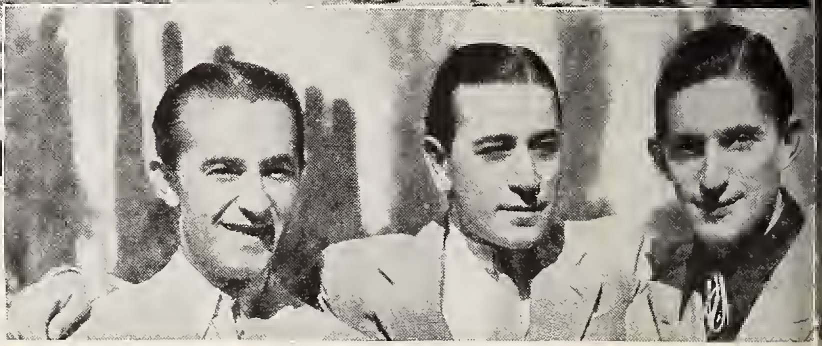
Such as W. C. Fields' arrival at the Chinese theater at the opening night of Mae West's "I'm No Angel." While the thousands of sidewalk-standers jammed every inch of space about the theater, craning their necks for the expected arrival of Mae herself, there arose a great clatter. Horses' hooves beat a tattoo—then came a heavy rumbling of wheels. And into the blaze of arc lights and studio spotlights dashed an old-fashioned four-horse brewery truck, laden with kegs and kegs of beer. And atop them, in solitary magnificence, rode W. C. Fields. It was easy to distinguish him from the rest of the load. He wore evening clothes, and the kegs didn't. Gravely he dismounted, and strode into the theater. And the next day he got plenty of publicity and talk for stealing the show from Mae with his brewery truck.

Premières are favorite spots for gags. Buster Keaton, the same night, drove up on a battered motorcycle, and in the sidecar rode his new wife. Just as grave as his frozen face, Keaton got off, helped his wife out, stalked into the show as grandly as though he'd arrived in a $14,000 Rolls Royce. And at the "King Kong" première, Lowell Sherman, the nattiest dresser in Hollywood, appeared in the most ancient Model-T Ford that could be bought on a second-hand-auto lot. He stepped out, gave the car to the doorman who was at the curb, and forgot it. The car probably had cost him $4.98—it was that sort of car. But he got $498.00 worth of publicity out of it.

Fifi D'Orsay is one of moviedom's most avid publicity-chasers. Her whole screen career is a nightmare of stunts. It was she who originated the gag of having a miniature parachute made, which she strapped onto her

(Below) Tom Mix rode Tony up the liner's passenger gang plank.





George Raft, in center, with Sammy Finn and Mack Grey (The Killer). Bodyguards — guarding him against being forgotten by the papers.

A LAUGH"

By Harry Lang

pet dog every time she went travelling via air. Today, the parachute-on-pet stunt is a favorite among others; Fifi has discarded it. Fifi drops a gag as soon as others imitate it.

Another time, Fifi got in wrong with her studio by a fake "shanghaiing." She'd gone to the Los Angeles harbor, during production of a picture, to see a friend off to South America. She failed to return to the studio. Instead, there came a radiogram from the boat the next day: "WAS TRAPPED IN CABIN AND COULD NOT GET OFF BOAT STOP AM ON WAY TO SOUTH AMERICA STOP FIFI." The studio bigshots tore hair; tried to get the navy to send a boat to take Fifi off, bring her back. Two days later, Fifi appeared at the studio, insisted she knew nothing about the radio, said she'd been at Arrowhead with a cold, and blamed her press-agent for the fake radio and boat report. To make it stand up, the press-agent was fired, but Fifi hired another one—a girl, this time, named Kathryn White.

Bette Davis, when her husband was away, went to a première escorted by six men.

Then Fifi went on a national vodevil tour. In Indianapolis, she decided she needed front-page space. That afternoon there was a near-riot at the civic center. Fifi, in a one-piece bathing suit (a very little piece, by the way), had gone swimming in Indianapolis' municipal fountain. Came policemen, came police cars with sirens howling. Fifi was arrested, arraigned on charges running the gamut from indecent exposure to giving a public show without a license. But, after it was all over, Fifi wired Press-Agent K. White: "DEAR KATHRYN I DO NOT WANT TO JUMP IN ANY MORE FOUNTAINS BECAUSE IT NEARLY GAVE ME PEEMONIA LOVE FIFI."

Animals—outlandish animals—are another means to publicity and notoriety. The story of Gary Cooper's baby chimpanzee, which he brought back from his African trip is old stuff. But even before Gary did that trick, John Barrymore had achieved much, much talk with "Clementine." It was before John's marriage, when he was living in one of the bungalows at the swank Ambassador Hotel. Clementine was a monkey. A jealous monkey. Clementine loved Barrymore, and whenever lady visitors were present, Clementine raised hell. In fact, if Clementine wasn't locked in her own room at such times, Clementine bit pieces out of the lady guests' ankles. Now and then Clementine would get out, and there'd be a merry time and endless publicity before she was corraled and brought back. John and Clementine lived happily together for quite a while, until it got to be an old story, and wasn't worth much publicity value any more. Then Clementine faded out of the picture, and now John's married and has some lovely children instead.

Probably the goofiest animal stunt of recent months involves Gary Cooper again—albeit innocently. Gary had just taken over that ranch on which he is now honeymooning with Mrs. Gary Sandra Shaw Cooper. He took the ranch, they say, to get away from the social whirl, but the social whirl, in the person of the Countess Dorothy Frasso, then much linked-in-gossip with Gary, pursued him. One night Gary was paid a surprise visit by the Countess and other people she had organized. And, at the head of the visiting caravan, rode the Countess herself—*astride a camel!!!* It was a good gag, and got reams of publicity for the Countess and, incidentally, Gary. But, afterward, the Countess didn't sit so comfortably for a while, and admitted that camels didn't ride as easily as horses, and vowed she'd not do it again.

Even such a recluse as Nils Asther sometimes goes in for a bizarre trick that's sure to get him plenty of printed words. There was the time a pretty girl fan-magazine writer went to his home for an interview. During the conversation, as they sat before a log fire on one of those cool California evenings, the talk ran to "What I Like," and somehow, they got to talking about rain. The girl, a rabid sun-loather, said what she missed most in California was the noise of rain beating on roofs and window panes. Nils agreed that rain on the roof and the windows, when you're sitting before a nice fireplace full of logs, was lovely, and excused himself for a moment. Five minutes after he'd returned and resumed the interview came the sound of a heavy rainstorm, thundering on the roof of the one-story bungalow he occupied, and washing in drumming torrents down a great window that took up much of one side of the living room.

"What a coincidence," squealed the girl interviewer. "We just talked

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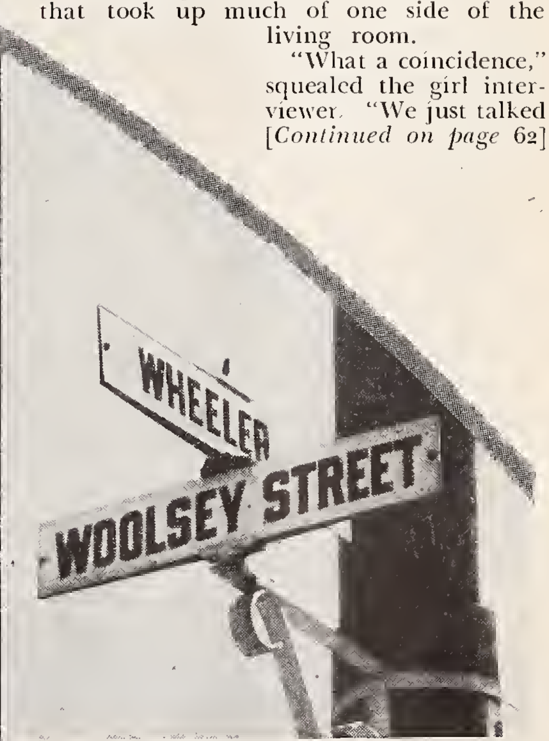
ler and Woolsey a flying boat to shing for publicity.

The pup has a parachute, and Fifi D'Orsay landed safely on the front pages of the country.



International

The two comics got Oakland, Calif., to re-name two streets so that one lamp post read Wheeler and Woolsey.

The LAST of the

THERE was a time when our spoiled beauties and our handsome wayward laddies gave way to tantrums. Bang went the hand mirror. *Zowie* went the property vase—Bam! Bam!!

Today a higher degree of artistic talent is required in pictures, and it has gradually eliminated the temperamental lady and gentleman. John Barrymore and Connie Bennett are supposed to be the outstanding examples of the present time, but, in reality, they do not compare with the old-timers.

Pola Negri was enraged when Paramount called upon her to play a role in "Hollywood," one of the first of the so-called all star productions. She was even more incensed when Gloria Swanson got out of the cast, because a clause in her contract called for four pictures a year and "Hollywood" would have been the fifth.

So Pola made things hot for the staff. Finally she chose the proper moment to *faint*. The stage was set for a large banquet scene and hundreds of extras were on hand. A delay would cost thousands of dollars. Jimmy Cruze, the director, whose nerves were on edge through her constant razzing, decided he would fix her.

He got a quart of ice water and threw it into her face. It ruined her makeup and ran all over her dress. Pola came to instantly, and for five minutes she hurled epithets in five languages at Cruze and individual Paramount executives.

House Peters used to drive to and from the studio and location in lonely grandeur. That is, with the exception of a uniformed driver, to whom he never spoke except to give orders.

One day Peters sent an assistant director to his limousine to fetch some parcels. While gathering them into his arms the man bent forward. His cap fell off onto the floor of the car. He delivered the parcels, but forgot to return for his headpiece.

It was afterward learned from the driver that Peters discovered the offending cap on the trip homeward, asked whose it was, and then with a motion of disgust threw it out on the roadside.

Louise Huff and Jack Pickford were on location in the Santa Cruze mountains. They were in the middle of an intense scene, when Louise stopped.

"If I cannot have music, I will not be able to go on," she declared. Mickey Neilan, the director, tried to mollify her. He explained that for economical reasons the firm had not sent the musicians on location. But she was adamant and refused to continue the scene.

Finally he offered to whistle any tune she requested. He whistled for

I WON'T! I WON'T! I'M GOING BACK TO NEW YORK
GET OUT!

Margaret Sullavan made a great success in "Only Yesterday," in spite of being goaded to frenzy. When she was ordered to make one scene over for the fifty-fourth time she quit.

John Barrymore is the master of every nuance, every shading of his art, and he WILL NOT be disturbed when he is "getting the feel" of a character.

TEMPERAMENTS!

The Good Old Days of Tantrums Are Gone Forever.

By Bert Allen

the rest of the day and she was satisfied.

Mae Murray had a front office complex. She would arrive at the studio bright and early, send for her director and go over the scenes to be shot that day. They were never right. Often her reason was that someone else was getting too much of a break. She demanded changes, or else she would go to the front office immediately. Christy Cabanne, who directed her in many pictures, generally jollied Mae out of that intention, but it was a constant strain nevertheless.

During the making of "The Merry Widow," Mae and the equally temperamental Eric Von Stroheim often fell out. Then the sparks would fly! Von Stroheim was strong for atmosphere, even to the point of absorbing a character at times. Mae was strictly an individualist.

A ball scene was being filmed. Hundreds of extras in gay uniforms and beautiful gowns danced before the cameras. Stroheim was giving all a play to create Viennese color. But Mae flew into a tantrum and demanded that the camera follow her and her partner, so that all the other couples form only background.

An [*Continued on page* 67]

OH! I AM GOING TO FAINT
I WILL NOT BE BOTHERED !!

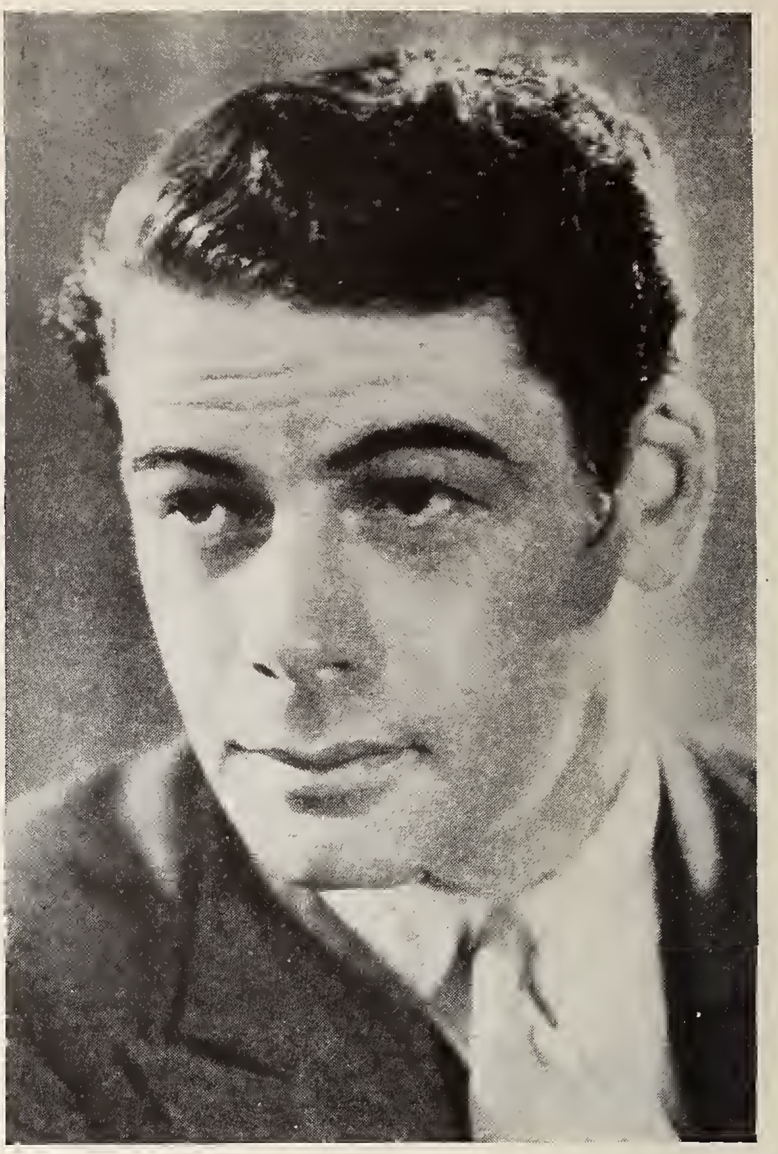
Pola Negri in a scene from her new picture "Fanaticism," made in France. There once was a time when Pola got her own way in Hollywood—or else!

There has been too much publicity given to Constance Bennett's temper, for, as a matter of fact, Connie is considerate and fair.

"That's My Business"

"An Artist Deals in Illusions,"
Says Paul Muni.

By Lenore Samuels



Now that the gangster films are all over, we know that Paul Muni's performance in "Scarface" was never equalled. "Hi, Nellie," a comedy, is his latest.

"I SUPPOSE you will think I am exaggerating when I say that I dread interviews. When I first came to Hollywood I decided never to submit to one. They frighten me. I would pick up a fan magazine and read about the love life or divorce or intimate thoughts and hobbies of our favorite movie stars, and say to myself 'now what would these readers find interesting about me? There's nothing to write about. I have been married thirteen years and am still very much in love with my wife. Consequently my domestic life is all that it should be.'"

While he talked, Paul Muni walked up and down the spacious living-room of his suite at the Hotel Delmonico, his brow wrinkled, his eyes as deeply puzzled as a schoolboy's. I smiled and said nothing. One does not interrupt Mr. Muni when he is thinking. And he thinks much. In fact, always before he speaks. He is not one of those nimble-tongued, wise-cracking people whom we have come to expect and accept from Hollywood's golden strand. He takes the art of living seriously. He cannot help it. It was bred in him that day thirty odd years ago in Lemburg, Austria, when he was born "between stops" to a couple whose only home was the one-night stands of a travelling theatrical troupe.

"As for my career," he continued along the same vein, "it is purely a matter of business to me. I am simply one of those who have chosen acting as a profession—just as a man chooses architecture, engineering or writing—and have tried to make it pay. I consider myself a business man who has stuck to one trade, built as firm a foundation as it was possible, and am still working hard not only to maintain that stronghold, but to surpass it insofar as I can. And I haven't any hobbies to speak of, save my work. Now," turning to me with a whimsical smile, "there's nothing particularly glamorous about that. Is there? And you insist upon glamour, do you not?"

Before I could summon an answer, Mrs. Muni emerged from an adjoining room of the suite and was heading quickly for the outside door. Mr. Muni spied her and called her back to be introduced. "She's broadminded," he informed me smilingly, "she's going to leave us alone."

Mrs. Muni and I, being sisters under the skin, bowed to each other in quick and complete understanding. We both knew that it would be easier for a man as shy as Paul to be alone with the person "interviewing" him, if we might be so bold as to use that term in connection with a conversation with Paul Muni. One really has only to suggest the vaguest of thoughts in order to lead him into the most fascinating of discourses on almost any subject—intellectual, material or spiritual.

With Mrs. Muni gone, the telephones in both rooms started to ring simultaneously. Muni smiled deprecatingly, as he begged the operator not to disturb him for at least an hour. He was inwardly amused at his obvious popularity.

"When an actor plays on the legitimate stage in New York," he theorized as we lighted cigarettes and settled down to a quiet talk, "there is work every night and two matinees. But, when a performance is finished he goes home and the public proceeds to forget all about him. If he happens to go to a restaurant or a nightclub for supper, his presence there is hardly noticed. And what he does during his leisure on the following day is not a matter of either conjecture or excitement.

"But, when the heights of Hollywood are dared, it is quite different. There are constant conferences with the producers about future stories. And there are constant conferences with the publicity department. It isn't enough that you acquit yourself as well as you know how in a given rôle. Before the picture is released the public, according to the press department, wants to know your most intimate reactions to the character you created, what you are doing now that you are at leisure for the moment, and anecdotes of incidents that occurred when the picture was in the process of construction. In fact, they want to know anything and everything that you might care to tell about yourself and your domestic arrangements."

He paused for a second. "Is that why you agreed to give interviews," I broke in. "After all, Garbo will have nothing to do with us . . ."

"Ah, Garbo! She doesn't have to. She has attained the heights and no longer has to look down to see what the people below are saying and thinking about her. Garbo has genius. And genius does not need to exploit itself."

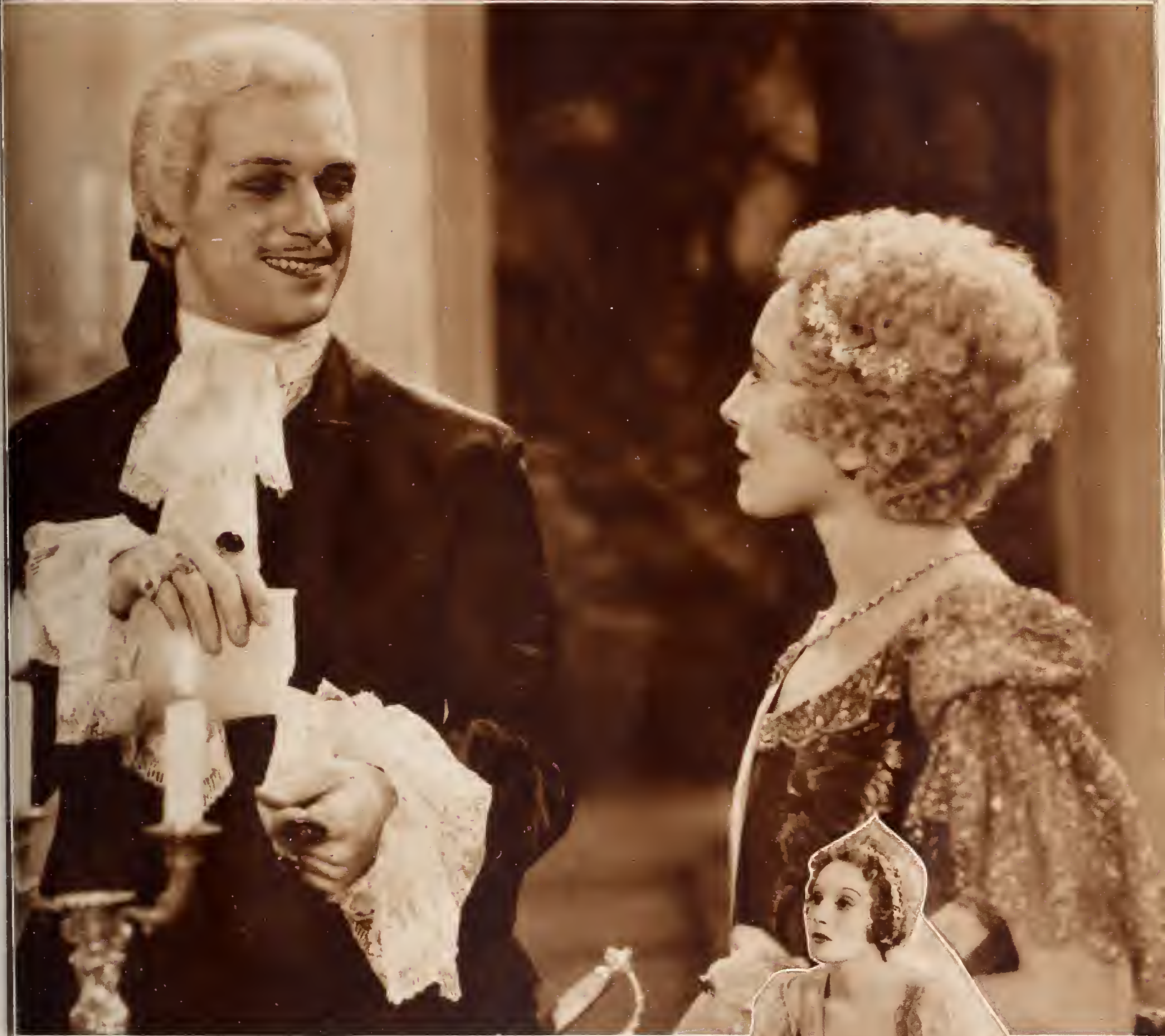
"Do you agree that genius is simply an infinite capacity for taking pains? I think it was Shaw who said that."

"No, I disagree thoroughly. Once, several years ago, I heard Yehudi Menhuin play the violin. He was about ten or eleven then. While I listened I was conscious of being transported to another, an unknown world. All the practice of a lifetime could not have produced that magnificent outpouring of a child's soul. Yet practice is necessary to perfect oneself technically. But a technically perfect performance is not genius. Superb talent, yes. But not genius. And so it is with Garbo. She has, perhaps, taken infinite pains to perfect her art, but without that intangible life-force that is so intrinsically hers, she would not have held her public as she has. It is what I call genius."

His analysis seemed to be wrung out of him, just as his best work is wrung out of him, with an effort, as I listened spellbound in the quiet room with not a disturbing sound to break the stillness. Then I asked him if Garbo was a favorite of his, knowing that one can recognize certain forms of genius without exactly admiring them.

[*Continued on page* 70]

The PLAYERS IN THE NEW PICTURES



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. ELIZABETH BERGNER

THE very great charm of Elizabeth Bergner gives the character of "Catherine the Great" a plaintive, gentle, appealing quality—and all done with her voice. Young Doug. is the Czar whose throne Catherine usurps all the while she's supposed to love him. Hm-m! This is an English picture about Russia, with Fairbanks, Jr., (American) and Miss Bergner (German).

William A. Fraker

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

THESE bus pictures are reviving the old ideals of motion in pictures. "It Happened One Night" is Claudette's adventure in love. Clark Gable plays opposite her for the first time, and gives her an idea of how they make love at M-G-M. Claudette, herself, was borrowed by Columbia, from Paramount, of course.

Hurrell

WALLACE BEERY

VILLA never looked as real as Wally does in this story of the famous Mexican bandit. "Viva Villa" is unpronounceable and probably will be changed, but that doesn't matter, for millions of Beery's friends are waiting to see the Champ, whatever they name the picture. The rôle suits him exactly, but then, what rôle does not?

FRANCES DEE

ABOVE is a picture taken of the new little Dee girl when, in "Rich Man's Folly," she supported George Bancroft and fascinated everyone who saw her. At the left is Mrs. Joel McCrea, the finished actress, in "Coming Out Party," her latest Fox picture, opposite Gene Raymond. Frances' life has bloomed beautifully in these few years. Her great hit was in "The Silver Cord." Los Angeles never turned out a finer girl.

GEORGE ARLISS

LORETTA YOUNG

ROBERT YOUNG

THESE Youngs are no relation, but in "The House of Rothschild" they show that love-making is more beautiful when silks and satins, broadcloth and swords are in the picture. George Arliss will make the money kings believable and powerful. It is a Twentieth Century Picture. And what a way to learn history!

Kenneth Alexander

JUNE KNIGHT

MARY CARLISLE

"THE Love Life of a Crooner" is Russ Columbo's Universal picture. June Knight, in shorts, is all set to start a love life at a moment's notice. Careful, June, you know those colds on the chest, this weather! Mary Carlisle is the girl you always think of in connection with such words as "exuberant youth" and "bursting bud of adolescence." Mary was born to be, shall we say, plump. But she lives on romance and dreams and keeps within her M-G-M contract weight while filling out the new bathing suit nicely.

Freulich

JUNE KNIGHT

MARY CARLISLE

Clarence Sinclair Bull

Ernest A. Bachrach

COLLEEN MOORE

HER next picture is "Success Story" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., (that boy is everywhere) and R-K-O believes Colleen will be as surprising as she was in "The Power and the Glory," which firmly re-established her on the screen.

“WON

The "Mammy Singer" himself, Dick Powell and Dolores Del Rio in a dressing room scene in "Wonder Bar."

Al Jolson as he is screened in the film from his successful stage play. His career has reached great heights. "Mammy" has been kind, "Rainbows" have been "'Round his Shoulder," but, on the other hand, there have been depressing moments.

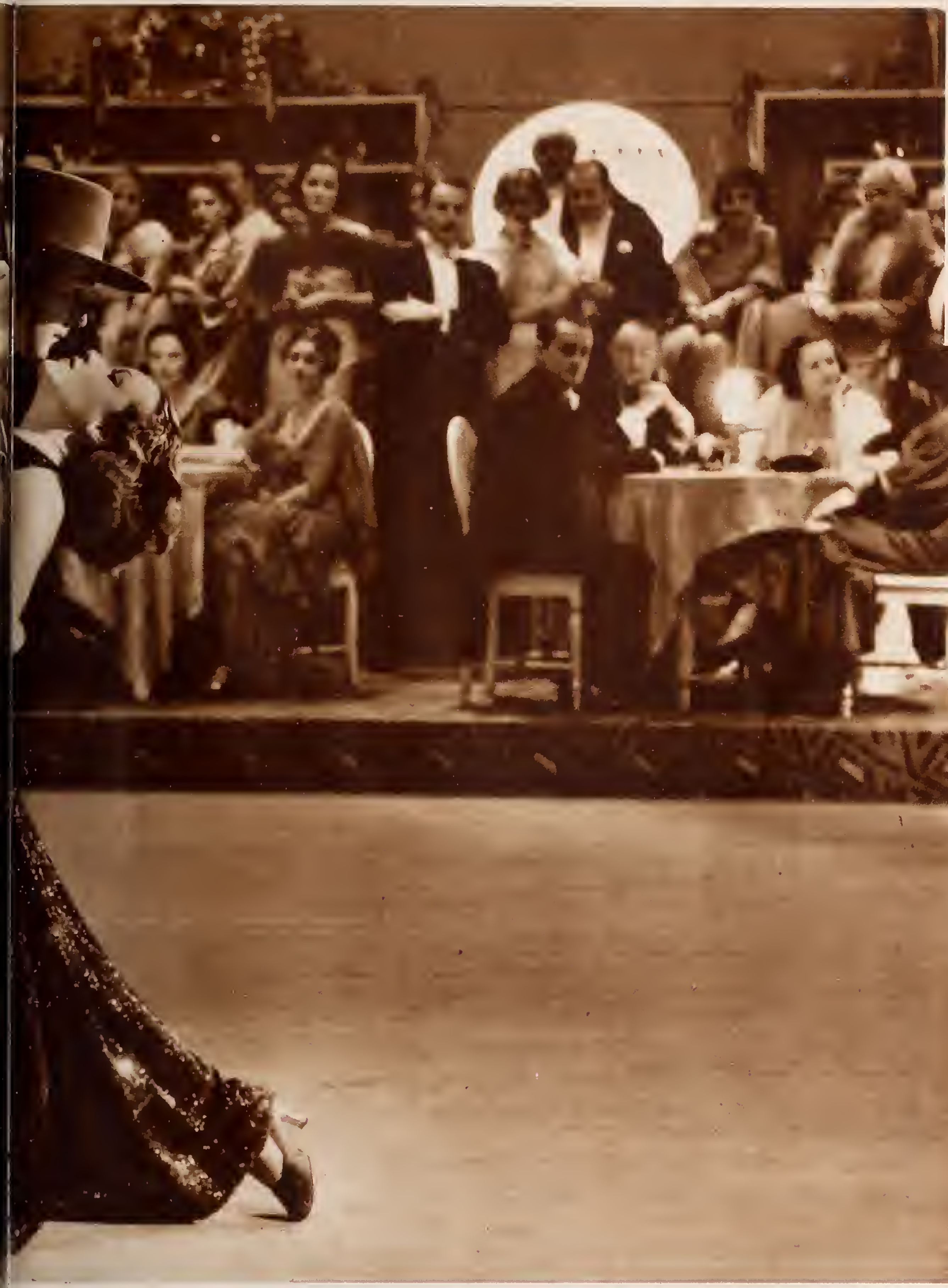
AL JOLSO

IT IS anot
"Wonde
Busby Berke
they are all

ER BAR’’

Directed by
LLOYD BACON

Kay Francis brings her "big name" to "Wonder Bar," and that means a lot at ANY box office.



Bert Longworth

OLORES DEL RIO **RICARDO CORTEZ** **DICK POWELL** **KAY FRANCIS**

nd, some will say, the best of all.
Jolson to sing, and Dick Powell, too.
d some girl numbers (one in which
he great dance of Dolores Del Rio

and Ricardo Cortez is supposed to place Cortez' name above Valentino's. The scenes are laid in a cabaret and the chorines are *right there.* Many tales of strife have emanated from the set, so it is sure to be a good picture.

William A. Fraker

ELISSA LANDI

IT'S pussywillow time and Elissa, our most poetic star, feels the urge of Springtime. "Sisters Under the Skin" is her next for Columbia.

LEW AYRES

ANOTHER literary light of Hollywood is Lew Ayres—or is that a bachelor's laundry list? Lew, after moving over to Fox, was borrowed back by Universal.

My Make-Up Secret To Enhance the Charm of *Beauty*

As Told to Florence Vondelle by

BETTE DAVIS

Starring in Warner Bros.
"FASHIONS OF 1934"

Powder *"The color tone of face powder is most important, for it should harmonize with and enliven the beauty of the skin. For my colorings...blonde hair, blue eyes, fair skin...I use Max Factor's Rachelle Powder. Clinging in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that I know will appear faultless under any close-up test."*

Rouge *"Pat on a touch of rouge following the natural curve of the cheekbone...and then soften the edges by blending with the fingertips. To be sure of correct color harmony, I use Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge...its delicate texture and creamy smoothness help a lot in blending a beautiful, soft, natural, lifelike coloring."*

Lipstick *"Always dry your lips and keep them dry when applying lipstick. Make up the upper lip first and trace this lip contour on the lower lip by simply compressing lips together; then fill in. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes my make-up color harmony. It's moisture-proof, permanent in color, lasts all day...three good reasons why I use it."*

"The charm of beauty lies in the appeal of color...for color is the exciting thing about beauty. Color is the brilliance that attracts...that creates unforgettable charm."

This is how Bette Davis describes that elusive something called charm...and here is her secret for capturing it.

"Make-up holds the secret. And in Hollywood, this means color harmony make-up...powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized color tones...created by Max Factor to enhance the colorful appeal of youthful beauty."

Like Hollywood's stars, you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At leading stores.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP...*Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony*

NOW FREE . . . Your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart! Fill in and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-page Illustrated Instruction Book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up.*"

NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, enclose 10 cents for extra postage and handling.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR, HOLLYWOOD 17-4-75

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDES
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTES
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEADS
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	

NAME ____________________

STREET ____________________

CITY ____________________

STATE ____________________

1934 Max Factor

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS

RALPH BELLAMY

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS and Ralph Bellamy in one of those moments that are great for the furniture stores. However, the picture is "Transient Love," so perhaps the romance goes flat—flat unfurnished.

Robert W. Coburn

ROSEMARY AME

JOHN BOLES

JOHN has becom
an actor who is a
ways seen in successe
"I Believed In You"
the title of his nex
The young lady is
new player, Rosemar
Ames, and she is a
ready considered, b
Fox, as sure-fire a
money in the bank.

It's a breach of fashion . . .

if your hair hasn't a spring outfit, too!

Miss Margaret C. Whitney of Garden City, L. I., says: *"Why should summer only be permanent waving time? I want my hair looking its best the year round—and I keep it so by getting a Eugene permanent two or three times a year."*

Fashion is busily showing new things for Spring—frocks, coats and hats with many clever new touches. But Fashion has one stern rule: Whatever the style of your Spring costuming, your hair *must* be in wave. Straight hair is *conspicuously* out of place.

That means you need your Eugene Permanent Wave *now*. If you wait for "later," as you may have planned, you miss months of smartness, beauty and convenience. Instead, follow those knowing women here and abroad...

Go at once to a hairdresser who does *genuine* Eugene Waving, and get a genuine Eugene Permanent Wave. Enjoy its comfort and loveliness all through Spring and Summer; then when your new hair grows in, a few months from now, have this new straight hair permanently waved, too!

Hairdressers who feature the Eugene Method can keep your hair permanently beautiful with undulating waves, flattering ringlets and cunning clusters of indestructible curls...just as you desire. They give you these results by using genuine Eugene Sachets—approved by Good Housekeeping and identified, for your protection, by the Eugene trademark, the famous "Goddess of the Wave."

When you see this trademark stamped on the sachets used, you can be absolutely certain that you are getting what you are paying for—*a genuine Eugene permanent wave*, preferred the world over.

Eugene Ltd., New York, London, Paris and Sydney.

EUGENE
STEAM SACHET

eugène *permanent waves*

FREE...*Eugene offers "Hair Views"*

HAIR VIEWS
by eugene

Eugene will gladly send you a free copy of his style bulletin "Hair Views." It shows the latest coiffure styles sponsored by Harper's Bazaar and reproduced by Eugene, and it contains important advice on permanent waving. Send the coupon at once.

Eugene Ltd., 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City. (9)

Please send me "Hair Views" sponsored by Harper's Bazaar and Eugene.

Name____________________________

Address__________________________

City________________State__________

(YOU CAN PASTE THIS ON A PENNY POST CARD)

Russell Ball

KATHERINE DEMILLE

She is the adopted daughter of the great director. Her big break is with Wallace Beery in "Viva Villa."

RICHARD ARLEN

Dick is in "She Made Her Bed," which was called "Baby in the Ice Box." Dick's youngster is the baby.

William A. Fraker

WALTER CONNELLY

The movies love the Irish and Walter is one of the reasons. His next is "Once to Every Woman."

Hurrell

GRACE MOORE

Grace is a real Metropolitan Opera Prima Donna, but you'll see and hear her in "Don't Fall in Love."

JOAN CRAWFORD
in "DANCING LADY"
with Franchot Tone
an M-G-M picture

LOVELY HANDS ARE STARS IN LOVE ROLES

Smooth, soft, caressing hands . . . what would love scenes be without them! Nice hands add enormously to the charms of screen stars . . . to YOUR charms, too. And how easy to guard the complexion of your hands . . . in spite of work and weather. Just remember to smooth in **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM** before and after exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night. Hinds is more than a finishing lotion. It is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form, that soothes, softens, and protects. And it costs so little!

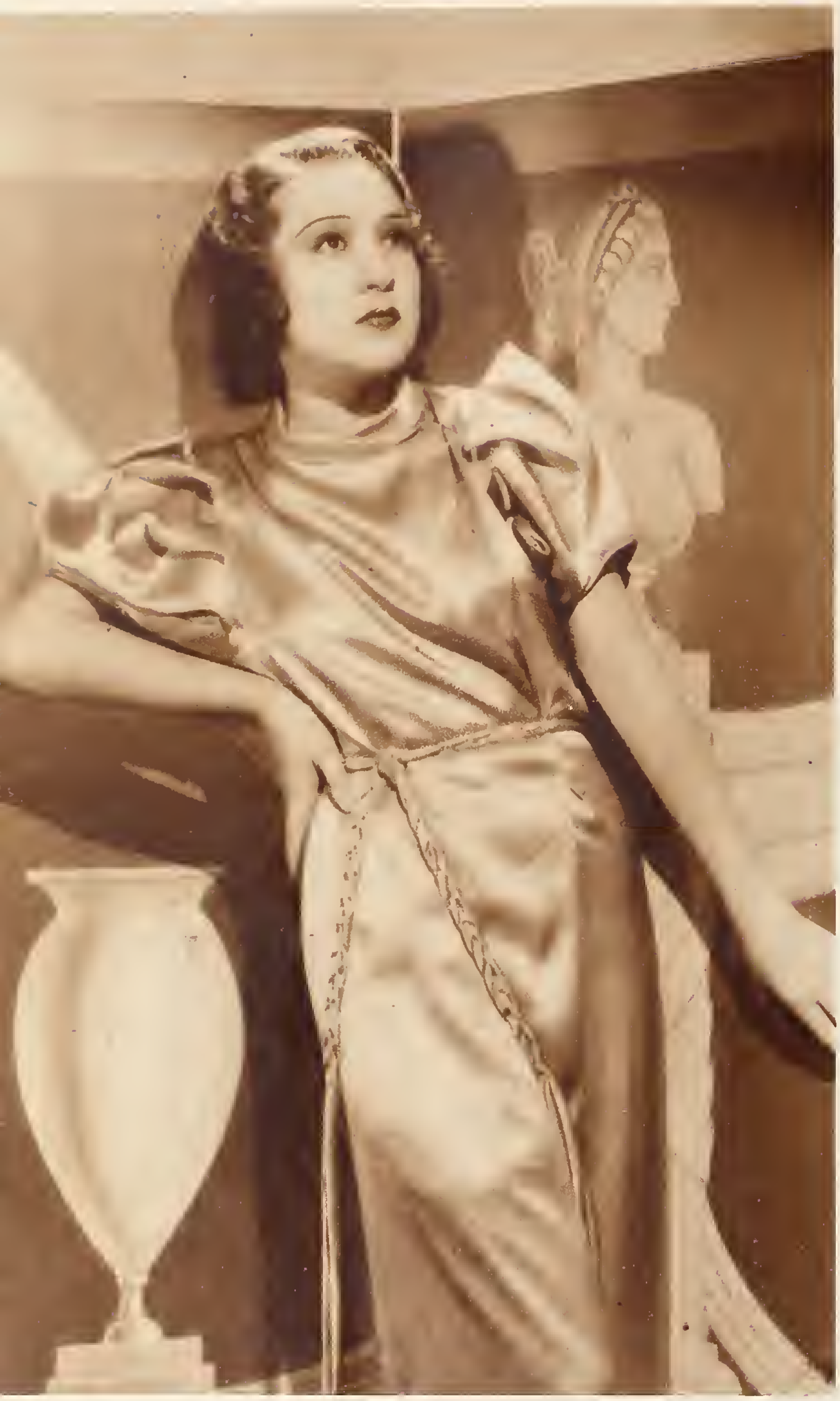
NOW ALSO IN A SMART NEW 25c SIZE

Soft, smooth, and lovely as her face are the hands of JOAN CRAWFORD, in "Dancing Lady." Shown with Franchot Tone in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.

TRY Hinds Cleansing Cream . . . by the same makers. Delicate, light...liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! 10c, 40c, 65c.

Tune in on Radio Hall of Fame, featuring greatest stars of stage, screen, and opera. Sunday evenings, 10:30 E. S. T. WEAF, N. B. C. network.

Fashionable!



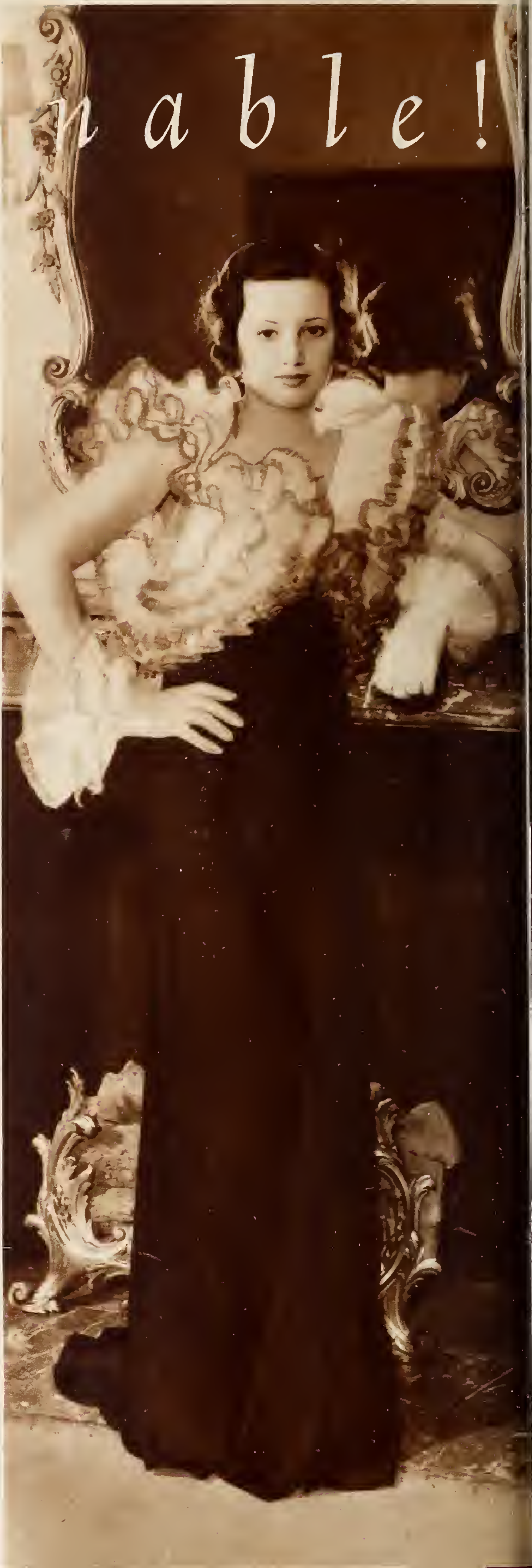
ETHEL MERMAN

WHEN it is hostess hour a classic frock of green satin, girdled with braid, is selected by Ethel Merman, famous blues singer and Paramount player.

ARLENE JUDGE (at right)

THIS evening dress, designed for Arlene Judge by Hattie Carnegie, illustrates the close affinity between frocks and accessories. The dress is black crêpe, trimmed with pleated ruffles of red and white organdie. The gloves, too, are white organdy, with trimming of the red.

Brown Brothers



Announcing SILVER SCREEN'S NEW CONTEST

An Opportunity For Every Reader of Silver Screen to Compete For a Cash Prize.

IN THE May issue of SILVER SCREEN, we will publish the exact dimensions of Joan Crawford. These dimensions will enable you to form an opinion as to how much *Joan Weighs.*

SILVER SCREEN is offering a cash prize to anyone who will estimate Joan Crawford's correct weight. You must comply with the conditions that will be printed in the May issue, which will be on the newsstands the sixth of April.

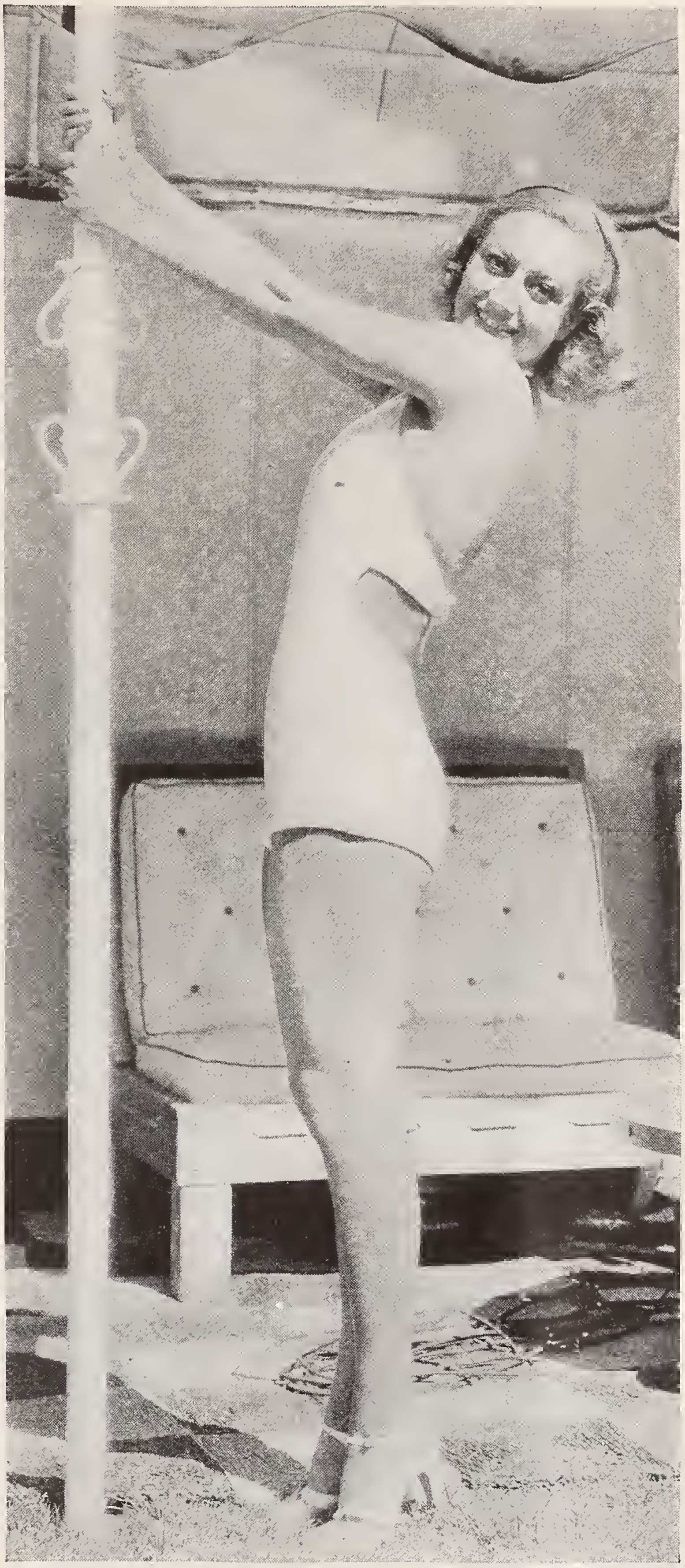
You have enjoyed watching Joan Crawford, with her lithe, lovely dancer's figure, go through the graceful movements of "Dancing Lady." SILVER SCREEN is offering you an opportunity to capitalize your powers of observation.

No estimates will be accepted for this contest until the May issue is on the newsstands on April sixth. So do not send in any replies until you have secured the May issue, and then, without cost, you will be able to enter this fascinating contest.

As Joan Crawford's weight has often been printed, perhaps you wonder how it is that SILVER SCREEN can offer a prize for this correct figure. The explanation will be found in the May issue of SILVER SCREEN.

The prizes will be awarded for Joan Crawford's net weight, if certain conditions are fulfilled.

Take Advantage of This Opportunity to Win a Money Prize. Be Sure to Secure the May Number for the Details of This Unusual but Not Difficult Contest.



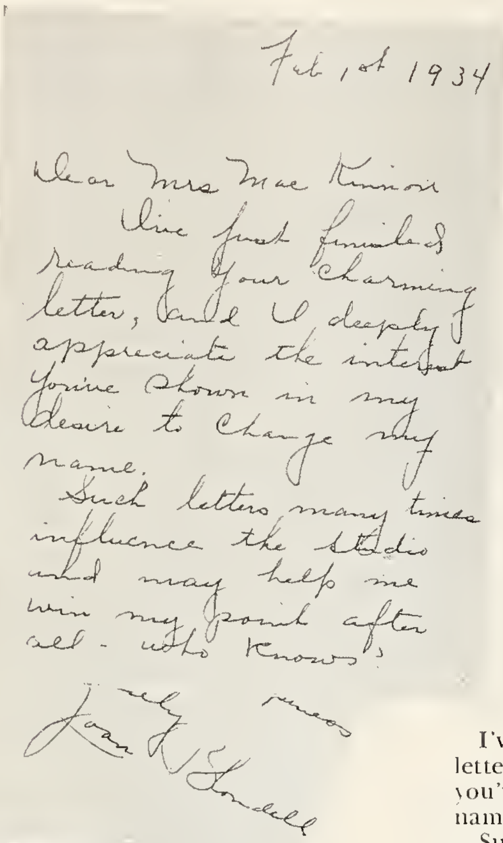
Joan Crawford is the most popular, the most beautifully formed and the dancingest girl on the screen.

DO NOT MISS THE MAY SILVER SCREEN

FAN MAIL DEPARTMENT

Each Month the Best Fan Letters Received Will be Forwarded to the Stars to be Answered.

Address: (Your Favorite Star)
c/o Editor, Silver Screen's Fan Mail Dept.,
45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.



Feb 1st 1934

Dear Mrs MacKinnon

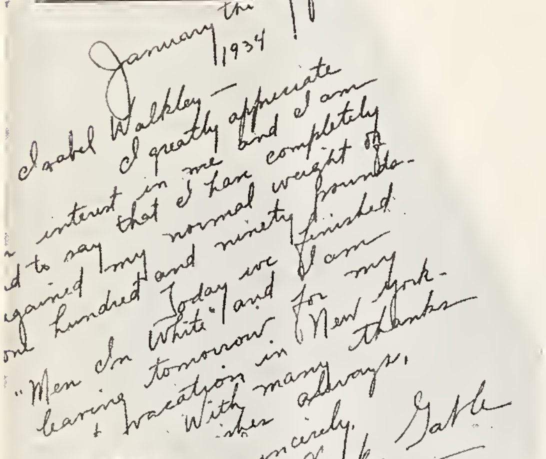
I've just finished reading your charming letter, and I deeply appreciate the interest you've shown in my desire to change my name.

Such letters many times influence the studio and may help me win my point after all - who knows?

Truly yours

Joan Blondell

Joan Blondell's original reply to her fan letter from Mrs. MacKinnon.



January the [illegible]-first 1934

Isabel Walkley—

I greatly appreciate interest in me and I am d to say that I have completely gained my normal weight of one hundred and ninety pounds.

Today we finished "Men In White" and I am leaving tomorrow for my + vacation in New York.

With many thanks wishes always,

Sincerely,

Clark Gable

Clark Gable answers a fan's solicitous inquiry.

The Fan Letter to Joan Blondell

Miss Joan Blondell,
c/o Silver Screen.

Dear Miss Blondell:—

This is my first fan letter, although I have been a devoted movie follower for several years.

I am very much interested in your desire to change your name to "Barnes" and wish to commend you for it. Never fear, you will not lose your identity by doing so. You will merely set a very praiseworthy precedent for other Hollywood married couples to follow.

I sincerely hope that your wise and unselfish wish will be granted, and may this year be one of happiness and success for you.

Yours truly,
Florence L. MacKinnon
Montreal, Canada

Joan Blondell's Answer—

Dear Mrs. MacKinnon—

I've just finished reading your charming letter, and I deeply appreciate the interest you've shown in my desire to change my name.

Such letters many times influence the studio and may help me win my point after all—who knows?

Again may I thank you, and please accept my wishes for your health and happiness.

Sincerely,
Joan Blondell

The Fan Letter to Clark Gable

Editor,
Silver Screen.

Dear Editor:—

I hope that Clark Gable is entirely recovered from his illness. In his photograph that was in Silver Screen he seemed to be thinner.

Are you getting your weight back, Clark?

Sincerely,
Isabel Walkley
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Clark Gable's Answer—

Dear Isabel Walkley—

I greatly appreciate your interest in me and I am glad to say that I have completely regained my normal weight of one hundred and ninety pounds.

Today we finished "Men in White" and I am leaving tomorrow for my first vacation in New York.

With many thanks and best wishes always,

Sincerely,
Clark Gable

The Fan Letter to Helen Hayes

Editor,
Silver Screen.

Dear Editor:—

Let's have Helen Hayes in a comedy! She was superb in her many tragic rôles, but she has triumphed as a comedienne on the stage and I am convinced that she would be equally successful on the screen. Wouldn't she be delightful as Alice in "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire?"

Elaine Osterlund
Deerwood, Minn.

Helen Hayes' Answer—

Dear Elaine Osterlund—

Your letter makes us unanimous on the subject of my playing comedy. I have been trying for three years to persuade Hollywood that I am funny.

Thank you for joining forces with me.

Good luck to us!

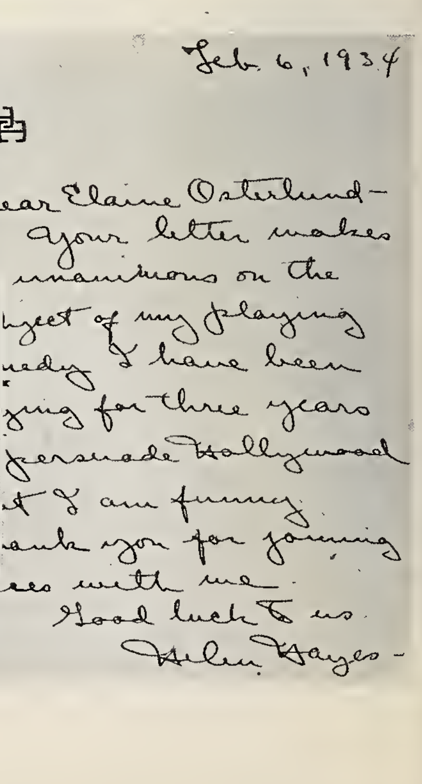
Helen Hayes

The Fan Letter to Colleen Moore

Miss Colleen Moore,
c/o Silver Screen.

Dear Colleen Moore:—

I have a big baby girl, who is five and one-half months old, weighs sixteen pounds, has light hair and big brown eyes, whom I have named after you. She is a rather spunky baby for her age and sucks her two right fingers, which makes an impression on her face as if she were whistling. She sits alone and is sitting right beside me as I am writing this letter to you, so if this writing seems impossible to you please excuse. I would have written lots sooner to tell you about her, but she has had a constant cold since she was born, which was August 3, 1933, and I have had my hands full. Once her cold got so bad it almost turned into pneumonia and believe me I was plenty scared. Her full name is Colleen Cathryn Schultz.



Feb. 6, 1934

Dear Elaine Osterlund—
Your letter makes
unanimous on the
bject of my playing
edy I have been
ying for three years
persuade Hollywood
t I am funny.
ank you for joining
forces with me.
Good luck to us.
Helen Hayes—

Helen Hayes—from Broadway, where "Mary of Scotland" reigns supreme—writes to Elaine Osterlund.

DIRECTIONS

1. **Make your letters short.**
2. **$10 each will be paid for every letter printed.**
3. **Whether or not any letter shall be forwarded to the stars for an answer is within the discretion of the editor.**
4. **The original answer from the star will also be sent to the author of the fan letter, after it is reproduced for this department.**

The reason I named her after you is this. Before I was married my husband and I were regular movie fans, especially whenever you played. So one night we went to see you, or rather the picture you were playing in, and my husband made the remark that whenever we were married and had a baby girl he surely was going to name it after you, because he liked your pictures and most of all your acting. He said he thought you so spunky and had such a sweet look in your eyes. I also agreed only I said that I thought you were one of the best actresses because you were more darling than spunky when you played in Irish pictures. Only please play in more pictures so I can go to see you more often.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Anthony Schultz

Cumberland, Md.

Colleen Moore's Answer—

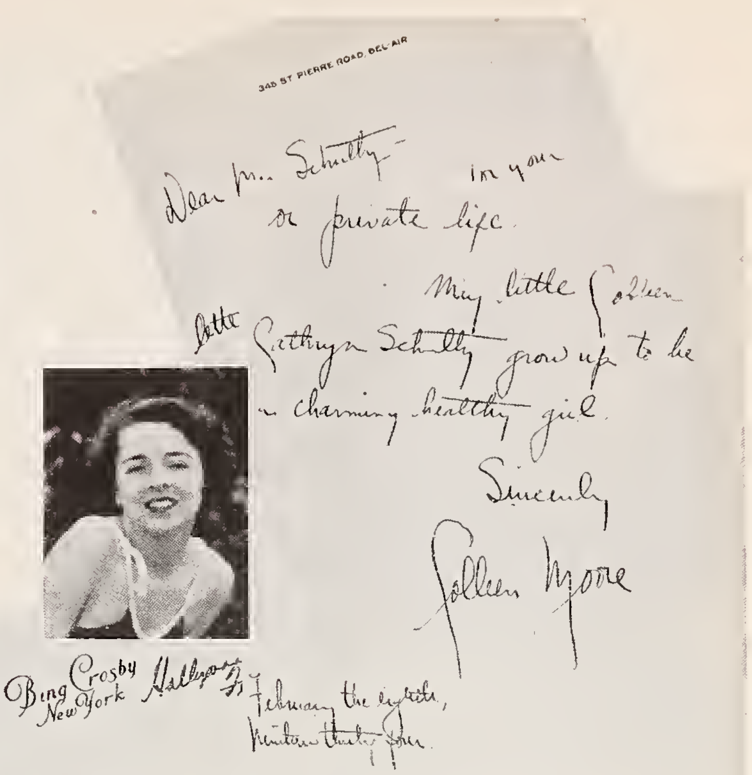
Dear Mrs. Schultz—

Thank you for your letter about Baby Colleen. I do appreciate the kind thoughts that inspired your naming your dear little girl for me. Frankly I believe it is the sincerest compliment that can be offered any woman whether in public or private life.

May little Colleen Cathryn Schultz grow up to be a charming healthy girl.

Sincerely,

Colleen Moore



345 ST PIERRE ROAD, BEL-AIR

Dear Mrs. Schultz— in your

or private life.

May little Colleen

little Cathryn Schultz grow up to be

a charming healthy girl.

Sincerely

Colleen Moore

Colleen Moore writes to Mrs. Schultz.

The Fan Letter to Richard Cromwell

Mr. Richard Cromwell,
c/o Silver Screen.

Pal Dick Cromwell:—

Just what kind of a fellow are you anyhow? The more interviews I read, the more puzzling the situation becomes. I'm positively dizzy!

Are you a shy guy with a too-tender heart and a bawling tendency? As from interview number one: "Blushes mount to Dick's PINK cheeks . . . tears flood his blue eyes . . . bewildered with the wonder of his sudden rise to fame . . ."

Or are you a man of the world . . . frank . . . startling? As from interview number two: "He gets into more bizarre affaires than any of the much touted men-about-town of our village . . ."

Interviews number three and four differ slightly. Number three states: "A wistful, somewhat bewildered, little boy look on his face—grave and very young . . ." While number four follows: "Never let anybody tell you again that he is a shy, bewildered country lad who goes around with the home town girls and is terrified of sophisticated, glamorous women . . . "

Please, straighten me out Mr. Cromwell. You've been a favorite for several years and I'd really like to know about your character!

Once again . . . are you a shrinking violet or a cave man?

Good luck to you anyhow from a sincere fan—

Hoopla!

Virginia Downs

Fairmont, W. Va.

Richard Cromwell's Answer—

Dear Virginia Downs—

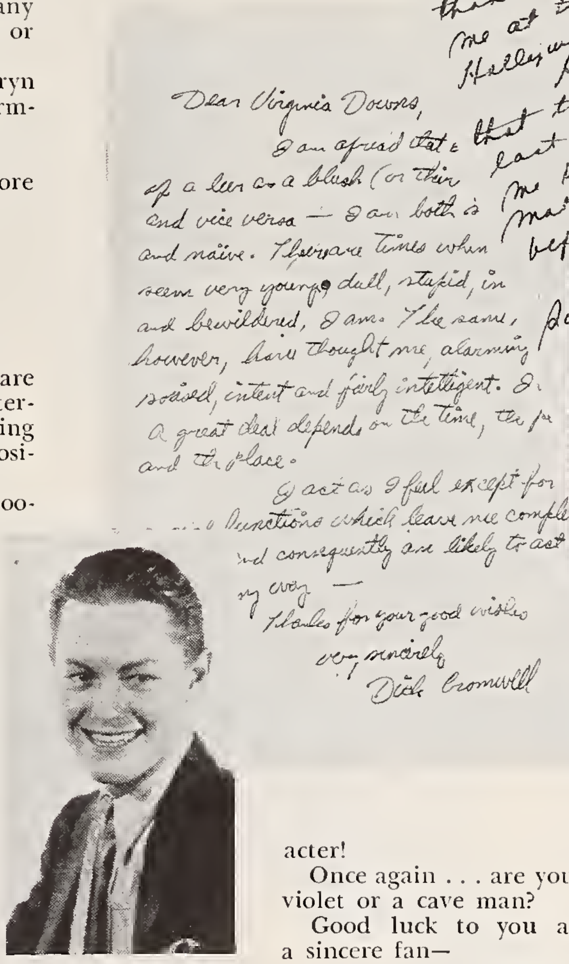
I am afraid that I am as guilty of a leer as a blush (or their equivalent) and vice versa—I am both sophisticated and naïve. There are times when I must seem very young, dull, stupid, innocent and bewildered. I am. The same persons, however, have thought me alarmingly frank, poised, intent and fairly intelligent. I am. A great deal depends on the time, the person and the place.

I act as I feel except for social functions which leave me completely "jittery" and consequently am likely to act almost any way.

Thanks for your good wishes.

Very sincerely,

Dick Cromwell



Dear Virginia Downs,

I am afraid that

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seem very young, dull, stupid, in

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A great deal depends on the time, the p

and the place.

I act as I feel except for

functions which leave me comple

and consequently am likely to act

ny way —

Thanks for your good wishes

very sincerely,

Dick Cromwell

Dick Cromwell clears up a doubt or two of Miss Downs'.

The Fan Letter to Bing Crosby

Editor,
Silver Screen.

Dear Sir:—

I know Bing Crosby is a busy man and has a lovely home in California that he'd hate to leave. But isn't he ever coming to New York? For the sake of his New York fans I think he can lose his home and California sunshine for awhile.

What do you say, Bing?

Your New York Admirer,

Anne Melidonis

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bing Crosby's Answer—

Dear Miss Melidonis—

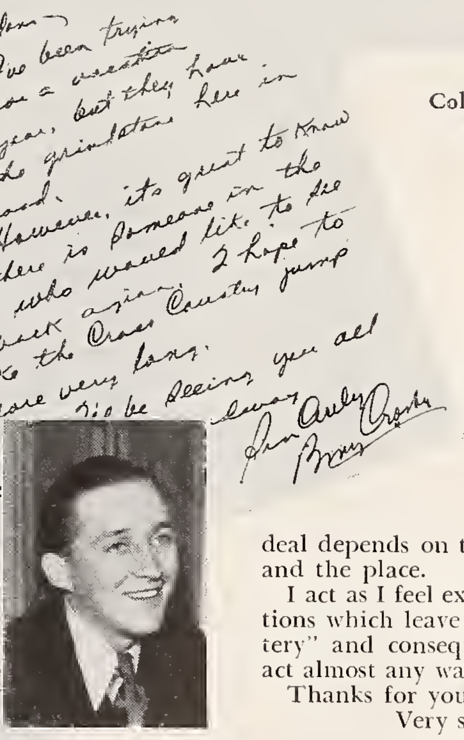
I've been trying to get to New York for a vacation for more than a year, but they have kept me at the grindstone here in Hollywood.

However, it's great to know that there is someone in the east who would like to see me back again. I hope to make the Cross Country jump before very long.

I'll be seeing you all soon on Broadway.

Sincerely,

Bing Crosby



Bing Crosby
New York Hollywood

February the eighth,
Nineteen thirty four.

Dear Miss Melidonis—

I've been trying

New York for a vacation

than a year, but they have

me at the grindstone here in

Hollywood.

However, it's great to know

that there is someone in the

east who would like to see

me back again. I hope to

make the Cross Country jump

before very long.

I'll be seeing you all

Bing Crosby

Bing Crosby dates up Miss Melidonis.

STUDI

Robert Young and Jean Parker in "Louisiana," a story of the bayous and marshes. It is an M-G-M picture.

WELL, well, well. The little boy had to see New York. He had to get some cold weather. He had to—oh, what's the use. I saw New York all right, all right. I saw it at its worst and New York's worst is pretty bad. Rain, sleet and snow. I arrived in the midst of a blizzard and the coldest snap they've had in twenty-some-odd years. I caught a cold. I caught the flu. I caught hell from an editor. I caught—well, let me tell you California looked pretty good as I stepped off the the train. This morning as I start out to cover the studios, with my hair slicked down and my face and neck all nice and shiny where my nurse washed it, I find myself looking forward to the day's work as a pleasure instead of an Herculean task.

At Paramount

AFTER being on salary for six weeks without doing even a boo-boo-boo to earn it, Bing Crosby has finally started work in "We're Not Dressing," and in the cast with him is Carole Lombard. I thought from the title it was going to be a nudist picture and as I notice a "Positively No Visitors" sign on the stage door I'm sure of it. But alas and alack, that title is a snare and a delusion.

I sneak on to the set expecting to be thrown off bodily but, no! Norman Taurog, who is directing, apparently didn't even know the sign was out and everybody is strictly decent—at least as far as attire goes.

A scene from "Melody in Spring." Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland with the new girl you hear so much about, Ann Sothern, who played on the stage as Harriet Lake.

The set is the deck of the yacht, "Doris D," and very cleverly it's done, too. The deck is slanted so people walking will get that old sea-going gait. Only the fore part of the yacht is shown but from the size of the crew it must be a whopper. There are about a dozen sailors in "whites" and maybe a half dozen more, in dungarees and sweaters, and that, my friends (in case you don't know) is quite a crew for any man's yacht.

"Hi, Dick," says Norman coming up. "How's it?"

"Well," I think, "if he doesn't know I'm not supposed to be here it isn't up to me to tell him." "Hi, Norm," I reply. "Everything's under control."

"Tchk! tchk!" says Norm. "When I was your age *nothing* was under control."

"Lucky you," sez me, "to be able to remember that far back."

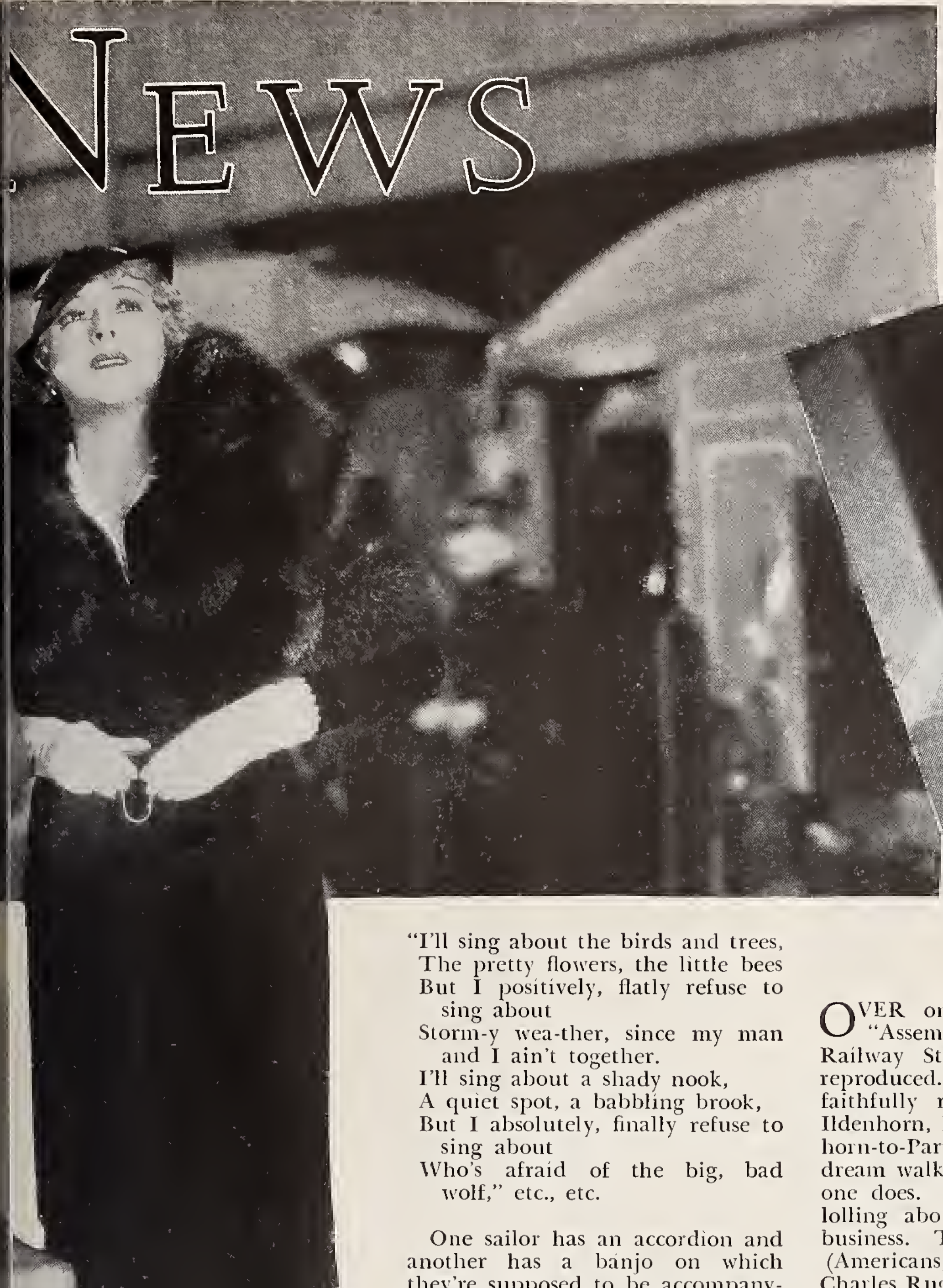
Norm, who is about my own age, gives me a withering glance and then decides to let by-gones be forgotten. "If you want to go crawfishing," he volunteers, "I'll send this yacht down to you for a week or so."

"Whose yacht is it?" I parry scintillatingly.

"Doris Duke's," he says, and turns his back on me. "Come on, gang, let's get this over with."

"This" is a song Bing is singing. I dunno the name of it but, as nearly as I remember, it goes something like this ——— ——

NEWS



S. R. Mook
Visits the Sound Stages

Hugh Williams and Helen Twelvetrees making "All Men Are Enemies" for Fox. Hugh is a boy from England and Helen is from the top shelf.

"I'll sing about the birds and trees,
The pretty flowers, the little bees
But I positively, flatly refuse to
sing about
Storm-y wea-ther, since my man
and I ain't together.
I'll sing about a shady nook,
A quiet spot, a babbling brook,
But I absolutely, finally refuse to
sing about
Who's afraid of the big, bad
wolf," etc., etc.

One sailor has an accordion and another has a banjo on which they're supposed to be accompanying Bing, but the noise actually comes from a twenty piece orchestra off to one side. If it really was Miss Duke's yacht it would be sitting on top of the ocean, but as the yacht is only a figment of the Paramount prop department's imagination, the orchestra is sitting on the floor of Stage 8.

"Say, Bing," Norm suggests. "This song is nothing to write home about the way it stands. Let's kid it."

"You mean, make it a little 'swishy?'" Bing asks doubtfully.

"Make it anything," Norm answers agreeably. "Just kid it."

And kid it he does. Wait'll you hear and see this number.

Norman is the man who really discovered Bing when he was singing in the Cocoanut Grove, and kept after him until he went to New York to go on the air. They ought to turn out a swell picture together.

Suddenly, in the distance, I hear a woman shrieking. There is something vaguely familiar about the tones as she screams, "It's a lie. I don't believe a word of it!"

I look for some heavy drama as I know this line is not in the script. It turns out to be only la Lombard arriving on the set and, as she's working in the picture, that's the only way she has of making an "entrance."

"Hello, you——," she says, and what *she* called *me!* "Did you see any shows in New York that would be any good for me?"

"Yeah," I retort. "Mary of Scotland would be swell for you. She's guillotined in the last act."

OVER on what is known as the "Assembly Stage," the Ildenhorn Railway Station has been faithfully reproduced. That is, I *guess* it's been faithfully reproduced. I've never been to Ildenhorn, myself. Ildenhorn, I gather, is somewhere in the Swiss Alps. The Ildenhorn-to-Paris stands panting on the track. Maybe you've seen a dream walking but I'll bet you've never seen a train pant. This one does. The script says so. The colorful Swiss natives are lolling about the station or scurrying to and fro about their business. They are in sharp contrast to the three Blodgets (Americans, all!), known to cinema addicts as Mary Boland, Charles Ruggles and Ann Sothern. They stand beside their compartment while numerous pieces of luggage are being unpacked. Charlie has on his *pince nez* (hot diggety dog! Do I know my *pince nez* or do I not?) and is methodically checking off each item in a little book.

Miss Boland is in a black coat suit *trimmed*, my dears, in silver fox and Miss Sothern is traveling in a black and white checked suit. Over her arm she carries a mink coat.

"Look," she says, pointing to the snow-covered mountains. "Isn't that lovely?"

Mary, following her glance, takes in some fleecy white clouds overhead. She looks at them a moment. "Oh, that reminds me," turning to Charlie, "don't let's forget my little green case. It's got my cold cream in it." Clouds remind her of cold cream. They're both white. But that's Mary. A *card* if there ever was one.

"I won't forget it," Charlie assures her. "You two go off and get a cab while I look after the luggage."

"Very well," Mary agrees. Off she trots with Ann, the camera following them and Charlie acting away for dear life, just out of sheer love of acting.

But, dear me, you're probably wondering what this is all about. If you *must* know, Charlie (married to Mary, father of Ann) is a wealthy manufacturer of dog biscuits. He owns the most prominent (that's what the synopsis calls it—*I'd* call it the most popular) radio hour in America. He also has a penchant for collecting trifles, including knobs from bed posts that have been owned by famous people.

Lanny Ross wants to get on that radio hour, but Charlie will have none of him. Lanny is a persistent lad, so he follows them and is just about to meet them again in this Swiss railroad station.

Relations are still a little strained between Director Norman McLeod and me since I burst on to the closed set of "Alice" and then failed to take him to dinner, but he did condescend to ask if I'd seen any good shows in New York. [*Continued on page* 74]

"ALL FIGURED OUT"

By Ben Maddox

Gene Raymond Plans Out His Life—Particularly, When Not to Fall in Love.

Gene Raymond must have liked Lilian Harvey, for, after he finished "I Am Suzanne," he rushed off to Europe to see how the girls compared with the cute little sample.

GENE RAYMOND swung into the cafe and greeted me with that magnetic smile that agitates fans and makes friends of his fellow-men. Blue-eyed and blond, he has the broad shoulders and tapering waist that expensive tailors have to create for most actors. You'd best describe him as a Norse God gone cinematic.

Remember "Cradle Snatchers?" Well, when Gene was eighteen he originated the rôle of the handsome but dumb Swedish gigolo in that uproarious comedy. Every night it was his duty to fascinate the silly, matronly heroine. One of the biggest laughs occurred when she asked him (after they'd been necking in the garden)—"And do you start in at the bottom and work up, or at the top and work down?"

Then maybe you were fortunate enough to see him in "Young Sinners." It ran almost two years on the stage, and what a gay blade he was in that. Always Casanova-ing. In fact, his "play" papa had to hire a hard-boiled trainer to kidnap him from his hey-hey pals and reform him.

In the talkies, also, Gene has usually favored wine, women and song more than a wise youth should.

"Yet," he assured me as we checked on his life to date, "personally I have never had the time to fool around. Everything I've done has been planned ahead. And when you have an objective, and aim steadily towards it, you aren't going to do things which obviously sidetrack you.

"I have always wanted to be a successful actor. Because I get a tremendous thrill from 'making believe,' I suppose. Luckily for me, my mother realized I had the theatrical streak in me and started me off right."

Gene, who is of French ancestry, was born in New York City of non-professional stock. When he was five years old he made his acting debut in a stock company's presentation of "Rip Van Winkle." That initial taste of drama convinced his mother she'd been correct in her analysis of her son. So, when he finished the fourth grade in school, she entered him in a dramatic tutoring academy. He studied there until he was sixteen and in regular Broadway demand.

"I planned my career as sensibly as possible," Gene divulges. "When I was twelve I began to go in for athletics systematically, figuring an actor must be able to do all sorts of stunts. I trained at a regular German turnverein (gymnasium to you) and I learned every acrobatic and physical development exercise I could. My teacher, incidentally, was a sixty-five-year-old man!"

That his forethought paid is evidenced by "Zoo in Budapest." His fans were astonished at his agile leaping around in Fairbanks' fashion, little suspecting that he could. You're in for a further surprise when he gets a chance to fence on the screen.

"I revel in Sabatini's stories and I believe they'd be as popular now as they were in the silents. I'd like to portray a dashing young adventurer of romantic times, as Novarro used to do. And I'll be able to cross swords with the villain, too!"

When he was seventeen he took up fencing because he planned on needing it in pictures some day. He practiced so diligently during a Chicago play run that he became the champion of a prominent athletic club there, and gave exhibition matches with his instructor.

Gene's crazy over horses, horses, horses. He's not been cast in any Zane Greys yet, but if he should—well, he'd be off in a cloud of dust!

His first real Broadway hit came at fourteen. He and Marguerite Churchill were awarded the boy and girl parts in "Why Not?" It ran two years. (Most of his plays did!) At sixteen he made a great splash in "The Potters," and that, too, managed a two-year run. Actually Gene hasn't had the struggles of the average actor. He's never been broke. Perhaps because he isn't the garden-variety juvenile. He has invariably tended to business, and concentration plus talent have rewarded him.

Gene's progress has been sensational. He appeared with Genevieve Tobin and Frank Morgan in "Take My Advice," and practically stole their honors. A good part in a revival of "Sherlock Holmes," and next he landed the two-year engagement in "Cradle Snatchers." After it, he co-starred with Sylvia Sidney in "Mirrors." Top billing on Broadway, while still under twenty-one, *is* achievement! Four more plays, then "Young Sinners." Two years in it—and you foresee the sequel? Correct—Hollywood!

Gene had never been abroad because he worked too steadily. But for the past two months he forsook Hollywood for a deserved vacation. He visited his mother in her lovely home on Long Island, and squeezed in a short trip to London.

And that brings us to the question of his love-life. What's he done about women? *Avoided them!* Deliberately and with finesse.

Oh, I don't mean that he doesn't date 'em. He's a remarkably fine dancer and grand company. But when they begin to want to talk the future over, Gene suddenly is reminded of an early call the following morning. You get it? They don't get him!

"Of course I intend to fall in love," he said to me over dessert and coffee. "I've even planned that! I don't see any hope for a happy marriage while I'm working in pictures, though. And I'm not shying just because most other actors fail at it.

"Take my own case. When I'm [*Continued on page* 64]

Here's CLAUDETTE COLBERT talking to YOU!

WHAT IS IT MAKES A GIRL IRRESISTIBLE TO MEN? YOU'VE ALL WONDERED HEAPS OF TIMES, I'M SURE! ONE THING'S CERTAIN — MEN ALWAYS FALL FOR TRULY BEAUTIFUL SKIN...

WHEN I TELL MY FANS HOW REALLY SIMPLE MY COMPLEXION CARE IS, THEY ALWAYS SEEM SURPRISED! FOR YEARS I'VE USED LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY.

GIRLS, DON'T BE CONTENT WITH ANYTHING LESS THAN A TRULY FASCINATING COMPLEXION. IF YOU'LL TRY MY BEAUTY SOAP, YOU'LL SEE HOW EASY IT IS TO HAVE THIS CHARM MEN CAN'T RESIST.

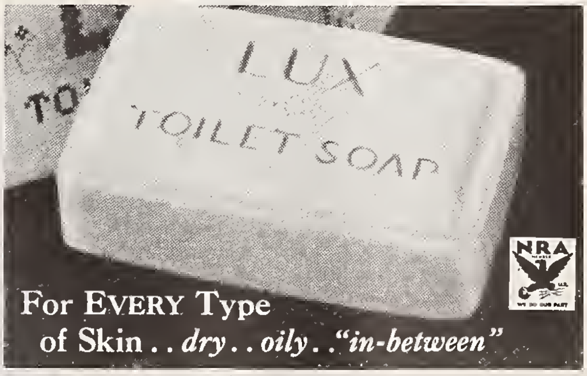
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "CLEOPATRA"

Here Claudette Colbert talks to you about *her* beauty care . . . Lux Toilet Soap. Tells you how *easy* it is to have a truly fascinating complexion!

This bland, fragrant, white soap brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. 9 out of 10 screen stars use it. Girls all over the country are finding that this simple care . . . used regularly . . . keeps their skin radiantly lovely . . . soft and smooth.

Try it! Start *today* to win new loveliness the screen stars' way!

YOU can have the *Charm* men can't resist


LUX
TOILET SOAP
NRA
For EVERY Type of Skin . . *dry* . . *oily* . . *"in-between"*

Scientists say: "Skin grows old-looking through the gradual loss of certain elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Gentle Lux Toilet Soap, so readily soluble, *actually contains* such precious elements—checks their loss from the skin."

REVIEWS

Opinions, Frankly Expressed, of Pictures Actually Seen.

MEN IN WHITE

Rating: HERE'S SOMETHING REALLY FINE—*M-G-M*

THIS picture will thrill you—not by its speed and breath-taking stunts—but by its simplicity and sincerity, and by three of the greatest performances you have seen on the screen in many a month. As you've already guessed, it's a hospital story, but not "just another hospital story." It's different, it does something to your heart and your mind. And when you have seen Jean Hersholt play a gruff, humanity loving scientist, and Clark Gable play a young interne, torn between his desire for wealth and a soft life, and his ambition to work and starve with a leading scientist, and when you have seen Elizabeth Allen play a fragile young nurse who dies from an illegal operation—you have seen three performances so exquisitely beautiful that they will haunt your memory for a long time.

Elizabeth Allan and Clark Gable in "Men in White."

Myrna Loy has a thankless part, but does it very well. She is the rich society girl, in love with Gable, who does her best to lure him away from his hospital duties. Otto Kruger and Henry B. Walthall stand out effectively in "bits." Life has its sober moments, and this is one of them, but it won't bore you.

NANA

Rating: THE STAR IS GOOD, ANYHOW—*United Artists*

ANNA STEN brought her beauty to America—Sam Goldwyn opened up the safety deposit vault—the press agent put on the greatest publicity drive ever known —Radio City Music Hall furnished six thousand people—and "Nana" was launched!

The picture is enjoyable principally because of the star. She is ably supported, and there is not a flaw to be found with the artistry of the picture. Not so much can be said, however, for the theme of Zola's famous story. If Anna Sten had been given a sympathetic rôle, in a story that was appealing and plausible, she would today be one of the greatest stars on the screen. As it is, through someone's doubtful judgment, voluptuous Anna Sten is still among the unknown quantities. Whether the movie public will accept her, rave over her, pack theatres to see her as they do for Garbo, another importation, is still a matter to be decided, but as far as this reviewer is concerned, nothing shall prevent him from seeing this absolutely lovely creature in her next picture.

The character of Nana is familiar to many, and although this play differs from the book somewhat, the whole idea is that here we have a girl, very beautiful but incapable of feeling the slightest loyalty for the man who rescued her from the streets of Paris. Nana is faithless to her true love also, and, at the last moment, shoots herself in order that Lionel Atwill and Phil Holmes may regain their brotherly love. It is one of those dud climaxes without action, and certainly not a happy ending. The part of the theatre manager is played by Richard Bennett—one of his finest characterizations. Phil Holmes is excellent and Mae Clarke is almost as good as the star.

Richard Bennett and Anna Sten in "Nana."

Go to see Anna Sten by all means. You have never seen such perfection of the peasant type of beauty.

LET'S FALL IN LOVE

Rating: IT'S OKAY WITH ME—*Columbia*

LILTING tunes, songs you'll remember—and a girl you'll never forget. Boyoboy, that's "Let's Fall in Love." The girl is Ann Sothern (who used to be Harriet Lake on Broadway) and she was "discovered" by the Columbia producers after they had tested nearly every available girl in Hollywood for the rôle. You'll go nuts about Ann Sothern.

Edmund Lowe, Ann Sothern and Gregory Ratoff in "Let's Fall in Love."

The story centers around Hollywood. A temperamental movie star (excellently played by Tala Birell), walks off the set and the harassed director and producer are left high and dry. (When I tell you that Eddie Lowe plays the director, and Gregory Ratoff the producer, you'll know it's going to be some fun.)

The vacated rôle calls for a Swedish star —and there isn't a Swede in Hollywood who'll do. Eddie meets a girl in a circus concession and, struck by her beauty and charm, decides to give her a Swedish accent and foist her upon the producer and Hollywood as a famous Swedish society girl. It all works out swell until Miriam Jordan, Eddie's jealous fiancée, exposes the girl as a cheat and an imposter. But Eddie's head over heels in love with her —so nothing matters. Everything's excellent, even the song numbers.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Rating: AND FINDING SPENCER TRACY AND JACK OAKIE—*Twentieth Century*

FOLKS, meet the newest and most sensational team of 1934, Messieurs Tracy and Oakie. They work so swell together, and are so naturally funny, that we'll just have to order more of that team for future pictures. They certainly walk off with a high score in this picture—which is all about the adventures of one of the telephone company's "trouble shooters"—the poor dope who has to go out in rain, sleet, winds and storms and fix the phone wires so you can talk to Hazel out in Flatbush.

Constance Cummings and Spencer Tracy in "Looking for Trouble."

Spencer Tracy is the head trouble shooter, who has been everywhere and seen everything and is ready to settle down, and Constance Cummings is his girl friend who hasn't been anywhere and isn't ready to settle down. In order to avoid settling down she goes out with Morgan Conway (something new and intriguing in menaces) and gets into so much trouble that it takes Spencer, his pal Oakie, the entire Los Angeles police force, the Long Beach earthquake, and the death of Judith Wood to clear her. Whee-ew.

This is one of the best comedies of the month, with all concerned turning in grand performances—but especially Arline Judge (as Oakie's girl friend) and the team of Tracy and Oakie.

[*Continued on page* 60]

WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

PAIN—scientists now say—is attended by congestion of the tiny blood vessels and their feeders, called capillaries. These supply nourishing blood to the nerve endings and tiny muscles of your inner skin, preventing wrinkling and shriveling of your outer skin.

This is what happens every time your head aches: Tiny muscles contract like a clenched fist, retarding the flow of blood and causing pressure on the nearly 80,000 nerve ends which control pain in your face and head.

Physicians commonly use the term "headache face" in describing the patient whose beauty is marred by needless pain. Thus it is dangerous to your beauty to merely "grin and bear it". Each headache you neglect etches wrinkles in your face deeper and deeper until they become indelible lines of age.

HOW TO FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG

Now there is no excuse for neglecting pain—no excuse for letting it rob you of your charm—no excuse for missing exciting parties on account of it.

Modern doctors know that

HEXIN
MUCH QUICKER RELIEF
100 TABLETS 5 GRAINS
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Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

• • •

HEXIN—an amazing new scientific formula—relieves pain quickly, safely and naturally by relaxing tense muscles and releasing fresh blood to your irritated nerve ends. With lightning speed, HEXIN gently removes the direct cause of your pain.*

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which simply drug your nerves and encourage acidosis. HEXIN relieves pain safely by RELAXATION. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

AIDS SOUND SLEEP

Sound sleep is important to you in building up your energy. Don't let cigarettes, coffee, nervousness or worry, interfere with your rest.

The next time sleep won't come easily take 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Let HEXIN relax your tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic nor a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency by lying awake? HEXIN will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

HEXIN COMBATS COLDS

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds, but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood. HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress safely—by RELAXATION. Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting, or greatly relieves one that has started.

MAKE THIS TEST

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to combat your pain or distress. You'll never know what quick relief is until you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving women's periodic pains.

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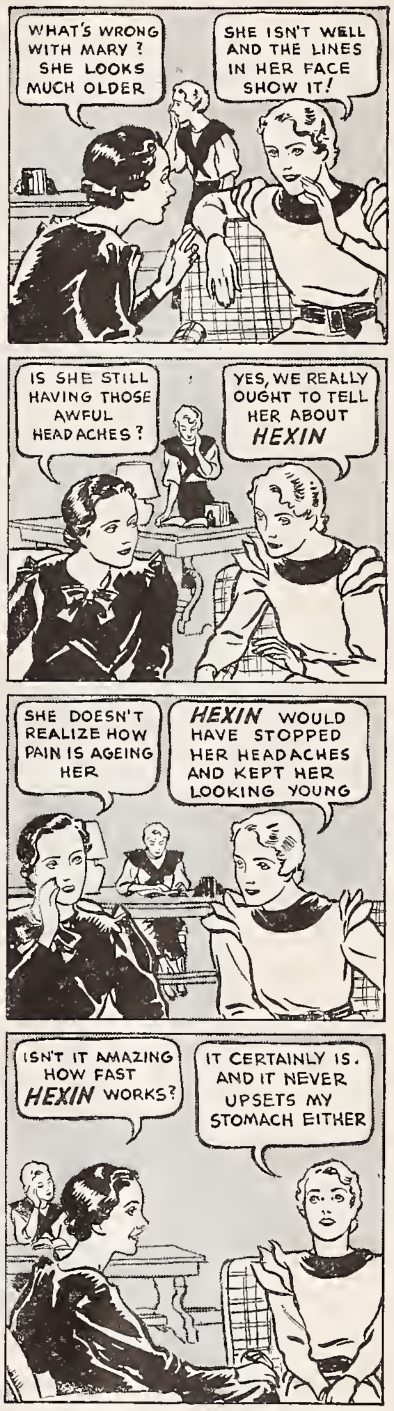
WHAT'S WRONG WITH MARY ? SHE LOOKS MUCH OLDER
SHE ISN'T WELL AND THE LINES IN HER FACE SHOW IT!
IS SHE STILL HAVING THOSE AWFUL HEADACHES ?
YES, WE REALLY OUGHT TO TELL HER ABOUT HEXIN
SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW PAIN IS AGEING HER
HEXIN WOULD HAVE STOPPED HER HEADACHES AND KEPT HER LOOKING YOUNG
ISN'T IT AMAZING HOW FAST HEXIN WORKS?
IT CERTAINLY IS. AND IT NEVER UPSETS MY STOMACH EITHER

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MEMBER
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WE DO OUR PART

Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

CAT AND THE FIDDLE

Rating: "Music Hath Charms"—*M-G-M*

AND here we go discovering Jeanette MacDonald all over again. She's been away in Europe so long that we had almost forgotten how beautiful she is—and how she can sing. In fact we can even go so far as to say that she is the only woman on the screen who can sing and look beautiful in a close-up at the same time.

Jeanette plays a young American songwriter, who is just about on her last sou over in Brussels when she meets Ramon Novarro, a starving young Bohemian composer. They starve and sing together and have a grand time until Frank Morgan, a sophisticated publisher, with an eye for a shapely leg, enters the picture. He publishes Jeanette's song, "The Night Was Made for Love," and persuades poor Ramon that he is ruining her career and to take the nearest exit. Jeanette pouts and Ramon suffers—but there's a very amusing and happy ending with Jeanette appearing suddenly to play the heroine in Ramon's operetta.

Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro in "Cat and the Fiddle."

Charlie Butterworth, with a penchant for the harp, is very funny as Ramon's friend. Sterling Holloway has one brief scene which is the funniest thing you've ever seen. Ramon sings several lovely songs—but, after all, it is Jeanette's picture.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

Rating: But It Doesn't Happen Often. Good—*Columbia*

WHOEVER had the bright idea to team Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable in a comedy directed by Frank Capra ought to get a new contract with another naught at the end of the salary. So much natural, wholesome, side-splitting fun hasn't come out of a Hollywood workshop since sex was discovered. Claudette and Clark just romp all over the place, as natural and gay as two kids with a jar of blackberry jam, and at the end of each sequence you're sure you've had your money's worth. But no—it gets funnier and funnier, and Claudette and Clark get more harum scarum, and by the time of the final fade-out you're too weak from laughing to go home, and have to see it all over again. There's a scene in which Clark instructs Claudette in the gentle art of hitch hiking, which takes the prize for comedy at its best.

The story's about a pampered, spoiled society girl who falls in love with a New York dilettante and fortune-hunter. She escapes from her father's yacht and takes a bus at Miami, headed for New York and her lover. But on the bus she meets a recently fired newspaper reporter—and things begin to happen. At first she's only a "scoop" to the reporter, who appoints himself to see that she eludes her father's detectives and gets to New York, and he is only an annoying young man who gets "in her hair" to her—but hardly have they left their first auto camp before they're hopelessly in love. Walter Connelly, as the banker father, is grand, and so is Roscoe Karns in a small part. But it's Clark and Claudette's picture, and how they seem to enjoy it! For an all-around perfect comedy don't miss this.

Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night."

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN

Rating: A Laugh and a Tear, and Very Well Done—*M-G-M*

WITH the ever-popular Lionel Barrymore as the star, this picture takes an average American family and shows their comedies, tragedies and reactions for forty-eight hours. Fay Bainter, famous Broadway stage star for years, plays the very charming mother of four children, whom she hesitates to leave alone for dinner while she signs a screen contract on her first novel.

The camera jumps from one member of the family to another—each with his or her own engrossing problem. Lionel is worried to the point of suicide over an embezzlement in which he is innocently involved. Mae Clarke, the older daughter, is making up her mind to marry the wrong man. Mary Carlisle, the younger daughter, is playing with fire because she longs for love in theatrical phrases. Tom Brown, the son, feels that his whole life depends upon his getting into a ritzy fraternity.

Of course a picture like this has to be episodic but. thanks to the direction and the smooth performances of all the players, there is nothing patchworky about it. Una Merkel makes every moment of her small part count. And there's that adorable Dickie Moore. You'll be very interested in Mr. Barrymore's family.

Fay Bainter and Lionel Barrymore in "This Side of Heaven."

JOE PALOOKA

Rating: Another Cagney Wins His Spurs—and Socks—*Twentieth Century*

JOE PALOOKA (Robert Armstrong) wins the championship and loses his wife and son in the same evening. Years later his wife, Marjorie Rambeau, has raised the son (who turns out to be Stu Erwin) to be anything but a prizefighter—but the lad's got it in his blood. In the course of his rise to the championship Stu manages to lose his girl friend, Mary Carlisle, acquire a swelled head and Lupe Velez, who flits from champ to champ and back again with a facility that must surprise even Johnny Weissmuller.

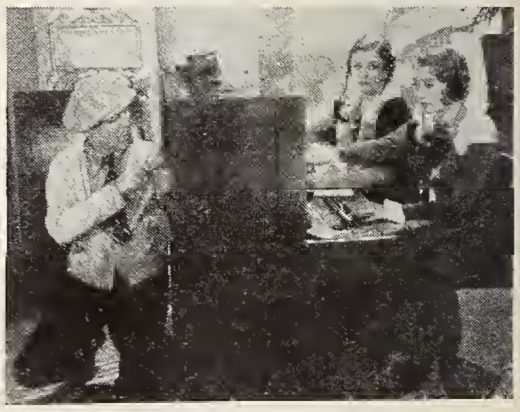
In the end Stu loses the championship and Lupe, but recovers his father, Mary Carlisle, his mother's love, and a normal headsize. Bill Cagney (Jimmy's brother and almost his spittin' image) plays Stu's rival in the ring and turns in a swell performance. At least Bill confines his socks to men. Jimmy Durante is here, there, and everywhere. There are some good robust laughs in this. It's all done to music.

Lupe Velez and Stuart Erwin in "Joe Palooka."

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER

Rating: Rings the Bell—*Warner's*

IT SEEMS that Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins are repair men for the telephone company and Joan Blondell, more beautiful than ever before, is a switchboard operator. The persistent Pat is in love with Joan and when trouble comes and she is accused of being a member of a gang of crooks, the trouble shooter, Pat O'Brien, by means of his knowledge of the telephone system, is able to listen in and locate the address of the crooks. Eugene Pallette, his boss, routs out the emergency crew and the excitement is so great that the audience fairly yelled when these avengers swept down around the hideout. It is not a gangster picture, but a very funny comedy.



Pat O'Brien, Renee Whitney and Joan Blondell in "I've Got Your Number."

"HI, NELLIE"

Rating: NOT SO HIGH—*Warner's*

YOU can't shoot a man for trying. Paul Muni, in "Scarface," was magnificent, in "I'm A Fugitive From A Chain Gang" he brought to life the screen's finest protest and did a most constructive service for the public, but when he went in for comedy in "Hi, Nellie"—well, they just didn't laugh. However, the picture gives up the idea of comedy, after a while, and becomes quite a dramatic story of a newspaper managing editor demoted to write a column of advice to lovers. This leads him to a clew concerning a murder, and the old newspaper instinct carries him back into his chair of authority. These scenes also carried Muni back to his high position as a dramatic actor. Glenda Farrell has a real screen personality that is winning her a large following. Ned Sparks, the dolorous, stole the picture.

GOOD DAME

Rating: "IF THE GOOD WERE ONLY CLEVER"—*Paramount*

HERE'S a story of a virginal chorine (Good Dame to you, and perhaps, Good Night!) who remains virginal despite Jack La Rue, carnivals, cops and whatnots until she gets her man (Fredric March). In the course of landing him she pulls buttons off his vest in order to sew them on again (sweet?), scorches one shirt and rips another just to keep him from going out with Noel Francis, and acts as his "shill" to keep him from being dishonest alone. Whimsies run riot all over the place just like mosquitoes in Jersey. And just as annoying. Sylvia Sidney and Freddie March would have been a lot better off without those whimsies.

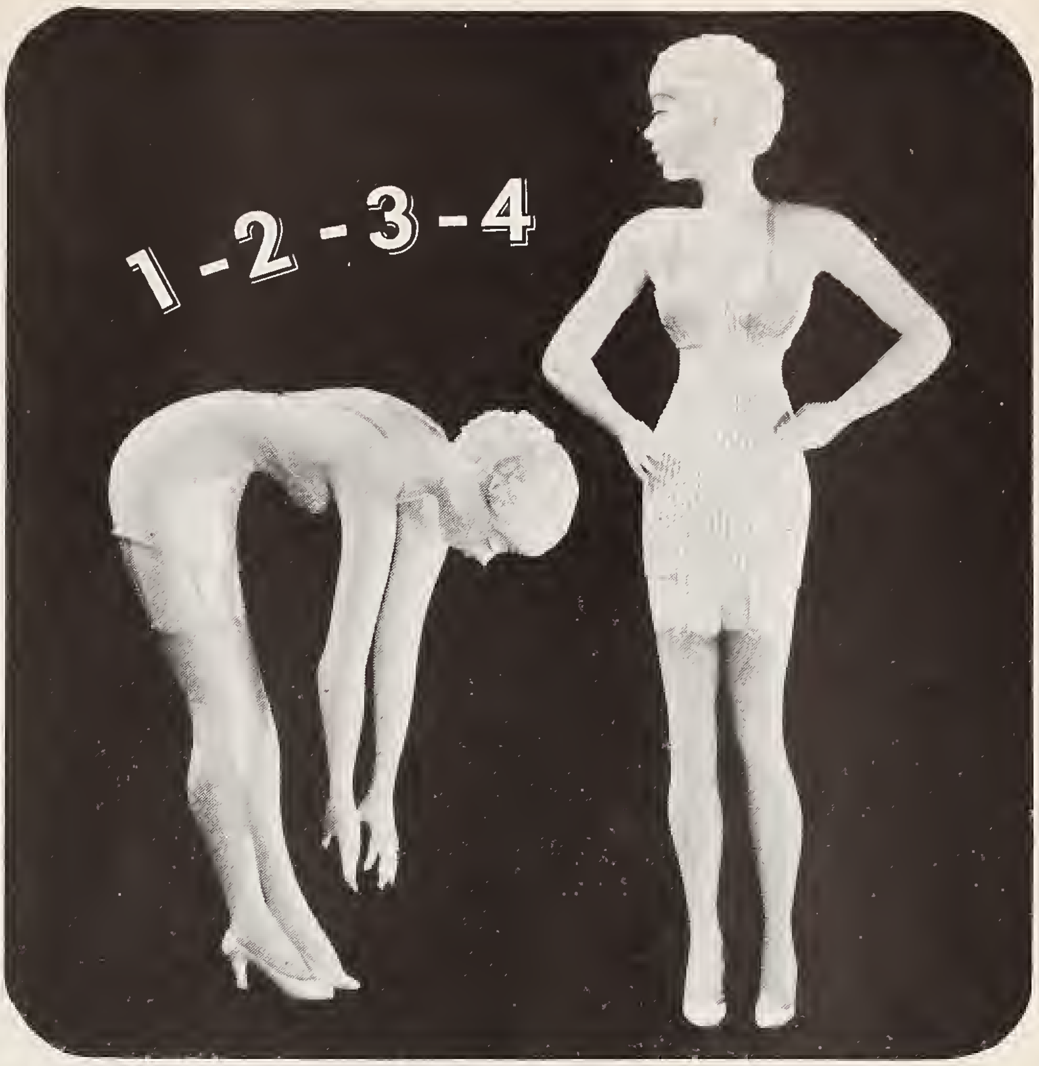
Fredric March and Sylvia Sidney in "Good Dame."

SIX OF A KIND

Rating: GOSH, WHAT FUN!—*Paramount*

SIX of the highest salaried, most famous comedians in the world—just count 'em: W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, Burns and Allen, Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles—all turned loose in one picture. Little man, what now? Either the most dismal flop of all times, or else one of the funniest pictures. Whoops, it's the latter, and what fun. It's sheer insanity from the opening scene on.

Don't dare miss seeing W. C. Fields do the famous pool table act, which he used to do nightly for hysterical New Yorkers in the Ziegfeld "Follies"—not to mention his famous story of how he was named "Honest John." And you'll never forgive yourself if you miss seeing George Burns and Gracie Allen join a honeymoon couple touring across the continent "to save expenses." Poor honeymooners. What Gracie does to them.



4 RULES *for keeping foundation garments shapely*

1. Wash often. Perspiration will ruin them if you don't!

2. Use pure, mild soap. "Ivory Snow is ideal," says Kathryn Martin, Washability Expert. Ivory Snow is made from pure Ivory Soap. You can use Ivory Snow as often as you like, and you can use enough of it to make thick suds, because it contains nothing strong or harsh to fade colors, shrink satin, or dry out elastic.

3. Rich suds, lukewarm, not hot! Remember, heat spoils elastic! You do not need heat to take out oily dirt when you have Ivory Snow's rich, fluffy suds. *And you don't need hot water to make suds with Ivory Snow.* Ivory Snow is *fluffy* . . . melts quick as a wink in safe LUKEWARM water. Don't squeeze or twist garment. Slosh it gently up and down in the suds, or, if heavy, scrub it with a soft brush.

4. Gentle, lukewarm rinse — don't wring. Ivory Snow suds are easy to rinse. No flat pieces in Ivory Snow to paste down on your garment and make soap spots! Roll foundation in a towel to blot up excess water; then shake out and dry in a place removed from direct heat. Before entirely dry, work it in your hands a bit to limber and soften it.

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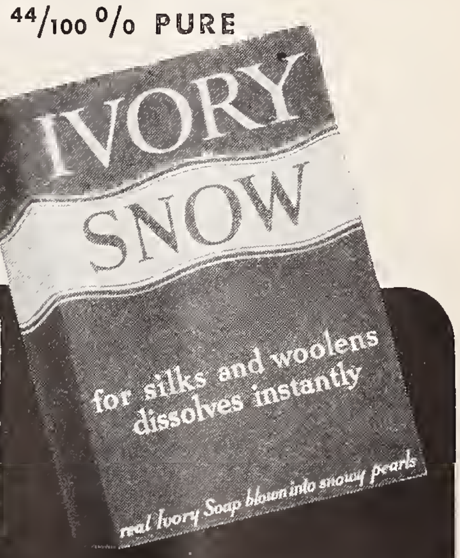

For 15¢ at your grocer's you can get a package of Ivory Snow that is as large as the 25¢ size of other soaps for fine fabrics. Enough pure, safe, quick-dissolving Ivory Snow to wash your silk stockings and lingerie every day for more than a month. Economical to use for dishes, too . . keeps your hands in the Social Register!

FLUFFY · INSTANT DISSOLVING IN LUKEWARM WATER

Una Merkel [Continued from page 29]

saved him from death during the war, an audience will suddenly perk up and start laughing the minute Una comes on the screen. Though the lines given her are often duller than a child's first reader, Una manages by some trick or other to put them over so that the audience will chortle just as if they'd heard a rare wise-crack. That's the curious part about Una—people always laugh. ZaSu Pitts, Aline MacMahon and Alice Brady are all superb comediennes too—but I defy them to get away with the tripe that Una gets away with. "The Day of Reckoning," about the dullest script in ten years, actually became an alive, interesting picture all because of Una's sense of comedy.

Harold Lloyd, who knows comedy when he meets it out, and has several million dollars in the bank to prove that he knows comedy when he meets it out, told me, "Una Merkel is the best of the young comediennes in Hollywood. The minute I decided upon 'The Catspaw' for my next picture I knew I was going to turn heaven and earth to get her to play the part of my girl friend, Petunia Pratt. It's a natural for her. The author must have had her in mind. Everytime I see Una going through her scenes I burst out laughing—and so will the audiences. She's a swell kid to work with, and a well-nigh perfect actress."

It's a mutual admiration society, for Una is crazy about Harold Lloyd and without any hesitation turned down three other pictures so she could be with him in "The Catspaw." Incidentally, Lloyd's press agent told me that Mr. Lloyd has had his script writers give Una a bigger part in this picture than any girl who has played with him before has ever had. Petunia Pratt is going to be a gal to reckon with.

And how's about Una off the screen? Is she just as funny off as she is on? Well, practically. She still has that very disturbing habit of running off her lines right out loud in the midst of traffic on Hollywood Boulevard. And just last week one of the local inhabitants received quite a thrill when Una's car drove up beside him, as he was standing on the corner of Vine Street waiting for the lights to change.

"Boy, boy," called Una hurriedly, "The Herald-Examiner, please."

She thrust three cents at the astounded youth and reached for the paper under his arm.

"Lady," said the man, coming to with a start. "I'm not a newsboy, I'm a bank clerk. But you can have a newspaper off of me anytime."

Una apologized profusely and drove off in a cloud of blushes while the young man muttered, "Well, sir, she's just as dizzy off the screen as she is on."

Although the most polite, unperturbed person in the world for weeks and months, all of a sudden Una will break down and get as mad as hops. One day, recently, when she was trying to get to the studio in a hurry, a large, loud Auburn got in front of her on a narrow road and refused to go more than twenty. Una honked politely, but the driver would neither move over nor increase his speed. This went on for five or six blocks and Una was raging. Suddenly after a vicious honk on Una's part the car suddenly swerved into a cross street (with Una narrowly missing the left fender) and the driver stuck his head out and laughed at Una. Miss Merkel, tut tut, was guilty both of sticking out her tongue at him and also of making a gesture that involves both the nose and thumb. As soon as she cooled down she was very ashamed of her temperamental outburst and now she is hoping to high heaven that the driver doesn't turn out to be David Selznick, Irving Thalberg, or Will Hays.

There are very few really loyal people left in this world—and Una is one of them.

After finishing "Nana," Anna Sten and her companion, Anna Filder, went to the dogs—Ha, Ha! Dog races at Palm Springs. The costume is Anna's own idea.

While she was in New York the thing she wanted to do above everything else was to play in "Coquette"—but John Golden had asked her to be in one of his plays and, after all, it was John Golden who had given her her start. So, although it nearly killed her Una turned down the Jed Harris offer and told Golden she would be in his play. "That's all I wanted to know, Una," said Mr. Golden. "You're a loyal kid. Now listen, my part for you isn't going to be so very important, so you phone Jed Harris right away and tell him you are ready to start rehearsals." "Coquette," as everybody knows, made theatrical history. And so it goes with Una—once you have befriended her in any way she never forgets it.

Una owns a beautiful home in exclusive Outpost and lives there with her husband, Ronnie Burla, and her mother and father, the famous "Betsy and Arno," and two of the cutest pups imaginable—a Scotty named Shanty who cuddles, and a wire-haired terrier named Patsy who has a passion for crunching ice cubes. And one of life's little jokes is that Una, in pictures, never gets to be wooed by Clark Gable or Bob Montgomery, but must be contented with Warren Hymer, or Stu Erwin, or Frank McHugh—one of the rough and ready comedy bozos; but when Una, in real life, married several years ago in Agua Caliente, she married a man far more handsome than Clark Gable or Bob Montgomery can ever hope to be.

Una is the first of her family to go in for dramatics—well, on the stage anyway. But she got an early start, as her mother and father used to take her in their arms to the old Walnut Theatre in Cincinnati. Una was as good as an angel cake, never fretted or cried. Her one contribution to the conversation would be "When do the shades go up, Daddy?" if the curtain was late in rising. When she was six she could go home and recite practically the entire play to anyone who would be good enough to listen.

But the biggest moment in her young life was when she wrote an essay that won a prize, and in return she was allowed to lay the cornerstone of the new Covington, Kentucky, high school—and cement up her precious essay inside. And weren't the Merkels proud of their baby! And they still are. There may be other actresses called Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton and Katharine Hepburn, but Betsy and Arno are quite convinced that they can't compare with their Una. And there are a lot of long suffering fans who think the same way.

Anything for a Laugh [Continued from page 31]

about it, and lo, here's a miracle!—a heavy rainstorm in California. Isn't it guh-r-r-r-r-rand . . . !" Then she dashed over to the window to enjoy it the more—and nearly collapsed when, looking out, she saw that the "rainstorm" was really Nils Asther's Japanese houseboy, playing the garden hose at full pressure on the window and roof. But Nils got plenty of publicity out of the gag—thanks to the published interview, and the talk of his "clever" trick, that ran the Hollywood rounds.

Ah, Hollywood—Hollywood . . . ! And here's more than a couple of thousand words about the goofy stunts they do in Hollywood, and I still haven't told you about how Hepburn climbs fire escapes at Radio studios in her evening clothes, rather than use the stairs; and how she sits in the middle of the street, holding up traffic, to read her fan mail; of how Bette Davis, when rumors of her separation from Hubby Harmon Nelson annoyed her, heaped coals of fire on Hollywood's head by attending a premiere with six young men, so Hollywood would have lots of co-respondents to chatter about; how Vince Barnett, insulter-in-chief to the film stars, tried to drive into the Brown Derby one lunch-time in a baby automobile; how Margaret Sullavan reading a NO SMOKING sign in a fire-hazard area, deliberately puffed a cigarette into a traffic officer's face and got herself arrested and her picture in two columns of newspapers space; how Neil Hamilton, beginning with amateur magic, switched to being the most notorious bicycler in Hollywood, even taking a 400-mile trip via bike to San Francisco, to get his pictures and name into the papers; how Lilyan Tashman upset the whole routine and discipline of Hollywood's most ritzy hospital by having lace bedspreads, lace pillows and a dozen other boudoir gadgets brought in so she could have news photographers shoot pictures of her in what she thought a hospital room *ought* to be; of how Wheeler and Woolsey, feeling the need of publicity, hired an airplane and went fishing from it, rather than hire a boat—and of how they engineered the naming of two intersecting streets in Oakland, California, "Wheeler street" and "Woolsey street" so that the street signs could read "Wheeler and Woolsey."

Even directors, too, go *that way*. There was the stunt James Cruze, who was once Betty Compson's husband, and whose other chief claim to fame is that he directed "The Covered Wagon," pulled with an artist named John Decker. Decker painted a caricature of Cruze. Cruze, ostensibly, refused to pay Decker the thousand-dollar fee, claiming the picture was not a good likeness. Next thing that happened, the picture, behind bars, was on display in a Hollywood photographer's show window, with a card proclaiming "JAMES CRUZE IN PRISON FOR DEBT." Forthwith, Cruze filed suit in the California Superior Court for $100,000 damages against Decker, for libel, slander and such things. It got columns of newspaper space, along with pictures of Cruze, Decker, the portrait, and the crowds in front of the photographer's shop. The space-value of the publicity alone ran into thousands of dollars at the regular newspaper advertising rates. And all it cost Cruze was the seven dollars he had to pay as fee for filing suit. The suit, of course, was dismissed in a few days, when Cruze formally reported it had been "settled out of court." The "settlement" consisted of a joint gloat by Cruze and Decker over the cheap publicity. And the reason I can tell you of this so much in detail is because, at the time, I was the newspaper reporter who helped them engineer the whole hoax . . . !

And still, if I had space, I'd tell of how Wheeler and Woolsey and Wally Beery went to lunch at the Brown Derby, dressed in skirts as a protest against Dietrich's wearing pants; I'd speculate on the odd coincidence of Garbo and Director Reuben Mamoulian getting columns of news space on their "secret" joint trip to the Grand Cañon, where they registered as "Mary Smith" and "John Brown"—names which would surely interest people enough to make them dig into the real identity of the two. And was it a coincidence that the stunt was on the eve of the première of "Queen Christina," wherein Garbo stars, and which Mamoulian directed? A coincidence?— ah, don't be silly . . . !

Even Charles Laughton, when interviewed, outclowns the Marxes—he leaps on desk-tops and jigs; hops in and out of windows; says silly things, befuddles the poor interviewer no end—but gets a reputation for being eccentric. There's the time sedate old Alison Skipworth, having guests from England, tied dozens of oranges onto a bare orange tree in her front yard, because she "wanted her country-folk to see how oranges grow in Hollywood." There's George Raft's famous bodyguards, Sammy Finn and Mack Grey, the latter of whom they've dubbed "the killer" at the studio—because they say he's the prototype of what you think the modern gangster looks like. There's Tom Mix, with his amazing white suit which he wears everywhere, his automobile with the saddle on the hood and the hand-tooled leather upholstery, and his horse, "Tony," which he even rode up the passenger gangplank of an Atlantic liner once, rather than treat Tony like any other horseflesh and have him "swung" aboard with a derrick. At least, that's the reason he *gave*—rather than say it was for the newspaper space and the pictures that the stunt gained for him.

And there are scores of other stunts, but, after all, there's got to be room for something else in this magazine besides the well-calculated insanity of Hollywood's denizens. And so I won't take up space with such things as Mary Brian's beaux, the gardenias Crawford wears; Hepburn's torn overalls. Maybe, as Ethel Waters says: "That's show business."

After all the hounding by newspaper reporters, following her little automobile trip into Arizona with her director, Greta Garbo decided once more to try to throw annoying people off the scent. So she's back in Brentwood again, in a very yellow house, and only a block away from Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone and Clark Gable, and three blocks from Claudette Colbert and Zasu Pitts. Not that Greta ever expects to borrow a cup of sugar.

TRY THESE
Hollywood Hair Styles
But don't let wispy **DRY** *hair or stringy* **OILY** *hair spoil the effect*

One Hollywood star famous for her "allure" wears a long soft bang. The curls over her ears and at the neck-line are fluffed well forward. A good style for the new "off the face" baby bonnets—but wispy, dry, harsh hair would ruin the effect. Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo treatment (given below) helps to correct over-dry hair.

Expressive of her vivacious personality is the radiant, up-tossed mass of loose curls worn by one queen of the silver screen. A piquant fashion—and becoming—but impossible to achieve with oily, stringy hair. To help correct over-oily hair, use the Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo treatment below.

Help for **DRY** *hair:*

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair*. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct **OILY** *hair:*

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair*. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

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OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** *hair*

PACKER'S OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
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PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for **OILY** *hair*

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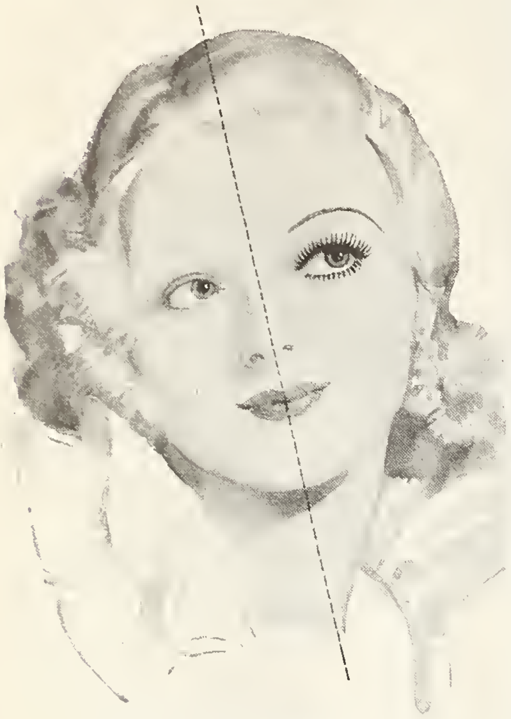

Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline. Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how your eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. This smooth, easily applied mascara is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. You'll be delighted with the results. Yes, thrilled! Black for brunettes, Brown for blondes. 75c at any toilet goods counter.

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Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER

The perfect *Mascara*

Constance Bennett

[*Continued from page* 22]

But what I was trying to point out is this: the public might invest money in stocks but they do not control the market. There are a few men, some of whom constitute themselves 'Bulls' and some 'Bears,' and they are the ones who send stocks up or down. All the public can do is to follow like sheep, and hope they guess right. But, in this business, it's altogether different. The public holds the whip hand.

"Producers can try until they are blue in the face to foist their pretty little doll-faced ingenues, their sophisticates and their sirens—their Arrow collar men and jungle lovers on John Public, but if John Public doesn't like those ingenues, sophisticates, sirens and jungle lovers, all the producers in Hollywood can't make stars of them. All they can do is to develop the people in whom the public do evince an interest."

That was pretty strong, but Constance never hedges. She is as definite in her ideas and her expression of them as she is in her business dealings. She was by no means through with the subject yet.

"I used to think in the days of silent pictures that films really constituted a form of art. Of course, some of the pictures were pretty bad—but they were useful. So many people can never get away from the place where they were born, and those pictures enabled them to see what foreign lands were like. They had pretty definite ideas of how courts were conducted, and I mean royal courts, not civil ones. They got ideas of the customs and how people dressed in foreign lands.

"To be sure, they could have read books and got the same knowledge but we never do the things we mean to and, sometimes, something you have actually *seen* makes much more of an impression on you than something you have merely read. You see it as it actually is, and your imagination doesn't run away with you the way it does when you try to picture a place to yourself. Besides, if you read about those things it's like learning a lesson, whereas if you go to see a story filmed, and the scenery merely forms the background, you remember it as some place where something happened to someone in whom you are interested.

"Now, with sound, the value of the newsreels and travelogues is augmented. You not only see a football game, you hear it. You not only see pictures of foreign places, you have them explained at the same time.

"I must confess, since talking pictures arrived I can't quite look on them as art to the same degree, but I think the reason for that is because we have had so many more cycles than we used to have.

"When the novelty of talking pictures had worn off, the producers were scurrying around like frightened rabbits trying to find something with which to intrigue the public's interest. When one of them made a good picture, instead of the other companies trying to find something different that could be made equally well, they all tried to outdo the first company in making more and better pictures of the same type.

"People talk about the fickleness of the public. I don't think they're fickle. I think they are intensely loyal. Look at the way fans stick by their favorites despite poor pictures—and we all turn out bad films occasionally. I think they've stayed away from the theatres not only because of the depression, but because they were satiated with too many films of the same quality.

"Look at all the cycles we've had in the last few years: Westerns, musicals, sophisticated dramas like 'This Thing Called Love,' 'Holiday' and 'Paris Bound.' Then there was the cycle of plays dealing with backstage life, underworld dramas, another dealing with the inner workings of studios like 'What Price Hollywood,' another in which newspaper columnists were exploited and still another in which the entire action took place in one *locale.* Most people credit 'Grand Hotel' with starting the last named, but it wasn't—it was 'Transatlantic.'"

"You were speaking," I interrupted, "of all actresses making bad pictures occasionally. What excuse is there for that?"

"Ah," she murmured gleefully. "I was hoping you would ask that. So many times the blame is laid on an actress for appearing in poor plays. Well, in the majority of cases the actress has absolutely nothing to say about the vehicles in which she appears. She is under contract to a studio and all she can do is play the parts they assign her. If she balks, stories immediately go the rounds that she is becoming temperamental.

"A few actresses, of which number I am fortunate enough to be one, have some say about their stories but even we do not have unlimited power to select our scenarios. I *am* permitted to select the unit with which I want to work and I select men in whose judgment I have confidence. When we are ready to go into production we have conferences. I might hold out for one story, but if the majority of them feel it is not a good story for me I would be silly to insist upon it. I ask to have them assigned to my unit because I respect their opinions. When I find myself in the minority, it is simply a matter of common sense for me to defer to those opinions.

"Sometimes it would have been better had I stuck to my own judgment, but equally as often I've avoided mistakes by giving in."

The telephone interrupted us to call her back to the set and I left with a greater feeling of admiration than ever for Constance's sense of fairness and level-headedness. But, greater than these, was a feeling of relief at hearing from her own lips that she won't be leaving the screen. Not for a long time, anyhow.

All Figured Out

[*Continued from page* 56]

working, and I've done eight productions this past year, I am up at 6:30 in the morning, eat breakfast, read the headlines in the papers, and I'm off to the studio. I generally get home around 7:30 in the evening, eat dinner, turn on the radio for a bit of music while I study the script for the next day, and pop into bed. What sort of husband would I make on that schedule"?

He does admit that he grows lonely some nights when the moon is low and the California weather especially balmy. But he contends that he plans to satisfy his acting ambitions, retire at his screen peak, and then settle down to domesticity.

I often run into Gene at previews. He plans them, too! "I go only to those shows I think are worth-while. One can pick up pointers by observing our best actors.

As we left the studio cafe, Gene to return for the final sequence on his latest fillum, and I to hasten home to record this impression of Hollywood's *planningest* young hero, I heard the pert cashier discreetly burst into song. When Gene passed her, she scanned him appraisingly. And I caught her crooning, *sotto voce:*

"Love got me, it might get you."

It's That Man Again

[*Continued from page* 23]

is so beloved—he has never forgotten. Whether he is rich at the moment or poor, he never forgets that, for most of us, life is not a matter of caviar and Rolls-Royces. You can no more imagine him acting high-hat, than you can imagine him sprouting wings. So far as Eddie is concerned, he has just been lucky. He works hard, yes—and gets a lot of money for it. But he never forgets that there are lots of men who work just as hard and get nothing for it, or next to nothing. That is why, even when he is being funny, he is so humble. He never says, "I'm better than you." His attitude says, "You're better than I. All I'm good for, all I hope for, is to make you laugh, make you happier for a precious minute of your life. I'm just your clown."

He never asks you to laugh at anybody else. He asks you to laugh at *him*.

And when he isn't clowning, those big eyes of his are sad. Always. He has not forgotten.

He has not forgotten Grandma Esther. The only mother he ever knew, a bent little old Jewish woman with her worn-out shawl over her head. What could a little old woman like that do to earn a living for her boy? Sometimes she earned a dollar commission for placing an immigrant girl in some rich family as a servant. Oftener there was no food in the house. How easy it would have been for the ragged little Eddie, with his stomach crawling from hunger, to swipe fruit from the corner push-cart. But Grandma Esther taught him to admire hard, honest work. To despise crooks and loafers. Grandma Esther, denying herself food so that he could eat, taught him kindness, unselfishness, gentleness, idealism; taught him to have faith in his fellows, to believe in goodness and justice and righteousness.

Eddie has never forgotten Grandma. Her gentle spirit has walked with him all his life, guiding him. No living man can say that Eddie has ever done anything cruel, or mean, or crooked. No living man can say that he has ever cracked a nasty joke . . . That, too, is why we like Eddie Cantor. We know that he is honest, that he is square and clean and decent . . . I heard Eddie talk about his grandmother once over the radio. Before he was half way through with what he had to say he was crying.

Nope—even when we see Eddie in one of those undressed girl shows like "Roman Scandals," where he does a lot of eye-rolling and whooping, as the pretty girls come marching past him in their filmy draperies, he sort of takes the naughtiness out of it. He makes the naughtiness innocent. Because we know he's really thinking of Momma at home—the grey-haired, comfortably-stout wife who means everything in the world to him. And we know that, when Eddie himself looks at those pretty movie girls, he is thinking that they're a lot of sweet, cute kids like his own big family of daughters at home. Somehow Eddie's wicked leer doesn't ring true. He doesn't fool us. We know he's a family man. And so we chuckle all the more.

And that's why we like Eddie, perhaps, most of all. Because he's the man who lives in the house right next door to us. Because he's like us. One of us. And knows it. And is glad of it. And never wants to be anything better.

Eddie loves us.

And so we love him.

Much comment has been occasioned by Marlene Dietrich's passion for white flowers. Her home and dressing room are always filled with them.

JANE FROMAN

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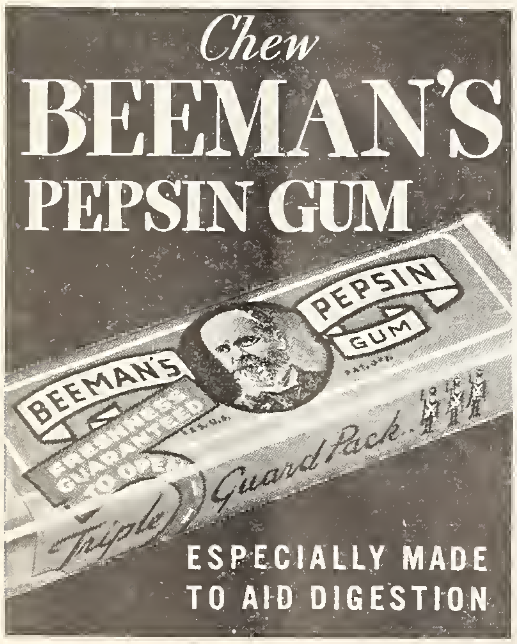
Try Beeman's today! Smell its aromatic freshness as you puncture the airtight wrap. Enjoy its genuinely fine flavor. And chew it regularly for its mild, pleasant aid to digestion.



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young and their beautiful daughter, Carol Anne.

That Funny Divorce

[*Continued from page 19*]

that Carole Lombard is about the sincerest, swellest, all-around grand person I have met in Hollywood—and I meet very easily. She continues to go with Bill Powell because he has the best sense of humor of any man she knows, and is the most entertaining—and it's probably a case of vice versa, for Carole, herself, has a divine sense of humor, which even includes laughing at herself. I always say show me a movie star who can laugh at herself and I'll—I'll—well, I'll drop in to see her every chance I get. It's such a relief to find a down to earth person like Carole, who doesn't go into an act for you when you come to interview her but gives you credit for being a normal, sane person. One does become a bit bored and wearied with these intense, dramatic stars who speak in sacred whispers of their Art, of their supreme renunciations for their Career (the only patter of little feet they hear is Fido tracking up Billy Haines' white rug again), of their purity of Idealism, and of their emotional love for Beauty and Simplicity. Nuts!

Carole has the right slant on a career. She's just as ambitious and eager to succeed as the intense ones—but she sees no reason to get all wrought up over it. Unlike most movie stars she knows darned well if she retired on Wednesday, there'd be a new star in her dressing room by Saturday and she'd be completely forgotten by Monday. She's not the least bit conceited, praises be, and her grand philosophy of life is, enjoy it while you can, and as much as you can, so long as you don't hurt anyone else. This having moods, and acts, and temperaments, and jealousies just isn't in her line. Too bad—but she can't be bothered.

That famous sense of humor—which both Bill and Carole possess to such a startling degree—was really the cause of their divorce. In a comedy team there's got to be a straight man who feeds the guy who pulls the gags—but, alas, neither Bill nor Carole could play straight. So when Carole saw she was interfering with Bill's sense of humor, she knew it was time to do something about it to save both herself and him. They'd be bickering soon, and snapping at each other maybe, and, worst of all, they'd probably stop laughing at each other's jokes. So, to save his sense of humor, Carole went to Reno. And now they're very happy because they only see each other at their best.

Carole is just about to have one of her ambitions fulfilled. For a long time she has wanted to play the temperamental movie star in "Twentieth Century" when Columbia starts filming it soon—so when she gets through the Bing Crosby picture she's working on now, she's going in for histrionics in a big way, and be just the kind of movie star on the screen that she isn't in real life. Carole's idea of a swell laugh is to look at old pictures of herself, when she was careening around with the Mack Sennett bathing girls in famous pie-throwing comedies, or when she was the little gal that got chased by the Bad Men in the old Westerns. Her favorite Western was "Hearts and Spurs." Carole has been in Hollywood ever since she was a kid, and when some of the stars start being grand around her, she simply says, "Pipe down, Ella, I knew you when——"

Carole's pride and joy, when it comes to ze hearty laugh, is her secretary, Madeleine Fields. Carole claims that her house is so crowded with Madeleine's friends these days that she doesn't have any room for her own. But the height of something or other was reached recently when Carole said, "Madeleine, take a letter please." "Aw nuts," said her secretary, "I'm too tired."

Can't you just see some of the Glamorous Ones having a stroke if their poor frightened secretaries ever answered them like that? But the chances are Carole raised Madeleine's salary. So, dear fan, if you're waiting for Miss Lombard to answer that nice letter you wrote her, don't get too impatient. Miss Madeleine Fields may be in the mood to take a letter any day now.

The Last of The Temperaments!

[*Continued from page 33*]

argument ensued and it was a notable verbal battle. Mae went to the front office. So did Von Stroheim. A compromise was finally effected.

Elsie Ferguson revelled in temperament. She always insisted on take after take until the whole staff was on the verge of nervous prostration.

On one historic occasion, she cried out: "My spark, I have lost my spark!"

With one motion, as if by a given signal, the electricians turned out all the lights in tribute to that *spark*.

As Marie Dressler says: "Temperament was often used to express a little brief authority."

As an instance of this sort of thing, we recall that when Theda Bara was famous as a vampire, she employed a man to walk in front of her as she serpentined from set to set. He pounded a distaff on the floor, and called out in stentorian tones: "Make way for BARA, make way for BARA."

As we stated in the opening paragraph, Temperament is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, but it still crops out now and again.

One day last year, Tala Birell looked over some *rushes*. Certain of her favorite scenes were cut out. As it happened, reasonably so. Tearfully she rushed from the projection room to her bungalow. She went on a crying spree and no one was admitted for the rest of the day.

She would only deal with one member of the publicity department, to the exclusion of all others. It is said that when members of the press came to interview her, she would exclaim:

"Who is *that* person?" and then demand that they leave.

While working on the Universal lot, Helen Twelvetrees refused to report to the gallery for portrait poses. Finally the company had to send her a legal notice. It recalled a clause in her contract to the effect that she agreed to pose for *stills*. And so she reported!

Universal brought Margaret Sullavan, a Broadway leading woman, to Hollywood to play the lead in "Only Yesterday." Tales of her temperamental outbursts leaked out. Finally she packed her clothes and drove to the station to return to New York. A committee from Universal intercepted her. She agreed, after much argument, to be a good girl and resume work on the picture, but her explanation for leaving was: "I made fifty-four takes for one scene and no one can work that hard." We do not know who was to blame, the star or the studio heads, but be that as it may, to shoot scenes over and over again fifty-four times is enough to drive anyone into a fit of temperament.

Elissa Landi walked off the Fox lot and took a trip to Europe. So they released her. They say that the regal Elissa was of the fainting variety, and would pass out at crucial moments of production. However, on her return to the film capital, she was immediately engaged by Universal, on a picture by picture contract, and the members of that organization cannot sing her praises too highly. They declare she is absolutely *untemperamental* and a fine trouper. Who can tell but what she was absolutely right in her differences with the Fox company, and is very smart in seeking new fields to conquer.

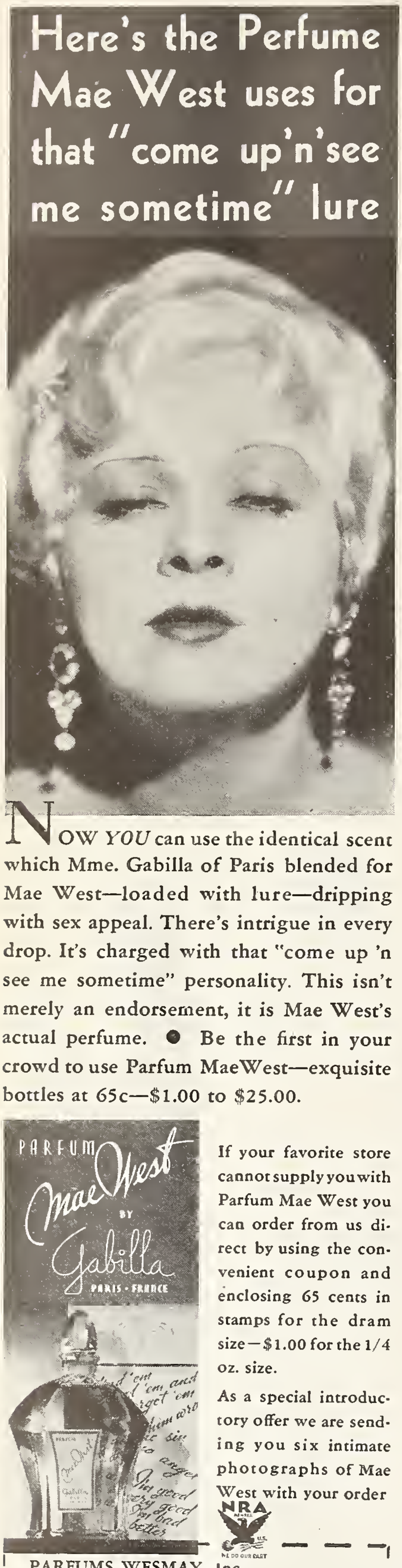
Miriam Hopkins, a fine artist, has her moments, but always her great sense of humor wins the day. Her tempests are

AT LAST YOU'RE VISITING ME, SUE! I'M DELIGHTED BUT IT IS GOING TO BE PRETTY QUIET FOR YOU — NO PARTIES. THE WOMEN HERE AREN'T VERY NEIGHBORLY. EVEN YOUR FRIEND CALLED ONLY ONCE
HOW FUNNY, DEAR. I THOUGHT YOU AND ANN WOULD BE GREAT FRIENDS. I'LL ASK HER WHAT'S WRONG
NEXT DAY — Sue gets the "lowdown"
ANN, YOU SAY THAT YOU..... THAT EVERYONE LIKES HER.... IT IS ONLY THAT SHE'S CARELESS
YES, PUT YOUR THINKING CAP ON, SUE. GET HER TO END "B.O." AND I'LL SEE THAT SHE'S SWAMPED WITH INVITATIONS
A CONSPIRACY IT SHALL BE! I HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT. WHEN I GO HOME NEXT WEEK, I'LL.....
THAT'S A REAL IDEA, SUE. IT'S SURE TO WORK. FOR ONCE PEOPLE TRY LIFEBUOY THEY NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE
NEXT WEEK
OH DEAR, SUE'S FORGOTTEN HER TOILET SOAP. WHY, IT'S LIFEBUOY! M-M-M ... HOW CLEAN IT SMELLS. I'M GOING TO TRY IT
NEVER SAW SUCH SOFT, RICH LATHER. LEAVES YOU SO CLEAN-FEELING! I'LL ORDER MORE LIFEBUOY AT ONCE
"B.O." GONE — appreciated at last!
YES, I'D LOVE TO JOIN THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE, ANN THANKS FOR ASKING ME
DON'T THANK ME, MY DEAR. THIS TOWN IS JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE HOW FORTUNATE IT IS TO HAVE YOU!
HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW SMOOTH AND CLEAR BETH'S SKIN LOOKS LATELY?
YES, THAT'S ANOTHER THING LIFEBUOY HAS DONE FOR HER
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

YOU can tell a Lifebuoy complexion—fresh, glowing, radiant with healthy beauty. Lifebuoy's rich, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities—clears and freshens cloudy skin. Purifies body pores of odor-causing waste. Removes all trace of embarrassing "B.O." (*body odor*).

Easy to offend—play safe!

Why risk this common yet unforgivable fault when Lifebuoy will keep you *safe?* Bathe regularly with this delightful toilet soap. Enjoy the *extra* protection which its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



Here's the Perfume Mae West uses for that "come up'n'see me sometime" lure

NOW *YOU* can use the identical scent which Mme. Gabilla of Paris blended for Mae West—loaded with lure—dripping with sex appeal. There's intrigue in every drop. It's charged with that "come up 'n see me sometime" personality. This isn't merely an endorsement, it is Mae West's actual perfume. ● Be the first in your crowd to use Parfum MaeWest—exquisite bottles at 65c—$1.00 to $25.00.

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If your favorite store cannot supply you with Parfum Mae West you can order from us direct by using the convenient coupon and enclosing 65 cents in stamps for the dram size—$1.00 for the 1/4 oz. size.

As a special introductory offer we are sending you six intimate photographs of Mae West with your order

NRA

PARFUMS WESMAY, Inc.
19 West 18th Street, N.Y.C. ( ) 65c. size
Enclosed find money for ( ) 1.00 size
Name S-2
Address ....
City .... State ....
NOTE: This is not merely an endorsement — this is the personal perfume of Mae West.

few and far between and of the teapot variety.

One day Miriam was carrying on a bit. So Ernst Lubitsh called up a sanitarium. A short while afterwards an ambulance, with two attendants, drew up to the door of the stage on the Paramount lot. The doors being open, in between takes, everyone saw the wagon.

Ernst, his eyes twinkling, took Miriam by the arm as the attendants stepped forward. His inference was clear. He might just as well have said: "Here you are, Miriam, you seemed crazy, so I sent for the buggy wagon."

Miriam's eyes also twinkled, and then she broke into a hearty laugh. Our informant tells us the joke cost Lubitsh a pretty piece of change, but he can well afford it, and Miriam was herself again.

La Bow recently, while working in "Hoopla," insisted on music, very much in the Louise Huff manner. Having gained her point, she was happy. "I'm a very moody person," she explained, "and I am very responsive to music. I need it to get into the mood I am to portray."

For several years two stellar names have spelled temperament—John Barrymore and Connie Bennett. But to their everlasting credit, let it be said, their defenders are legion. Their henchmen cry out to the high heavens that Don John and La Belle Bennett never show temperament until sore pressed, and at such times have that divine right.

John and Billie Burke were rehearsing a poignant scene for "Bill of Divorcement." They stopped for a rest, John retiring to a corner to concentrate on the reading of the exacting lines.

A member of the publicity department approached.

"Mr. Barrymore," he said, "here is a magazine article that must go out tonight to meet a deadline. Will you please read and okay?"

Barrymore snapped out of his reverie.

"You ignoramus you—you——! How dare you interrupt me at such a time!" The famous Barrymore temperament was out of control. Word bombs burst in the air.

The publicity man stood aghast, rooted to the spot. The staff listened to the verbal cyclone with mixed emotions. Finally the P.A. recovered himself and left the set with as much dignity as he could muster.

Half an hour later his telephone rang. His secretary answered.

"Mr. Barrymore asks you to see him on the set," she told the offended one.

"Tell him I am busy, can't come," he grumbled.

Three more calls came, making the same request and answered in the same manner, until—

"Mr. Barrymore asks Mr. ——— to please see him immediately as it is important."

So the P.A. sauntered up to Barrymore with fire in his eyes.

Barrymore ignored his irate expression. He reached out and took his hand.

"Old man," he said, with that charm, which is the *royal family's* greatest asset, "I apologize—I was wrong, but you see that scene is important and I was just getting the feel of it."

A few minutes later both men were huddled over the article. Friends—and all was well with the world.

"He was right and I was wrong," is the P.A's reading of the incident. "I should have waited until a more propitious moment to show him the article."

We think the boy is right. Unless you are of the rarely gifted you cannot judge Barrymore according to your lights.

An R-K-O official just as vehemently defends the so-called temperament of Connie Bennett.

"She is a shrewd business woman and has one of the best story minds in pictures," he declares. "'She always listens to reason, but if she is sure of herself, she stands by her guns. She loves to argue, but it irks her when people *Yes* her and then go off and do exactly opposite to what they have promised. Furthermore, she has never held up production. She only blows up when there is a reason, just as anyone else would."

An advertising man asked Connie to give him a testimonial for a certain make of silk stockings. Very sweetly she told him that she did not go in for that sort of thing. He departed. The next day he came back and made the same request. Kindly, she regretted that her decision was final. But when he came around again two days later and argued with her, she blew up.

She has given orders that she will not see interviewers while working or rehearsing on the stage. But despite that order a newspaper man demanded an interview. He had to meet a certain deadline. As he was a powerful member of the press, it was finally decided to take him to Miss Bennett.

Muriel Evans and her knee muffs, which prevent the winds from reaching the Evans above.

Connie tempestuously expressed herself. *She* had a deadline to meet and meant to meet it, regardless of *his* deadline. There were thunder and lightning for a few minutes. The newspaper man departed, probably with a story of the Bennett temperament.

When Pathe was combined with R-K-O, the latter firm was unable to find a proper story for Connie until after three weeks had passed. During the wait, she cancelled her contract and a new one was drawn up for her at her own request. She saved R-K-O thirty thousand dollars, ten thousand per week.

While making "Rockabye," she spent eight hours shooting scenes in an exterior swimming tank. The day was damp and murky. Had she been so inclined, she had the right to refuse to make the scenes until the weather cleared up. But Connie troups when there is work to be done.

Recently she was making a sequence with a man and a child. The man turned quickly with the child in his arms, and the boy's foot swung and hit her in the eye. She was hurt badly, but did not complain. She finished the scene and then went to her dressing room where cold compresses were put on. Later she returned to the set and continued work where she had left off.

We have all heard how, on a certain occasion, she held up production to increase the size of a set six feet or so. She claimed more room was needed to suit the action. The story leaked out and she was criticized. Perhaps, after all, she was right!

A few weeks ago three milliners had no end of trouble fitting a hat on Katharine Hepburn's head. They even stuck pins into her scalp while trying on the obstinate headpiece.

But, Katharine laughed despite her wounds over their futile attempts. Good-naturedly she took the offending millinery away from them, made the necessary alterations herself, and all was well.

If this had happened to one of our earlier cinema queens there would have been a *scene*. Most certainly the milliners would have lost their jobs.

When you consider the terrific strain under which our satellites work, there are times when their bursts of temperament should be condoned. Enough nervous energy is consumed to stoke a ship. After all, we are inclined to believe they are entitled to explode *at times* by divine right.

When George Burns was asked how he and Gracie Allen got famous on the radio, George said: "Well, at first Gracie was a dumb dame, but other performers got to copying her, so we put our heads together, and now she's just plain nuts."

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MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! Never *too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls!*

But remember... Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. *Just remember the name* Eagle Brand.

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Please send me FREE booklet, "Amazing Short-Cuts."

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"I'm That Way" says Jean Harlow

[*Continued from page* 25]

"I want something that will give me warmth," she said. "I have no idea of what the picture will be. We are looking for the story now. But every rôle I have had, until now, has been brittle, a little hard, a little bit *one color*, if you know what I mean. I love to do comedy. But I want something which will give me roundness, human-ness, something that will let me be a real woman. Something that will give me the emotions, the reactions, of an honest-to-goodness woman to work with! *I know what those reactions are.* I am ready for a rôle like that."

Well, of course she is ready for a rôle like that! She has fire and depth and intelligence. Added to those important factors is the fact that she has lived through more in her short life than most women do in an entire life time. "Nothing can ever frighten me again," she says. "I know . . . now."

Her tragic experience with Paul Bern deepened and matured her where it would have defeated a weaker woman. Jean looks about seventeen . . . almost adolescent. Yet there is a dignity about her, sometimes an expression, which betrays how much she has experienced, how intensely she has lived.

Important people—people with talent to give to the world—must live like that. No matter how dramatic a scene Jean may be given to play in a picture, she will have had just as dramatic scenes in her own life, and her interpretation of that scene will be the more powerful because of the things she has experienced. If there is a new womanliness, a new sweetness, a new depth, in the Jean you see on the screen today . . . it is because life has tempered her.

The metal does not enjoy the fire . . . but the steel which emerges from the furnace is fine . . . and it gives off a singing sound when you touch it.

Jean Harlow is "like that."

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POPULAR STAR

What shade is your hair?

Tell me and I will tell you an important little secret about your hair that will enable you to bring out all its natural loveliness and sheen in a *single, simple* shampooing.

Golden Glint Shampoo reveals the full beauty of your particular shade because it is used differently on your shade than on other shades. Simple directions tell you how. One shampoo and your hair glows with a new radiance. 25c at your dealers'—or let me send you a free sample and a personal letter about your hair.

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J. W. KOBI CO., 617 Rainier Ave., Dept. D
Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*
Name__________
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Color of my hair:

What **SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND**

SHE *could* have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR (Nature's Remedy)**, as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists'.

FREE! New gold & blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer — samples NR and Tums. Send name, address, stamp to
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"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

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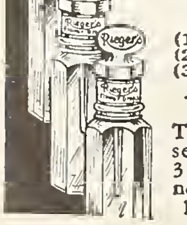

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To pay for postage and handling send only 30c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. **PAUL RIEGER,** 174 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

"That's My Business"—Paul Muni

[*Continued from page* 34]

"I do admire her. I feel that she is a person to be reckoned with. But I cannot truthfully say that I like her." He hesitated a moment as if groping in the dark for the best explanation. "Perhaps it is because I, like her, am introspective, what psycho-analysts call neurotic. Our kinship in this respect would forbid us from ever being what might be called friendly, in the true sense of the word."

Somehow or other our conversation touched upon the screen version of "Counsellor at Law," and I expressed my disappointment at not seeing him in the part he had made famous on the stage.

Muni smiled. "I thought you'd get to that. Everybody does eventually. And everybody seems to be sorry for me because the rôle was assigned to John Barrymore. Well, they needn't be. When I decided not to play the rôle for Universal several producers in Hollywood wanted to buy the play from Mr. Laemmle *if* I would play the part for them.

"But that was not the point at all. It didn't matter who produced the picture. It was simply that I was tired of the rôle—I had played it for almost two years on the stage in New York—and I felt that it had worn me out emotionally and that there was nothing further that I could give to it. My interpretation on the screen might have been wooden, uninspired because of too long usage. Also, I felt that if I played the part—that of an East Side lawyer—on the screen it would type me for all times, inasmuch as it was the rôle of my legitimate career that stood out above all others.

"There was another reason, too. A more personal one. That was the unspoken determination of Elmer Rice, the playwright, to take it for granted that I could be sold down the river to the movies along with his play. The old slave idea, you see, just didn't click with me. Thank heavens the picture is made and released and a success. Now I can breathe freely once more. I assure you, it gave me many a sleepless night.

"I have a perfect horror of being 'typed,'" he continued. "When I was not asked to do another 'Scarface' or another 'Fugitive' I felt that I had actually skirted a dangerous abyss. In 'The World Changes' I was called upon to play four of the principal periods in the life of any man—and yet that didn't satisfy me. I feel that acting is more than just sprinkling grey in the hair or wearing a white wig to denote the change in a man's character during the passage of time. That's why I was so eager to do 'Hi, Nellie' after 'The World Changes.' The rôle is a complete right-about-face. As the wise-cracking newspaper editor, who gets demoted to an advice to the lovelorn column, I was supposed to be ironically gay and nonchalant. None of my other rôles resembled it even remotely. Tragedy has been my forte always. That is why I jumped at the chance of doing a comedy. I want to be known as an actor, not a type. My next rôle must be something else again."

"I have heard that you have helped many a Hollywood actress, with whom you have been cast, over the hurdles. Ann Dvorak, f'r-instance . . ."

Mr. Muni looked embarrassed. "You mean in 'Scarface'? I did help her a little, for she was so eager to learn. And my stage experience qualified me to instruct her as to the correct timing and playing of certain sequences. She was very apt, and needed little coaching. Film players, you see, have not had the wider, more thorough training that the legitimate stage affords. They have sometimes been allowed to work automatically, like puppets. Of course the talkies are gradually changing all that, but it takes time. Sometimes I marvel, considering the jumbled way in which a film is produced, backwards and forwards—the last scene first and the first scene last, how a smooth and often perfect story emerges at the end. It is a miracle.

"When I did 'The World Changes,' Mary Astor, who was cast as my wife, came to me very humbly and asked if I would help her play her scenes with the correct shading of emotion. She told me frankly that she was nervous when she realized all the stage experience I had had. And that she, after all her years of playing leads on the screen, felt like a novice. Her very attitude was indicative of her strength of character and her great desire to bring out the best that was in her."

I remarked that I had seen "The World Changes" and had thought, without knowing this incident, that Mary Astor's performance had gleamed forth as a rare acting gem. But when I tried to compliment him because of it, he brushed the matter aside shyly. "Miss Astor had all the requisites for a fine, dramatic actress, all that she needed to learn was how to put them to the best usage. And I could aid her there, because of my years of hard training."

Several manuscripts were lying on a table close at hand. As I glanced at them, Mr. Muni remarked: "I was contemplating doing a play here this winter, but there was nothing suitable in that pile over there. So Mrs. Muni and I decided to slip away for a little vacation abroad instead. We're both tremendously interested in the new Russian theatre and cinema. It will be nice to see at close range how they are progressing, and what they promise for the future."

This brought us eventually, as it brings everybody these days, to Katharine Hepburn and "'The Lake." I mentioned that some of the critics had viewed her performance as something of a catastrophe. Mr. Muni disagreed. He felt that the poor criticisms of her stage work would help, not hinder her. Complete success might have done her more harm than good. "It is easier," he murmured, "to climb above one's wavering foothold than it is to maintain a completely balanced footing on the same level of perfection time after time."

The telephone rang. All too soon my hour was up. A titled Russian lady who had joined the ranks of interviewers was announced. I had to assure the shy Mr. Muni, before I left, that she was a simple and charming person to talk with. When I emerged on Park Avenue the jangle of automobiles and hurly burly of traffic completely escaped me. For an hour's tete-a-tete with Paul Muni is more beneficial than a rest cure—and the effects, in my own case at least, more invigorating than an Elizabeth Arden facial.

Madeleine Carroll was worried over her English accent until we told her that Charles Laughton was Aces in America.

"What Happens Then?"

[*Continued from page* 21]

about these things, claims that all champion athletes are actors. Cliff Montgomery is as good-looking as most leading men, and he probably has acting ability. He is used to crowds, he knows drama. He has every chance to make good.

If Hollywood will let him. But Hollywood is a very funny place and it's hard to tell.

If I knew Mr. Montgomery a lot better than I do, I'd say something like this to him: I'd say, "Look here, my boy. There are three or four things you have to watch out for in Hollywood. Three or four things that happen to handsome young lads who make the front page and then get invited into pictures.

"In the first place, don't let 'em rush you. You didn't become a football star in five minutes. You played out in the backyard and on the sandlots when you were a kid. Then you played in high school for four years and then you played four more years in college—and it was in your last game for Columbia that you shone brightest. You had natural ability, but you had to learn the game, you had to learn to block and tackle and pass and kick.

"Well, it's the same in pictures. Even if you have the looks and a lot of acting ability, you can't be a star in five minutes. There are a lot of things to learn about cameras and make-up and ease and dramatic effects and speaking lines—things that it has taken good actors years to learn. Don't let them rush you up there too fast, even if it's very tempting to see your name on the 24 sheets. Even if they want to "cash in" on that name while it's still fresh in the public memory, because you know as well as I do that next year there will be more All-Americans.

"They rushed Johnny Mack Brown. He got his chance out of a Rose Bowl game with Washington. And the first thing you know he was playing leads. Now Johnny was very handsome. And he had a lot of fire. But he didn't know one thing about the art and the technique of acting. So he wasn't very good. Everybody adored Johnny in Hollywood. But—we know out there that the greatest names won't put you over permanently with the public. The chance at great parts won't put you over. You've got to know how, just as you've got to know how on the football field. Natural ability alone isn't enough.

"So, in time, Johnny sort of faded out.

"Take Johnny Weismuller. Of course he was a natural for "Tarzan." It just was Johnny. But unless they keep on writing Tarzan for him, it won't be so good. And Max Baer is the same. He couldn't play anything but a fighter of some kind.

"So if you're wise, you'll take it easy and be glad to do some smaller parts and learn your new game as you learned the older ones.

"Of course, having been a gridiron hero, you're used to flattery and adulation—and girls.

"But you will find a different brand in Hollywood.

"Of course you don't think you'll 'go Hollywood.' I never met anyone who did. Yet it happens to some of the very nicest boys and girls who come out here. It happens very unexpectedly.

"Probably the girls won't thank me for this, but it's the truth. There are a lot of awfully nice girls in Hollywood. As nice as you've ever met in all your life. Then again, there are some who aren't so nice. But the point is, there are too many girls—and there are never enough good-looking, unattached young men to go round. And you can't work hard all day in front of the

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WEIGHT . 120 Lbs.
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Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of good-looking flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

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To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or money refunded.* At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 264, Atlanta, Ga.

Posed by professional models

camera and the microphone and stay up all night at parties, any more than you can do it and play football.

"But the worst danger in Hollywood is—believing your press agent. It's taking yourself too seriously. It's getting the swell-head, if I may use a homely old expression. It's trying to keep up the pace that people who are older and earn a lot more money are setting all around you.

"A good many years ago a great motion picture star named Wally Reid, who was the idol of the audiences everywhere, said to me, 'The man who puts grease paint on his face has a tough row to hoe the rest of his life, because while all women were born to be actresses, no man was born to be an actor.'

"Of course there are some mighty fine men who are actors. But, as Wally said, it is a tough row. If you can keep your head, and learn your game, and not go Hollywood, you'll make a lot of money and have a fine life and a fine profession. But if you believe the girls and the press agents, if you think you're a movie star because you beat Stanford in the rain, if you buy too many clothes and too many racy automobiles, in a couple of years you'll be back looking for a steady job, a sadder and wiser man."

It will be terribly interesting to see what happens to young Mr. Montgomery in Hollywood. Would it have been better if it had kept on raining that New Year's Day?

Or will we, the public, so interested in his welfare, all be glad it didn't.

The newlyweds of Hollywood, still radiating triumphant bliss. It is Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, who recently married, and Sandra Shaw with the head of the family, Gary Cooper.

Fighting for Their Rights

[*Continued from page* 28]

"It's the only part of me that the camera ever catches," Denny answered, smiling directly at Crown Princess La Plante.

In our list, the Cameraman is mentioned ahead of the Featured Player. This is the one place where social ratings differ from professional. The Cameraman, as Master of the Lights, is of extremely high rank in that the entire Empire falls when he fails. Although he cannot hold the kingdom together alone, the kingdom can never stand without him.

Naturally, he is an absolute subject of the Monarch. But his battles are numerous, too. Not only must he remember to light the better side of John Barrymore's profile and fatten slightly, by shadows, the slender neck of Constance Bennett, etc., but he must protect his work from injuring a production, at all costs.

Hollywood faces a financial crisis. Facts are not to be denied. Expenses are being limited in each department. On a current picture, a camerman told a director, "There is no use in finishing this picture unless I can have more lights."

"No," said the Monarch.

The cameraman did not shrug and decide "well, it's his funeral as well as mine;" he broke the laws of rank and went to the production manager. "Can't help you out. We've used up every penny of the budget," he was told. He went to the business manager. "Sorry. No more money." In desperation—knowing full well that he was overstepping all lines of authority—he reached the head-man. The owner, realizing that the returns on his investment depended upon this man, listened carefully. As this is written, that studio is paying $2,000 *per day* to rent lights to photograph the picture correctly. To those of us on the outside, that man is a hero because he dared to fight for his rights. To the three men whose authority he questioned, he is not even popular. But heroes always make enemies—along with admirers.

Naturally, an entire volume could be written on this subject. During a recent, intensive study of Europeans in Europe, I found no class distinctions more sharply drawn than right here, at home, in Hollywood. I found, in fact, that Europeans inherit their ranks while Hollywoodians *earn* theirs, which makes our little Empire more comparable to the true Feudal system—where man actually battled in armor for rank and position. And yet there was one strange, modern analogy. I discovered that the members of the Guilds, the laborers, were as proud of their positions as the titled folk were of theirs. And that the peasants were joyously, impulsively happy and contented. One peasant told me, in his native language, "I would not change. I am happy now. I do not see many of them as happy."

I have never heard one of our well paid grips or mechanical men or electricians en-

"Here is the SECRET"

says
Mary Brian

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vying a star. A few would like to become directors, but most of them are gloriously content with themselves. They fill many of the cunning, five-room bungalows in Southern California. They go on day by day, singing as they carry their lights and their parallels; their furniture and their "fake" walls from one set to another. Those songs are dimmed only when production is low and work is scarce—as peasants of yore forgot to sing when famine or pestilence overcame them. Laborers in the Motion Picture Empire are the highest paid in the world.

Serfs. The extras. They are like the Members of The Guilds, when they are working. Walk onto any "big set" in Hollywood and watch them playing cards and laughing and singing between scenes. However, there are many ambitious youngsters who hope for a "break" into one of the "upper classes." Taken as a whole, they are a contented lot. And, like the happy peasants of Europe—always excepting the times when food is not plentiful—they spurn those few who try to climb from their own rank through political trickery.

An extra went around boasting that he had written notes to Lupe Velez; that he was a favorite of hers; that she was being kind to him. His story grew until he was saying that he had been to the fights with her. The tale reached her ears. He was pointed out to her on the set. She called him to her and motioning all the others to come closer, she flayed him with her tongue for the falsehoods he had been telling. "I will not have you fired, now. You probably need this money. But the next time that one word comes from you about being with me or writing to me or hearing from me——" A Queen dealing imperiously but fairly with a lesser subject.

And the other serfs cheered the Queen. How they cheered her. They jeered at a fellow member because he had let his "class" down by trying to climb into another.

The other day, a publicity man brought a "story" to Katharine Hepburn for her to okay for publication. It was about her new stand-in girl, the sister of Adalyn Doyle, whom Katharine has just helped to become a feature player at Twentieth Century.

"Don't print it!" Katharine's tones were sharp. "It might hurt her in getting a better job. It was twice as hard to help Adalyn because she had been known as my stand-in. I won't put anything out that might hurt the girl to get a break, just for a little publicity for myself."

I talked with Adalyn Doyle, the girl who has climbed from peasant to lady with the help of Crown Princess Hepburn. She was hanging around the Hepburn set. Her eyes were wistful. "I was so happy here——"

We wondered if she would be as happy with the responsibilities which come with rank and fame and money. And we thought, too, of how true it is that those who act generously and wisely when they have titles—retain those titles the longest. No one can fight more viciously for her rights than Katharine Hepburn. Yet she had not failed to help one of lesser rank upwards when she saw the girl's worth. Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Bob Montgomery, Joan Crawford—the big names flashed through our mind. All warriors who often unsheathe their swords, and yet all leaders kind to the underdog. Each one of them had stories that compared to Katharine's and her stand-in girl. Each one had stories that compared to Katharine's battles with the Monarchs. Perhaps if Pola Negri and Olive Borden had been a little more careful *when* they battled and with *whom* they battled, they might still reign. Not even the serfs resent an Empire and class distinction when they are wisely handled by the feudal lords—of *any* generation.

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Studio News

[*Continued from page* 55]

ON ANOTHER stage, Preston Foster and Dorothy Dell (a newcomer) are making "The Man Who Broke His Heart."

This little epic is about a sailor (Foster) who kills a cop (accidentally) and who staggers into Alison Skipworth's saloon on the Barbary Coast seeking shelter. Victor McLaglen is impressed with Foster's straight-forwardness and as he is about to be captured, Vic orders Skippy to hide him. She shoves him through a secret passage, and in the darkness Preston stumbles into the room of Dorothy Dell, whom the synopsis hopefully describes as a beautiful, blonde street walker. As my guide describes her, there's plenty of Dot and not too well put together. At any rate, she hides him, steers the police away from him and then falls in love with him.

Preston Foster stumbles into a room and—look it's Dorothy Dell, the new girl! "The Man Who Broke His Heart" is what Paramount calls it.

Rather than involve her in his difficulties, Preston departs while she's sleeping, leaving a note saying he'll return—some sunny day.

He ships with McLaglen on a tramp steamer, becomes fast friends with Vic and they exchange confidences, never dreaming they're in love with the same girl.

Dell has no time for Vic and, when the steamer docks, she hides from him but sees Preston and eventually meets him, taking him back to her room again.

We pick them up in the love nest. It is a tawdry little attic room with a built-in cot at one end; over it a combination gas and electric light fixture. In a corner is a varnished dresser with a few cheap trinkets on it and a floppy gray hat. Over a chair is thrown the coat to Dell's gray suit. Opposite the dresser is a window and on the down-stage side of the window is a little two-burner gas stove.

Preston, in dirty blue serge trousers and a blue denim shirt is lying on the cot with Dorothy. She has on her gray skirt and a white shirtwaist.

They're planning to skip town and go to Mexico where Preston won't have his past hanging over him.

"We've got to get there first," he says. "Mexico's a long way——"

"The longer the better, darling," she murmurs. "We've got your ship money. That's forty-five. And I've saved seven. That's fifty-two," counting on her fingers.

Pres laughs and seizes her hands, kissing her finger-tips. "It'll take more—about a hundred. But don't worry. I'll get it."

"You'll get it," she says, scrambling out of bed. "If *I* don't go out and get us something to eat, we'll both of us starve to death."

She stands in the centre of the room, yawns a little and stretches both hands over her head. Then she glances down at Preston, smiling, happy, thankful he's there. With another little turn she goes to the window as if to draw the shade before she dresses. She pauses there, startled and staring for an instant. Below, in the street stand a couple of cops.

It just goes to prove, the past always catches up with you. You can't kill cops with impunity and get away with it, even though it's all done with the best intentions in the world.

PARAMOUNT having finally found a story acceptable to the particular George Raft, and having located a director and supervisor with whom he'll work in harmony, is losing no time in shooting "The Trumpet Blows."

It's a bedroom again—with bare plaster walls. The bed is a four poster affair with a red damask back and a blue afghan thrown over the foot as a coverlet. There are a couple of archways leading to a sort of bay window. Next to that is a door with blue velvet drapes over it. It looks as though the room might have a dormer ceiling—if it had a ceiling. But the way the action is photographed the ceiling won't show, so it would just be useless extravagance to put on a ceiling when you don't need one.

Adolphe Menjou, in what looks like a toreador's outfit—all black velvet, lace and buttons, is sitting by the door nodding. Raft in a blue suit with a bright, red-striped tie, steals warily into the room, smiling triumphantly. He starts to undress when Menjou rises.

"Out kind of late, aren't you youngster?" Menjou grins.

"Say!" demands George indignantly. "Have I got to be waited up for all my life?" With a slight show of resentment, "Are you still nursing me along, Pancho?"

"No-o-o," Menjou laughs merrily through another yawn as he claps George on the back. "I walked alone many nights after I first saw *my* loved one."

"Oh, yeh?" George flips, relaxing and laughing relievedly. He crosses the room and resumes his undressing.

George Raft in "The Trumpet Blows." Toot! toot!—here comes a love story.

"The first time I saw Chulita (Frances Drake)," Adolphe nods in tender reminiscence, "I walked for hours." Raft misses this at first, so that Menjou has the next couple of words out before what his brother said, strikes him. "Now that I've settled things with Senor Ramirez," Menjou continues with a change of mood and in hearty satisfaction——"

"Wh-what?" George stammers dumbly.

"The conditions for your marriage," Adolphe says, a bit startled at Raft's expression.

"No—no!" George interrupts in a sudden frenzy. "Stick to one thing at a time, will you? Wh-what'd you say about Chulita?"

"Oh! *That's* it!" Menjou laughs. "I suppose I shouldn't have let it out so suddenly but she so fills my heart and my head, my brother——" shaking his head at his own foolishness over the girl. "That is my other surprise for you. Chulita," he goes on caressingly. "Maybe we'll have a double wedding, eh?"

Do you suppose it could be possible that Raft and Menjou love this same girl in this picture, just as Foster and Vic McLaglen do in the other one?

At R-K-O

ONLY one picture shooting on this lot—"The Crime Doctor." This picture features Otto Kruger and was to have marked Corinne Griffith's comeback, but something happened and Miss G. retired from the cast. Karen Morley took her place. Miss M. may not have the looks of her predecessor but she's a better actress, so things even themselves up.

Otto is the kingpin of the detective force of a great city. He is so obsessed with detecting that he even becomes suspicious of his wife and puts people to shadowing her. Naturally she resents it and you can't blame her. There are certain places a girl goes where she wants a *little* privacy.

She falls in love with someone else and asks Otto for a divorce. He's none too pleased about that and they jaw back and forth for what seems like hours.

They're in her bedroom and a very elaborate bedroom it is. White walls with cornices over the bed, doors and windows. A yellow satin quilt is exposed to the public gaze. A French period dressing table with crystal candelabra, perfume bottles, etc., stands beside it. Above the dressing table hangs an oil painting of a bird. In one corner of the room is a fireplace with a marble mantelpiece and, facing it, a couple of easy chairs. Over one of them a silver fox is carelessly thrown. A couple of small tables stand on either side of the fireplace with lamps on them. On the opposite side of the bed from the dressing table is a curio cabinet.

Otto is roaming around in pajamas with a brown checkered dressing gown trimmed in a deeper shade of brown, over them. *La* Morley is striking in an evening dress.

"I'm sorry," Kruger confesses as he starts towards her. "I *am* suspicious and jealous. I suppose I always will be. It's only because I love you so much and for a long time now—Andra, what's wrong between us?"

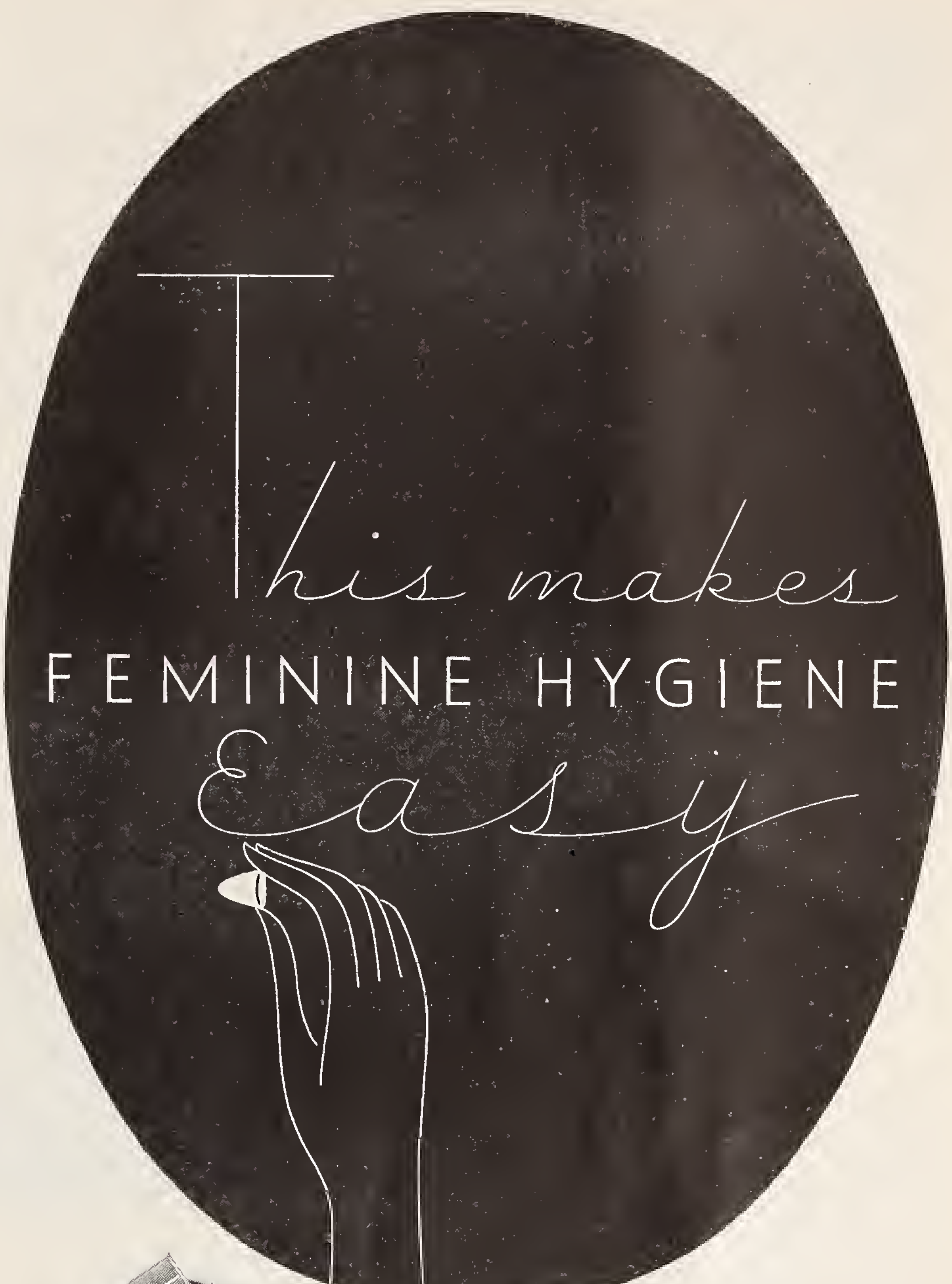
"You know as well as I do," Karen says in a low voice.

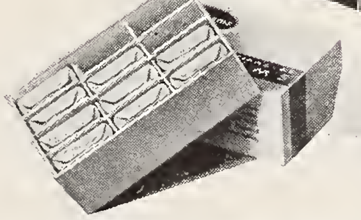
"No, I don't," Kruger persists. "I know we've had a lot of quarrels, but that was in the first years of our marriage. We haven't even had any words lately."

"Did you ever realize that it was I who always started the quarrels, Dan?" Karen demands suddenly. "I was always being hurt by your neglect—and crying myself to sleep." She smiles bitterly at the memory. "You used to say, 'So the sob squad's out again!' "

"I haven't been a prize husband, I know," Kruger admits. "I *have* neglected you. I get so absorbed in my business I forget everything. I never blamed you for being hurt. As a matter of fact, I was always a little pleased when my staying away from home made you angry. *You* were jealous once, too—a few years ago."

"Yes," Karen agrees as she moves away





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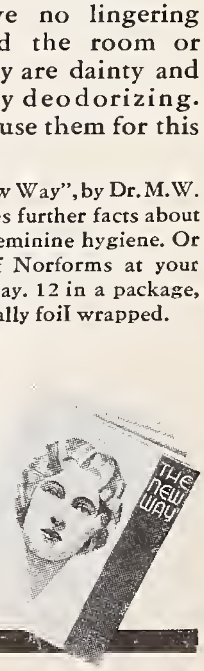

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from him, smiling bitterly, enigmatically. "I was—a few years ago."

On the Columbia Lot

I NEVER get through marveling how pictures run in cycles. More and more, since I've been doing this department, I've come to realize the similarity in the basic plots of pictures one finds each month in the various studios. The funny part of it is that the plots are different one month from the next.

Leaving R-K-O, where I found a domestic brawl and husband and wife estranged, the wife interested in another man, I arrive at Columbia only to find the same situation under another title—"Sisters Under the Skin" this time.

Frank Morgan is the president of one of the largest corporations in the world. He has been so busy accumulating money, so wrapped up in his business he has had no time to play. On his forty-ninth birthday his music teacher gives him up in despair as hopeless. He begins to realize he has missed much of the fun of life. When the banks try to hijack him on a loan, he resigns from the presidency of his corporation.

We pick him up in the directors' room. The walls, as usual, are a dead white. Three large windows on one side are covered with Venetian blinds. At one end is another window, likewise with a blind over it. There is no furniture in the room except the directors' long table with the chairs grouped about it. Morgan is standing at the head, addressing the men who help him guide the corporation's fortunes.

Frank Morgan trying to explain why his picture is called "Sisters Under the Skin."

"Those three hundred and sixty-five days," Morgan begins, "connecting my last birthday and this, are the connecting links between a man in his prime—a youngster in his forties—and an old man in his dotage—an old man who has reached the half century mark where begins that dreadful, downhill climb——"

"Surely, Mr. Yates," one of the directors interrupts, "you're not serious——"

"I was never more serious in my life," Morgan retorts. "I might have ignored the memorandum from Miss Gower (Clara Blandick, his lifelong secretary), but this morning I learned something else which disconcerted me tremendously. I was informed by a gentleman named Zukowski (Joseph Schildkraut)—my piano teacher—that I'm not capable—and never will be capable—of playing a Beethoven sonata."

Oh, Death, where *is* thy sting? Fancy going through life without being able to play a Beethoven sonata? The camera shoots around the table catching the horrified expressions on the faces of the other men.

"I can read your thoughts, gentlemen," Morgan continues. "You're saying to yourselves, 'This man Yates has suddenly gone mad! His brain is softening as his arteries harden. He's a fit subject for an alienist.' Maybe I am, but I've made up my mind. For thirty years I've been a slave to this company. I've been a prisoner in this tower for a long time. I believe I deserve a pardon. I'm resigning as President of the Yates Corporation and Chairman of the Board of Directors—— And now, gentlemen, you must excuse me. I have a *most* important engagement."

With which pronunciamento he walks quickly from the room leaving all of us gasping like fish out of water. Reeling like a drunkard under the shock of this blow, I stagger from the studio. There is no sense my remaining there because it will be a long time before I recover enough to take in anything else.

Over At Fox

BY THE time I reach the Fox studios I've at least got myself under sufficient control to walk without staggering and to breathe without gasping. My friend, Frank Perrett, one of the ablest, most agreeable and most discerning publicists in the business, views me with alarm.

"What the hell's the matter with you?" he asks.

"I've just had a horrible shock," I mutter, my teeth beginning to chatter again. "Frank Morgan resigned as president of the Yates Corporation. He can't play a Beethoven sonata."

"You're crazy," Frank announces as though he had just made an important discovery. With that he pours me a drink—but it turns out to be only water. I'm not as crazy as he thinks.

We start with something light to give me a chance to collect myself. "Something light" turns out to be a pulchritudinous blonde named Pat Patterson, an English gal just brought over. Miss Pat is easy on the eyes, and the black silk hip length stockings, the cloth of silver trunks, white vest, silver ruffles at her elbows and the big black and white bow at her neck, her black silk topper do nothing to hide her charms. She sings fairly well and I've nothing against her personally but why they have to keep bringing foreigners over here to work in pictures when there are literally thousands of girls right here in Hollywood even more beautiful, with *better* voices, and equally well known—for whoever heard of Pat Patterson?—I don't know. Spencer Tracy and John Boles have the leads in this picture—"Bottoms Up"—but neither of them is working today.

They're shooting a little number called "We're Looking for Prosperity." The set is simply the front of a stucco house with a leafless bush on either side of the door. The door is a bright blue with big silver letters, informing all and sundry that this is "The Home of Prosperity." Ferdinand Munier, a portly gentleman reminiscent of John Bunny, is sitting on the steps. Apparently he is too far gone to realize where he is because he keeps weaving as he sits. Pat is off to one side, apparently waiting for a cue to dash on with her chorus but the cue doesn't come while I'm here. Mr. Munier just weaves and weaves and then he weaves some more.

"Let's go somewhere else," I suggest to Frank. "Anything else light around?"

"Very light," says Frank and presently we find ourselves on the set of "Three On a Honeymoon."

The set is swell. It's the swimming pool of a huge ocean liner. The floor looks to be marble, there are a couple of marble benches along the sides for swimmers to sit on and against the sidewalls are some onyx topped tables and chairs where passengers may order refreshments. In the background is the gymnasium and some men can be seen tossing a medicine ball about. In the foreground are a lot of girls—and such girls!—in bathing suits—mostly blue—and a few men in swimming suits. The most novel thing about this set are the lighting fixtures. Against the wall is a square of black Bakelite glass. Fastened to this is an inverted silver bowl held in place with black brackets. Account of the bowl being inverted, it gives indirect lighting. I'd like some of them in my own home.

"Ready," the director yelps and my choler subsides.

Sally Eilers in a hug-me-tight swim suit takes her place in the pool, and Sally in anything is enough to give anyone high blood pressure, but in a swim suit she's enough to give old men young ideas. Ziegfeld once proclaimed her the most beautiful girl in Hollywood and if my indorsement means anything, she has *it*. John Mack Brown is standing on a diving board, and all the other boys and girls are grouped around the edge of the pool watching. Sally starts floating towards the far end of the pool. As she touches it she turns over, laughs, stands up and yells, "Teacher! I did it!"

Much laughter from the crowd, although I must confess I didn't see anything so funny about *that* remark. Suddenly John dives off the board and comes up right where Sally's standing.

"Chuck!" she screams. "Gee, I'm glad to see you!" In her joy she tries to grab him around the neck and they both go under.

"Cut!" calls the director.

"Hi, Dick," says John shaking hands. "What you up to?"

"No good," I grin.

"Stick around and I'll join you," John advises.

I glance hopefully at Sally to see if she, too, is in the mood for "no good" but Sally is busy catching the flu. She'll be home in bed with fever tomorrow.

Howard Lally disengages himself from a bunch of the gals and comes over. "If you're busy," he volunteers to Frank, "I'll show Dick around."

"Never mind," says Frank. "I want these sets covered. If I leave him with you you'll both still be here tomorrow or some of the girls will be missing—or something."

Just as we're leaving the set I spy Irene Hervey. Remember me telling you about her a couple of months ago in that picture she made with Otto Kruger called "The Women in His Life"? Well, she's *still* doing all right.

"That was a cute squib you gave me," she smiles.

Nigel Bruce in "Murder in Trinidad."

"COME on," says Frank. "It's getting late."

So we ooze over to another stage and find a dainty little morsel yclept "Murder in Trinidad" in progress.

This one has Victor Jory who, these days, never even has to blink an eyelash to "place" me. "'lo, Dick," he grins without a moment's hesitation.

"'lo, Vic," I return. "Having fun?"

"Fun, hell," he echoes and goes into a long dissertation about the difference in technique between American actors and British actors and it's a scream. Lack of ability on my part and lack of space on the magazine's prevent my giving it to you in detail, but he could go out on a personal

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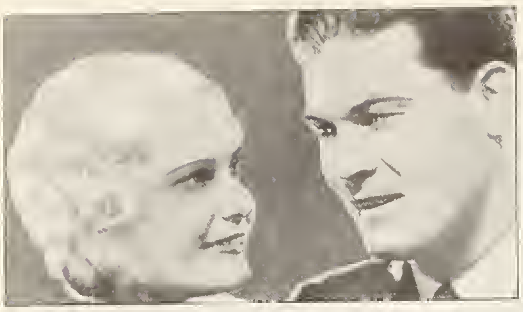

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appearance tour any time and wow 'em with that monologue.

This is all about a baffling murder and diamond smuggling mystery in Port-O'-Spain, an island off Trinidad.

Nigel Bruce, England's most famous and unusual crime detective has just arrived to unravel things and fix the guilt. At the moment he's in the office of the governor of Trinidad—Claude King. The office is on the second floor—a cool, tropical room, with easy, wicker chairs scattered about. The governor is sitting at an enormous walnut desk. Scattered about the room are Pat Somerset in an officer's khaki uniform, John Davidson in a light gray suit, Victor Jory in a white linen suit and Murray Kinnell as Major Cassell—father of Heather Angel—the love interest.

Bruce is fat, sloppy looking and has a penchant for munching peanuts and scattering the shells all over the place. Through an open door opposite the governor's desk is a doorway leading to a porch on which can be seen latticed windows and cool palms.

Bruce is standing in front of the governor.

"What do you want to do first, Mr. Lynch?" the governor inquires of Bruce.

"Well," Lynch observes, meditatively cracking a peanut, "I was thinking I'd go to the hotel and take a cool bath." He doesn't seem to notice the growing exasperation on the faces of the men, but turns back to the governor rather vaguely. "By the way, are the things you're saying here supposed to be confidential?"

"Decidedly," snaps His Excellency.

"Then you ought to shut that off," Bruce remarks mildly, indicating the dictagraph on the desk, which has a key in the down position, indicating an open line.

His Excellency snaps the key off. "Where does that line go?" Bruce inquires.

"To Colonel Cassell's office."

"Anyone in there?"

"Yes," Pat puts in. "Davenant is. He said you told him to wait until the conference was over."

"That's right," Mr. King admits. "I'd forgotten about him."

"Was he in here before the conference?" Bruce asks, putting two and two together immediately.

"Yes," comes reluctantly from King.

"Hmmm!" says Bruce. "Who is this Davenant?"

"He's the wealthiest man on the island," snaps King. "Made his money in plantations and copra."

"Copra, eh?" Bruce muses. "Does he run ships?"

"Yes," the governor admits again. "He has several schooners. He ran a tramp schooner himself in the early days."

"Do you think he'd have any reason to be interested in what's going on here?" Bruce persists.

"I don't think so," Vic puts in. "He has plenty of money without smuggling diamonds."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of *that*," Bruce comes back mildly, and turns to King once more. "Maybe I ought to meet him. I might as well know everybody."

"I'll take you in," Claude nods.

Plenty of things happen before the mystery is unraveled and I'll bet Mr. Bruce a sack of peanuts that more than once before he finishes, he wishes he was back in deah old England working on his little open and shut murder cases.

ONE more picture at Fox and I'm through there for another month. As a matter of fact, two more pictures are shooting—"Fox Follies" and "All Men Are Enemies."

The former boasts the presence of Madge Evans and that sterling actor, Warner Baxter. They've knocked off for lunch, however, and I barely catch them as they're going to look at the previous day's rushes.

"Did you get my Christmas wire?" Madge asks.

"Did I? Baby, that wire made the day for me. It changed the snow in New York to sunshine and——"

"Oh, slush!" says Madge.

I gaze sadly after her as she disappears into the projection room. If I don't peddle that stuff I'm too matter-of-fact and when I do peddle it I'm slushy. I just can't seem to get along in this world.

Over on the set of "All Men Are Enemies," I bump into Helen Twelvetrees and Hugh Williams. Helen you know without an introduction—or if you don't you should. Hugh is another English import—a good looking chap whom you probably saw in "Rome Express" with Esther Ralston, and in "Bittersweet."

The set consists largely of a hallway. Bare plaster walls with one lone mahogany table, with a marble top and a vase of flowers on it, and an oil painting above. An archway is at one end of the hall, a doorway at the other end. On the side, a couple of doors (both closed) lead into rooms.

"Ready—action!" the director announces.

One door is jerked suddenly open and Hugh bounds out. He goes down the hall to the next door and bursts that open. Through the open doorway we see him stop just inside the room. Helen is standing there. Through the window we notice it is spring.

Helen glances around and sees Hugh.

"You're not here?" he breathes incredulously. "Not really here?"

"Tony!" she ejaculates. And suddenly they find themselves in each other's arms.

"Cut!" calls the director. Cad! To yell "Cut" at a time like that.

"Going out to the Arlen's party tomorrow night?" Helen asks.

I nod, unable to speak. That girl is one of the most breath-taking beauties in the business. Not a vivid beauty like Sally Eilers but a fragile, spiritual kind like Lillian Gish.

At M-G-M

ONLY one picture shooting out here, too. It's called "Louisiana," and the plot is laid among the bayous and marshes of the deep South.

They're working out on the back lot where there's plenty of space and things are bustling with activity. The river that you noticed in "Tugboat Annie" has been shrunk to the size of a bayou. The tugs that played so prominent a part in "Annie" have been changed a little and are doing duty again in this picture. A narrow plank walk runs around the edge of the water. Ramshackle cabins, such as one sees nowhere in the world except along the banks of streams in the South, have been thrown up.

One of them, where the action of this particular scene occurs, is used for a shrimp cannery. This is where the fresh caught shrimps are brought to be steamed, dried and shelled. Under a shed, projecting from one side of the shack, is the engine that furnishes the power for the operations. It is the only modern touch to the whole set.

Jean Parker, in a calico dress with a cheap, pink apron, is talking to Robert Young. Bob, apparently, is the city slicker.

I don't know what they've been talking about but I hear Bob murmur, "I hardly know my own strength."

Just then Irene Franklin (the original Redhead)—and what a sight she is in her outfit of blue calico skirt, red ribbon in her hair, garnet necklace, blue and white checked gingham apron—comes out of the shack and says something to Jean about *Pierre.*

"Pierre, where is he?" she screams excitedly.

Just then a little boy runs into the scene and starts jabbering in French and does Irene get steamed up! Boy, howdy! If war had been declared those two Frogs couldn't have been more upset. Jean turns away from Bob to hear what's going on.

"What is it?" Bob asks anxiously.

"Pierre," Jean answers vaguely and suddenly she dashes frantically after Irene and the neighbors who are running at breakneck speed towards the bayou.

Bob thinks *Pierre* has fallen into the water and is drowning. He rushes after them, attempts to pull *Pierre* out, loses his balance and falls in himself. Much laughter among the natives over his ignorance in thinking *Pierre* can't swim. They can all swim from the time they can walk. The excitement was caused by *Pierre* dropping his new hat, which had cost fifty cents, into the water—and fifty *centses* don't grow on trees in *that* neck of the woods.

It's getting so late by now that I haven't time to stop and indulge in idle chit-chat with Bob and Jean. I dash madly through the M-G-M lot with a couple of guards who evidently think I've got Mr. Thalberg under my coat, trailing after me.

Safely across the street, I jump into the old galoppy and a minute later am going lickety-split out to Warner Brothers film factory.

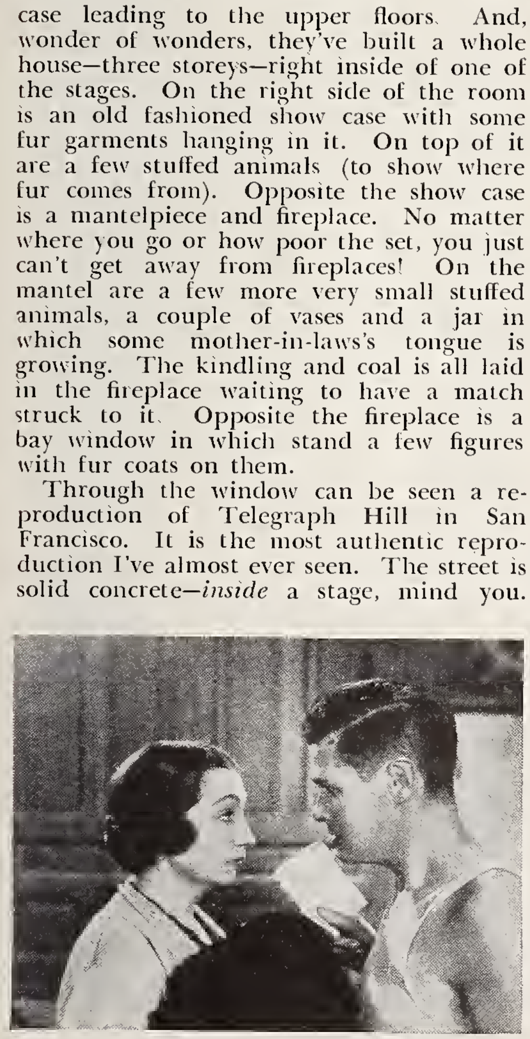
I get a ticket for speeding, a flat tire and a bawling out from a cop on the way, but I get there . . . eventually.

Out At Warner Brothers

THE first thing that engages my rapt attention is called "Fur Coats"—of all things!

What a set! It's the sales room of a fur shop in a private home. Up two steps, at the back of the room, are double doors leading into the dining room—but they're closed at the moment because it isn't dinner time. To the left of the doors is a staircase leading to the upper floors. And, wonder of wonders, they've built a whole house—three storeys—right inside of one of the stages. On the right side of the room is an old fashioned show case with some fur garments hanging in it. On top of it are a few stuffed animals (to show where fur comes from). Opposite the show case is a mantelpiece and fireplace. No matter where you go or how poor the set, you just can't get away from fireplaces! On the mantel are a few more very small stuffed animals, a couple of vases and a jar in which some mother-in-laws's tongue is growing. The kindling and coal is all laid in the fireplace waiting to have a match struck to it. Opposite the fireplace is a bay window in which stand a few figures with fur coats on them.

Through the window can be seen a reproduction of Telegraph Hill in San Francisco. It is the most authentic reproduction I've almost ever seen. The street is solid concrete—*inside* a stage, mind you.



Aline MacMahon and Paul Kelly in a picture called "Fur Coats," but that doesn't prevent a bit of the poetry of love.

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There are the sidewalks, pedestrians are scurrying about, autos dash madly up and down the hill.

Aline MacMahon stands at the foot of the steps leading up to the dining room. She has on a simple knitted, pink suit. In her hands she is holding a black caracul coat she has been trying to sell a customer. Paul Kelly, in only his trousers and undershirt, is facing her. The customer has just left in a huff. No puff—just a huff.

"For two hours I've been working on this sale," Aline wails, "and now you've ruined it!"

"This bill from the doctor," says Kelly soberly, "it's true, isn't it?" (Bills are always true in *my* life, alas. I don't even need to ask.)

Aline says nothing—merely nods her head miserably. All at once, Paul grabs her to him. "Gee! I love you, Bertha. I've never loved anybody like this before."

Aline says nothing. She just smiles at him as a woman would smile at a small boy.

And who am I to spoil *such* a mood with my facetious comments?

Dick Powell and the wise-cracking Pat O'Brien in "Hot Air" for Warners.

ACROSS the way, in another stage, they're making a picture called "Hot Air." I feel more at home here. It's a cheap, cheap bathroom. A tiny enamelled tub with a circular shower curtain above it, a towel rack at one end of the tub with a few towels on it, a window with curtains of dotted Swiss, tied back at the sides, the washstand with a mirror over it and another towel rack to the side of that, complete the furnishings. There is a combination gas and electric light fixture over the mirror.

The set is empty, but without warning the door opens and Pat O'Brien stalks in, banging it shut behind him. He has on a hat and a black cigar stuck in his mouth, á la Ken Murray. Going directly to the washstand, he dips his hands in the water and starts drying them when the door opens a second time and Dick Powell comes in.

"Hey, Rush," says Dick to Pat. "Got a couple of bucks?"

Mr. O'Brien hesitates, dries his hands more vigorously. "Why, yes," he admits hesitantly. "Sure."

He starts feeling in his pockets. "Why—why—it's in my vest, I guess. Wait here. I'll get it." He goes out into the other room leaving Dick standing there with nothing to do but twiddle his thumbs and wait.

"Cut," the director orders.

"Hey," says Dick. "I'm finishing tonight. Want to go up to San Francisco with me for a few days?"

I've just got back from New York, work is piled up on my desk higher than a kite, but whoever heard of a Mook turning down a trip? "When do we leave?"

"I'll pick you up in an hour," says Dick.

An hour! I'll have to hurry and if I leave you folks sort of hanging in mid-air as it were, I'm sure you'll understand why. See you next month!

FUTURE

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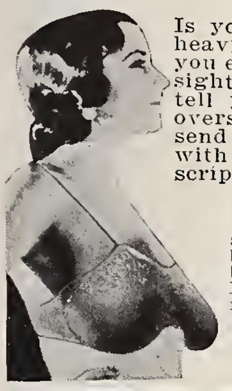

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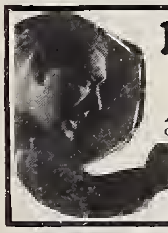

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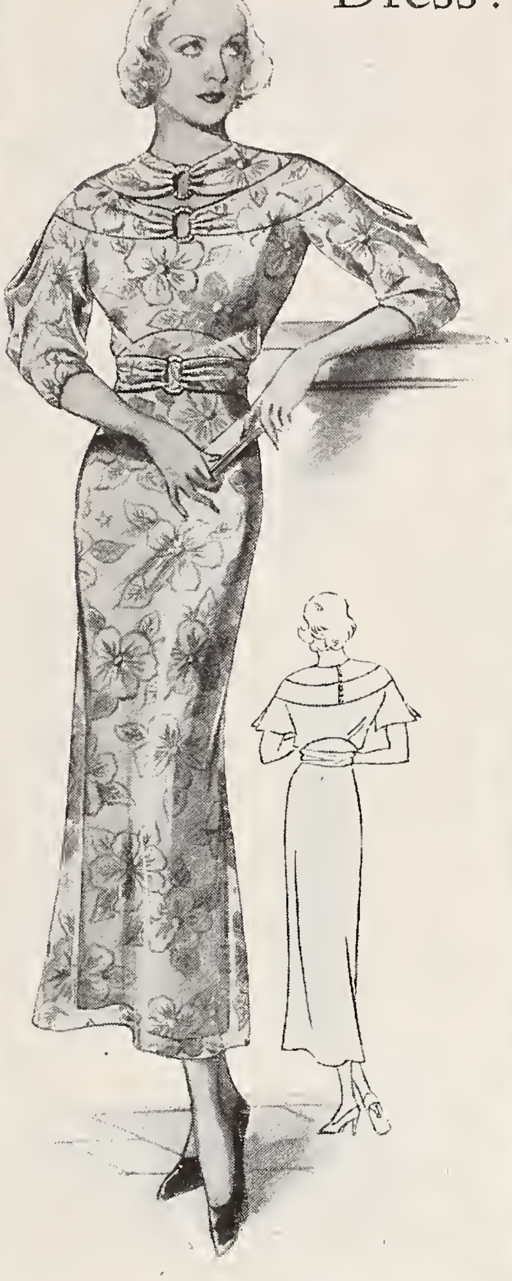

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The Final Fling

Madeleine Carroll

WE ARE inclined to be narrow in our views, our reactions are simple and childlike, and we cry at pictures. So when we read about the English drive against American films, in their "Buy British" campaign, we unsheathed our snickersnee and with our primitive, cave-dweller instinct, just waited for a chance at an English picture. Hah! "Henry, the Eighth" came and, although we felt enthusiastic, we reasoned that, after all, Charles Laughton was Hollywood trained.

And then along came Madeleine Carroll in "I Was A Spy." She is lovely, and by that we mean that she has a supernal beauty, the type that Abbey painted and of which Rossetti dreamed. No freak make-up slobbers on her refined, utterly tender lips, no strange angles have been devised for her simple eyebrows, nor does she try with a fantastic hair-dress to startle our attention. We had the pleasure of meeting her, and if you can conceive of such a ridiculous thing, she seemed a little afraid of an American screen magazine editor.

What the devil does she think? Are we so narrow, so provincial that we would draw the line in Art by political boundaries?

We should say not! At least not now. We surrender to her the keys to Hollywood, to SILVER SCREEN and to our heart, and though, probably, we will never meet again, SILVER SCREEN will always be for her.

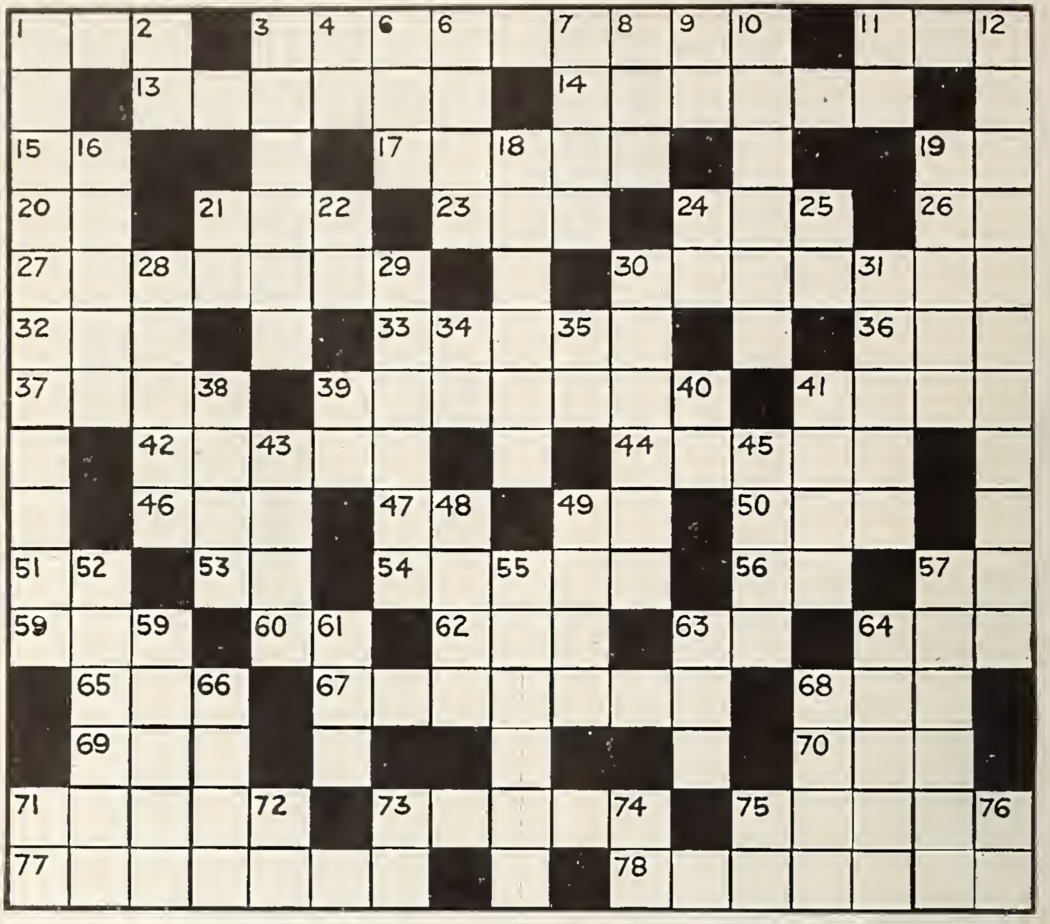
This fine frenzy has changed us completely, and now we are for the best pictures, wherever they may originate. If Japan, China or Timbuktu can beat Hollywood, we will weave an appropriate laurel wreath.

Madeleine is to make one picture for Fox, "The World Moves On"—named to commemorate our own happy deliverance from darkness. Make the most of it, for then she goes back to her beloved England.

Anyhow, that's one picture the Britishers will buy.

The Editor

A Movie Fan's Crossword Puzzle



CROSSWORD PUZZLE DEFINITIONS

ACROSS

1 Her last picture was "Hoopla"
3 They are principally responsible for film successes
11 The cry of a crow
13 James Dunn's secretary in "Jimmy and Sally"
14 He was fine in "The Prizefighter and the Lady"
15 The rich husband in "Walls of Gold" (initials)
17 A South American quadruped allied to the hog
19 British India (abbr.)
20 Toward
21 English money
23 A male descendant
24 Philadelphia is her birthplace
26 Comparable to
27 A petite blonde star
30 Her latest picture is "Let's Fall in Love"
32 Before
33 A short essay on a given subject
36 Vigor
37 To bounce
39 One of the most lovable little girls on the screen
41 The owner of those expressive hands
42 The most famous lover in Shakespeare's plays
44 She has golden hair and green eyes
46 A well known radio and stage comedian
47 Depart
49 Behold
50 A possessive pronoun
51 A player in "The Right to Romance" (initials)
53 An eastern state (abbr.)
54 He was born on St. Valentine's Day
56 Our Continent (abbr.)
57 Myself
58 A film producer
60 The Sun God
62 To be afflicted with pain
63 One of the "Four Frightened People" (initials)
64 A possessive pronoun
65 River (Sp.)
67 His latest characterization is Pancho Villa
68 He played in "College Coach"
69 Slightly indisposed
70 Height (abbr.)
71 The king in "My Lips Betray"
73 A charming Englishman
75 Combats between two persons with weapons
77 Placed inside of shoes for warmth
78 She is Mrs. Stuart Erwin

DOWN

1 His newest picture is "Massacre"
2 Gravity (abbr.)
3 Her next picture will be "Green Mansions"
4 Four (Roman)
5 Decay
6 Periods of time
7 Slender
8 Possessive pronoun
9 Cary Grant's pal (initials)
10 She was the Princess Sylvia in "Roman Scandals"
11 He is appearing on the stage in New York (inits.)
12 Lupe's husband
16 The little crippled boy in "A Man's Castle"
18 You'll be seeing him next in "Hot Air"
19 Foundation
21 Slang expression for approval
22 Indefinite article
24 The twelfth letter of the Greek alphabet
25 Printer's measure
28 "Baron Munchausen"
29 Every radio comedian has one
30 He plans to go to Vienna to study bacteriology
31 She was in "Fugitive Lovers"
34 A comedian who will soon return to the screen (initials)
35 The third note of the scale
38 Lacking in good quality
39 "Ukulele Ike" (initials)
40 Ed Wynn's favorite expression
41 The wife in "The Man Who Dared"
43 She made her film debut in "The World Changes"
45 He crooned to Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood"
48 Spoken
49 She was once the wife of James Kirkwood
52 An M-G-M star
55 The unhappy girl in "Eight Girls in a Boat"
57 Constitutional ardor or spirit
59 Machines used for grinding grain
61 Reverential fear
63 Saturate
64 He made a hit in "Sitting Pretty"
66 Prefix meaning oily
68 The professor in "Little Women"
71 British India (abbr.)
72 The crying comedian now in "Sons of the Desert" (initials)
73 The lovely wife of Frank Fay (initials)
74 King's College (abbr.)
75 She's in "Hip Hip Hooray"
76 Elder (abbr.)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

W	A	L	L	A	C	E	■	R	■	R	I	C	H	A	R	D
A	M	E	S	■	A	■	A	U	K	■	N	■	M	U	N	I
R	■	A	■	A	R	M	S	T	R	O	N	G	■	T	■	S
R	A	F	T	■	■	O	■	H	■	L	■	■	J	O	A	N
E	L	■	A	W	A	R	D	■	G	A	R	B	O	■	N	E
N	A	I	L	■	F	L	O	R	I	N	E	■	R	U	D	Y
■	M	■	B	A	■	E	L	A	N	D	■	M	D	■	R	■
D	O	R	O	T	H	Y	■	I	■	S	H	E	A	R	E	R
I	■	O	T	■	A	■	A	N	N	■	E	■	N	O	■	O
E	M	S	■	■	R	U	S	S	E	L	L	■	■	L	A	C
T	U	C	K	E	R	■	T	■	L	■	E	L	■	A	S	H
R	I	O	■	R	Y	■	H	A	S	■	N	A	■	N	E	E
I	R	E	N	E	■	L	E	R	O	Y	■	P	E	D	A	L
C	■	■	A	■	S	■	R	A	N	■	B	■	R	■	■	L
H	E	P	B	U	R	N	■	B	■	V	E	N	A	B	L	E

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ABOUT YOU? *shall men say "She is lovely -- So exquisite!"*

BY PATRICIA GORDON

THE MUSIC ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but *you* seem mysteriously detached. It is your *moment*. Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about *you*. Some one says, "She *is* lovely!" No *conscious* flattery this—*not* meant to be overheard. And so, a *thrilling compliment*.

So lovely, so exquisite! How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As *background*, yes. But as to these, men see *dimly*. Only women are *critical*. Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up *so* clever, *so* artistic that to masculine eyes it appears as *natural*.

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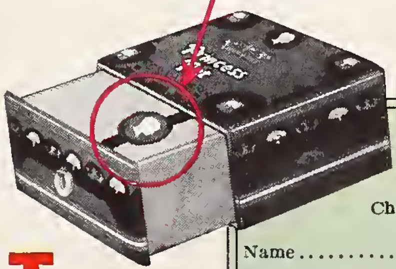

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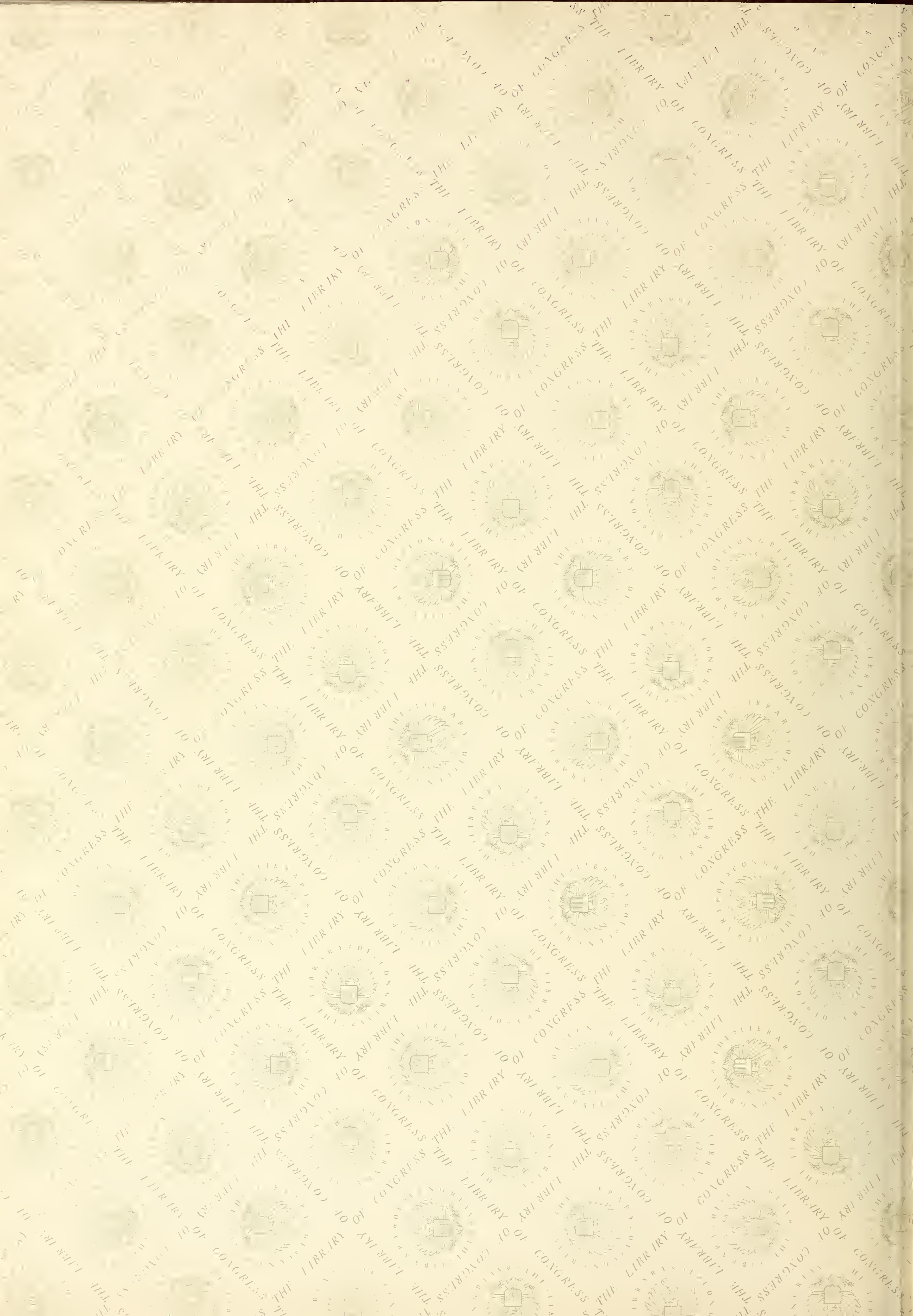
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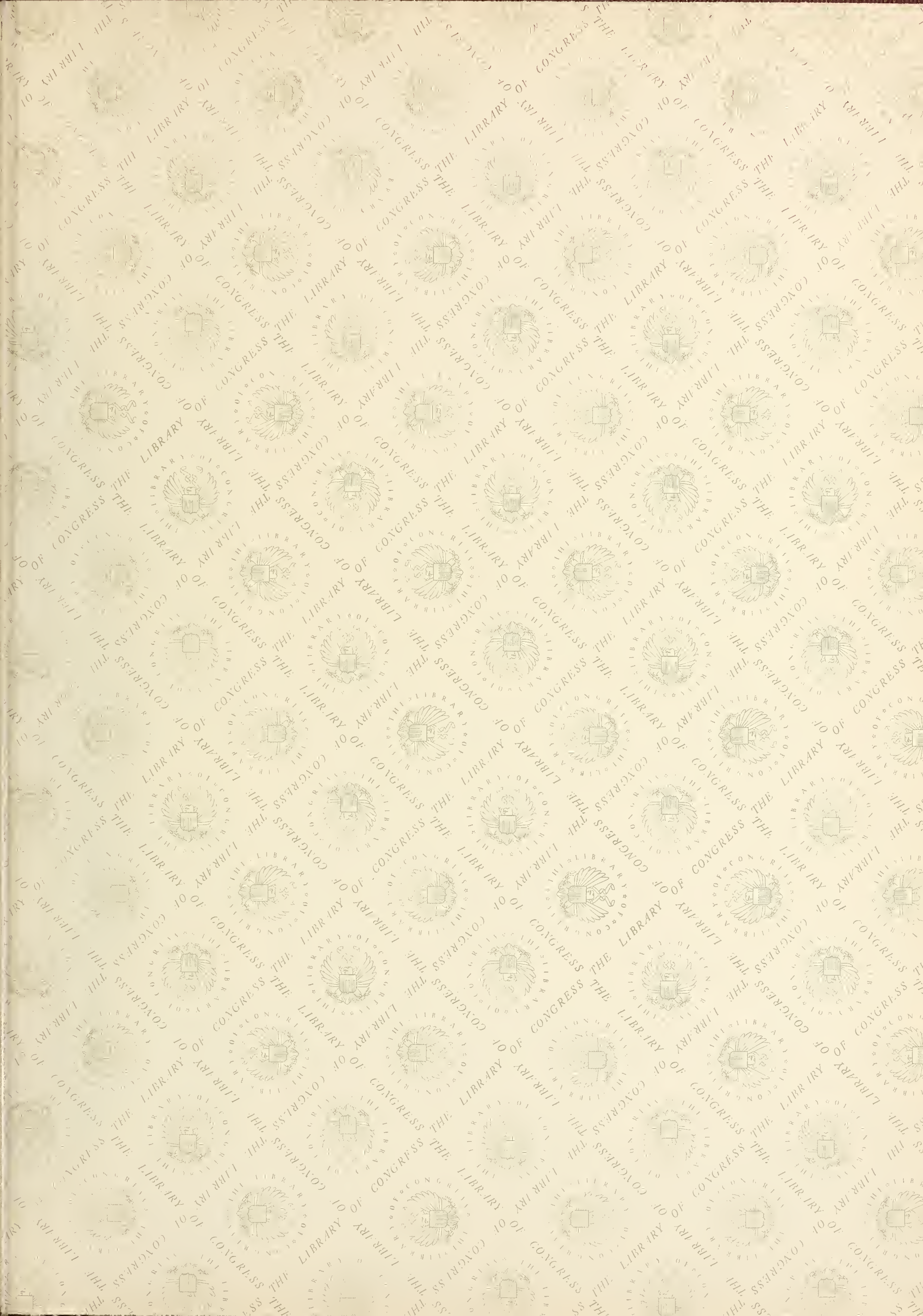
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